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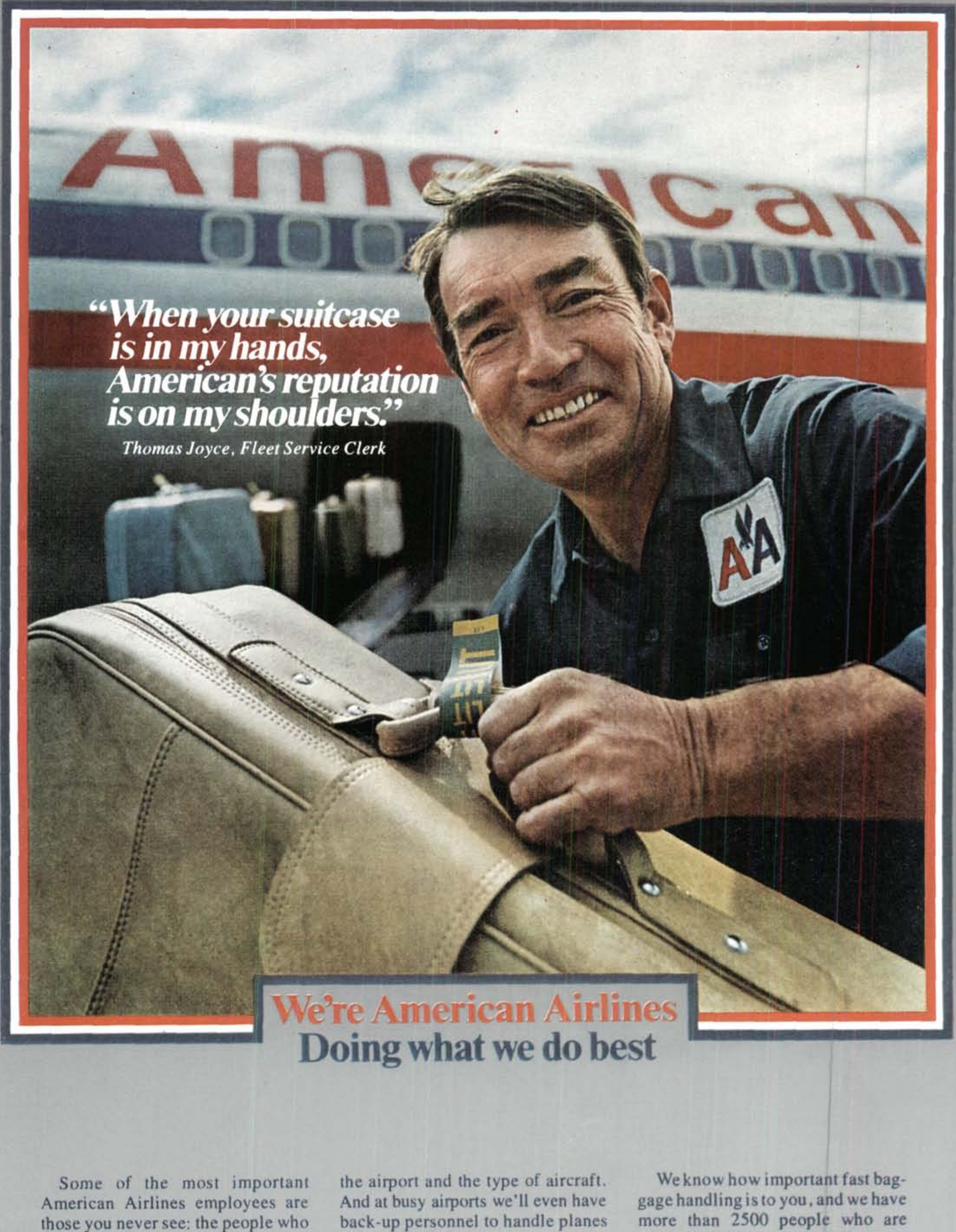
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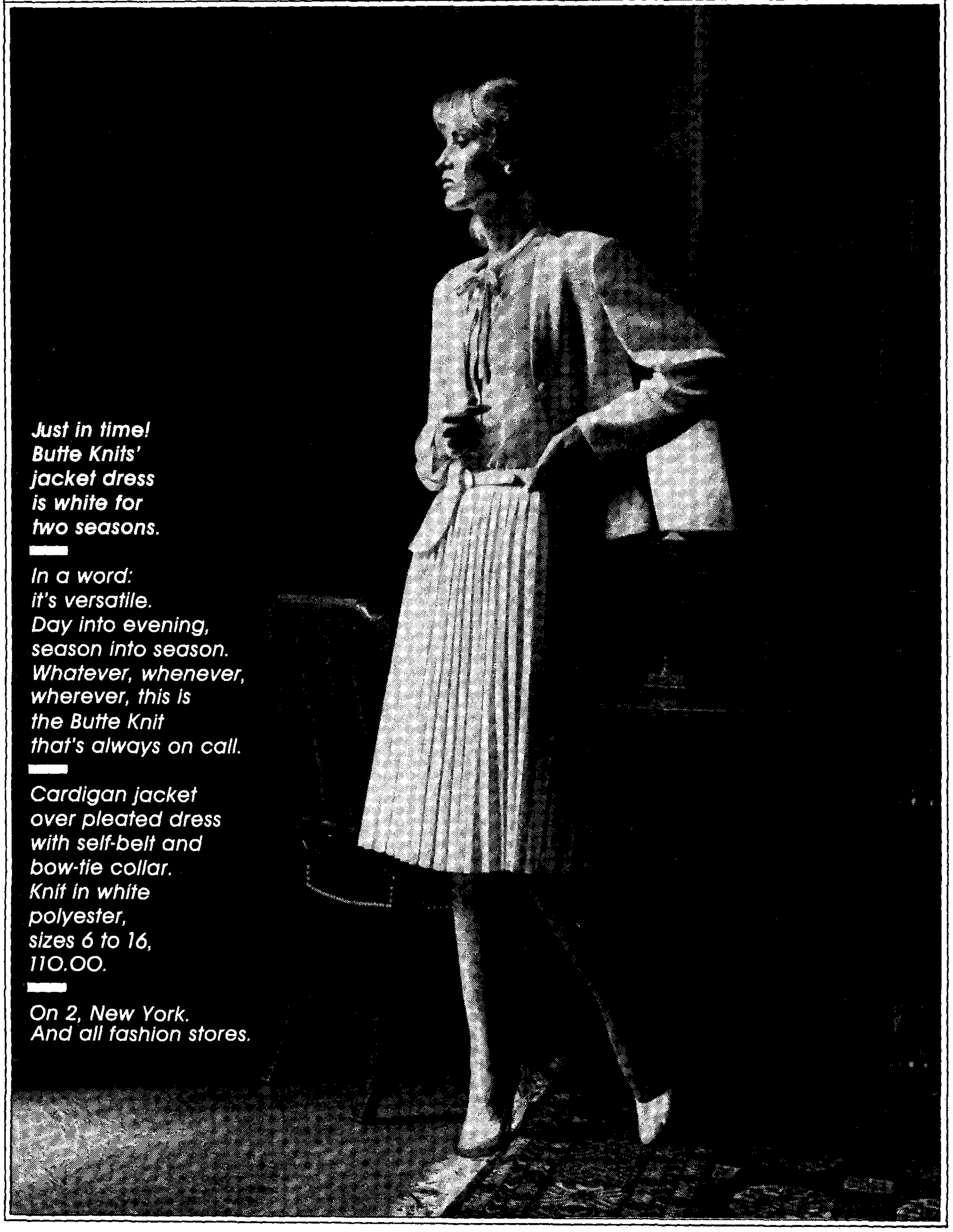

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 18. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As You Like It—Shakespeare's play, with music by Elizabeth Swados. The cast includes Don Scardino, Rick Lieberman, and Priscilla Smith. Directed by Andrei Serban. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. Shakespeare's THE WINTER'S TALE, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden: Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 8 (previews); Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7 (opening); and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 7. . . . ¶ Charles MacArthur's 1941 satire JOHNNY ON A SPOT, with Gary Bayer and Roxanne Hart: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23, at 8 (previews). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter has directed plays by Simon Gray, and here he appears to have written a play in homage to Gray. Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast consists of Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Canterbury Tales—The Equity Library Theatre production of the musical taken from the Chaucer work. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. Directed by Robert Johanson. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Charlotte—Uta Hagen and Charles Nelson Reilly make up the cast of a play by Peter Hacks. Directed by Herbert Berghof. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 21. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Final performances of Friedrich Schiller's MARY STUART, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 16-17, at 2 and 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revised version of Arthur Laurents' THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Filumena—A dated but still amusing Neapolitan melodrama by Eduardo de Filippo, Englished by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse. The stars are Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay, who are more Vesuvian than you might expect. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Leonard Frey. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 9.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 17: THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 20-24: H.M.S. PINAFORE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Das Lusitania Songspiel—A musical cabaret that parodies the works of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, written and performed by Christopher Durang and Sigourney Weaver. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 11. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

Marie and Bruce—In Wallace Shawn's new comedy, a gross, foulmouthed tigress of a wife mauls her polite little husband, who may well gain the last word by keeping silent. With Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban. (2/11/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mecca—A play by E. A. Whitehead. Directed by Kevin Conway. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Millionaire in Trouble—A Yiddish musical,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"OFFERINGS" . . . . *Bobbie Ann Mason* 31

"BODILESS GUESTS" . . . . *James McConkey* 34

"THE PRUNED ROSES" (POEM) . . . . *William Dickey* 36

"LOVING SOMEONE ELSE" (POEM) . . . . *Judith Kroll* 41

PROFILES (VINCENT SCULLY) . . . . *James Stevenson* 43

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (THE LONDON TIMES) . . . *John Bainbridge* 70

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 104

THE AIR . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 107

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 118

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Roger Angell* 126

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 131

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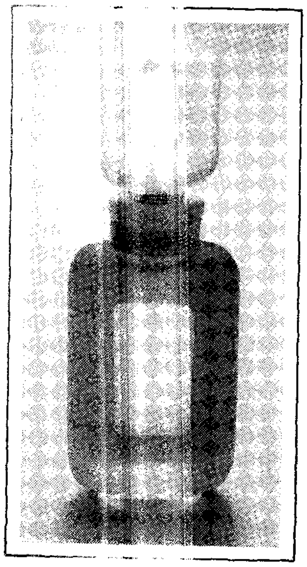

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Monsieur Amilcar—French farces rarely travel well, and the present example, by Yves Jamiaque, has followed the fate of the Normandie, which foundered a few yards farther west. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two one-acters, **COMPANIONS OF THE FIRE**, by Ali Wadud, and **BIG CITY BLUES**, by Roy R. Kuljian. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Night and Day—Tom Stoppard conducts a seminar on the nature of journalism as all hell breaks loose in a mythical African state. Maggie Smith heads an excellent cast. (12/10/79) Directed by Peter Wood. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 2.)

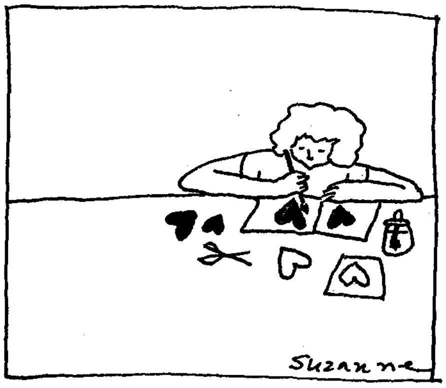
One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of ill-matched playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, Feb. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Salt Lake City Skyline—Thomas Babe's largely imaginary account of a historic event—the trial for murder and the eventual execution of the labor organizer Joe Hill. (2/4/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)



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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins re-create their roles in a comedy by Lanford Wilson seen here last spring. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, Feb. 14-19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

These Men—A play by Mayo Simon, with Alix Elias and Jill Larson. Directed by Zoe Caldwell. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 14. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trouble with Europe—A play by Paul D'Andrea, with Perry King and Kristoffer Tabori. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

War and Peace—The first four of eight performances of a dramatic adaptation by Erwin Piscator and Alfred Neumann of Tolstoy's novel. With Erik Rhodes, Jacqueline Bertrand, Carl Low, and Timothy Landfield. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

West Side Story—Leonard Bernstein's musical, with a book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Jossie de Guzman, Ken Marshall, and Debbie Allen head the cast. Directed by Jerome Robbins and Gerald Freedman. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 14. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7:30.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 2:30.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,232 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and

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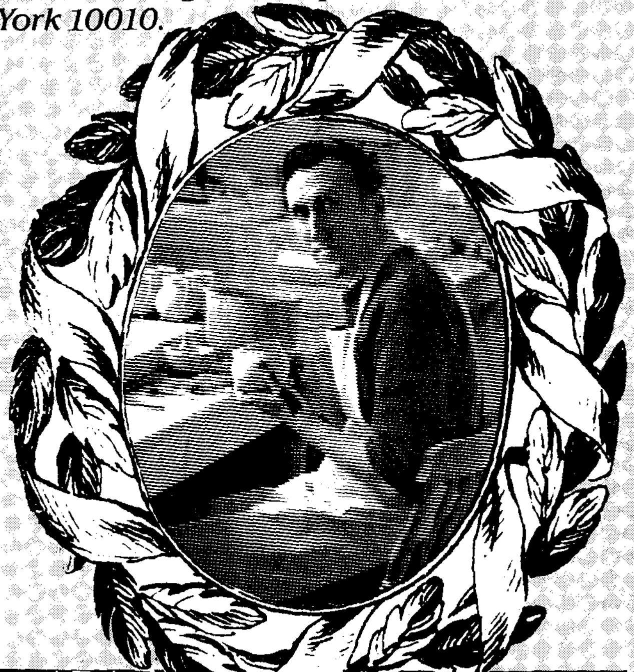

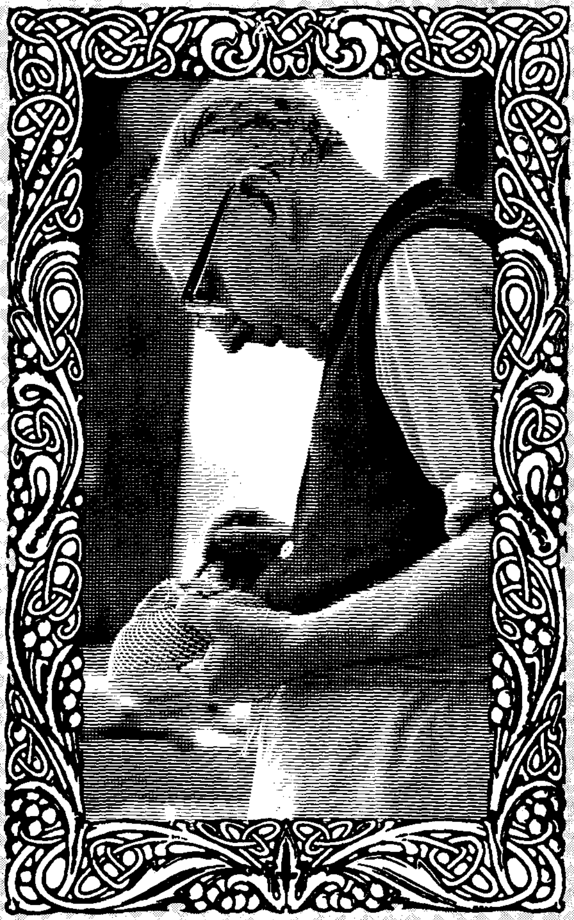

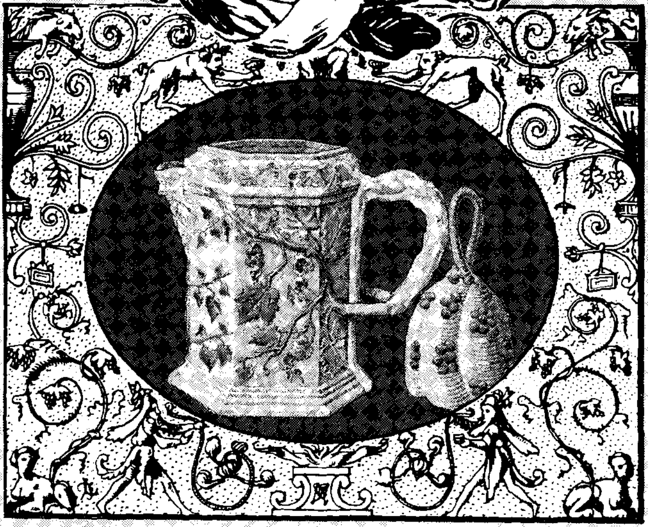

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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

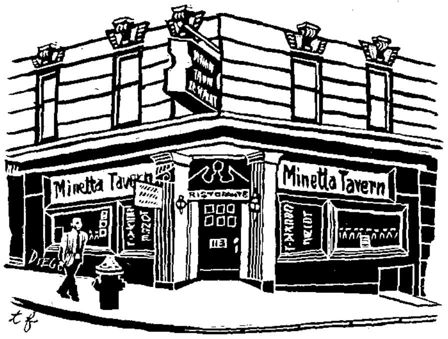
MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays, except Feb. 21, and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6:30. Extra performances Thursday, Feb. 21, at 11 A.M., and Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Orpheus," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Fanfare," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Fanfare," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Fancy Free," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Fanfare," "Fancy Free," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 17, at 1: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 2—Tuesday evening, Feb. 19: "Torse I," "Tango," "Locale" (New York première), and "Squaregame."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 20: "Torse I," "Roadrunners" (New York première), and "Exchange."... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 21: "Fractions," "Inlets," and "Roadrunners."... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 22: "Torse II," "Exchange," and "Roadrunners." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 23: "Torse II," "Locale," and "Changing Steps et cetera."... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 23: "Rune," "Inlets," and "Squaregame." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)



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Matteo EthnoAmerican Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement presenting two programs. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Program I: Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 13-17, at 8:30.... ¶ Program II: Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 20-23, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 631-9229.)

Conjunto Folklorico Nacional de Cuba—A company of sixty-five singers and dancers in its first appearance here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7; Friday, Feb. 15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that right now—Wednesday, Feb. 13—has soul singer **ETTA JAMES** trading sets with pianist Robert Kraft and his band. On Thursday, Feb. 14, the Romantics and the Rattlers will perform rock; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, a disco outfit, Prince, will be onstage; Monday, Feb. 18, Tower of Power, a ten-piece band, will provide some Bay Area-urban-soul music; Wednesday, Feb. 20, will belong to Roomful of Blues and Chicago bluesman **SON SEALS**; and on Thursday, Feb. 21, the comedy duo of **MONTEITH AND RAND** will begin a four-night visit. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood—and, oh, what duos are here! Pianist **MIKE ABENE** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Feb. 16; pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** from Monday, Feb. 18. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is supported by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This rough-hewn night club hasn't done much for the surrounding neighborhood, but it's done a lot for rock and roll and the New York rock scene. The bands: Startoon, Leisure Units, and Blue Eyes Wednesday, Feb. 13; Honey Davis and Son Thursday, Feb. 14; Student Teachers and U.S. Ape Friday, Feb. 15; Student Teachers and Ronnie & the Jitters Saturday, Feb. 16; and Student Teachers, Swinging Madisons, and Ozone Sunday, Feb. 17. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE.** Mr. Whyte and his bassist, **JACK SIX,** conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Aaron Bell Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who plays as though he was a graduate of the Slam Stewart Institute of Bass Bravura and Humming While Bowing, works with saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and, through Friday, Feb. 15, pianist **RICHARD WYANDS.** On Monday, Feb. 18, **DILL JONES** will claim the keyboard. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 17, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will be in charge of a quintet that features trumpeter **TOM HARRELL.** They'll begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. **MILT JACKSON** plays lovely, fulfilling blues on his vibraharp through Saturday, Feb. 16; on Tuesday, Feb. 19, **JOE PASS** will come in to play solo guitar and stun his audiences. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Lounell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several months old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers live piano music provided by **SY JOHNSON** through Saturday, Feb. 16, and by **DAVE MCKENNA,** starting Tuesday, Feb. 19. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The bands: **DEFUNKT** and Buzz & the Flyers Wednesday, Feb. 13; Cherry Vanilla and Coma-teens Thursday, Feb. 14; Cherry Vanilla and George Wrage Friday, Feb. 15; Speedies and Bounce Saturday, Feb. 16; Jumpers and Ants Sunday, Feb. 17; and Marbles and Flashcubes Tuesday, Feb. 19. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, **DAVID AMRAM** will head up a Latin-jazz quintet on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16; on Sunday, Feb. 17, pianist and composer **DAVE MATTHEWS** will lead his big band; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, bassist **ART DAVIS** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** will perform with a quartet. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** works with bassist **SAM JONES** through Saturday, Feb. 16, and with bassist **CECIL MCBEE** from Tuesday, Feb. 19. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **DOLLY DAWN** is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Just to keep in the spirit of things, this second-floor rock-and-roll/new-wave shrine ought to change its name to Max's Akron, Ohio, since at least a half-dozen prominent new bands—Devo, Rachel Sweet, Bizarros, Rubber City Rebels, and Chi Pig come to mind immediately—have come out of that city in the last couple of years. The current lineup is more local: Manhattan Project, Saucers, and Brodoff Wednesday, Feb. 13; Joy Ryder & Avis Davis and 80's Thursday, Feb. 14; Bloodless Pharaohs and Ozone Friday, Feb. 15; Rattlers and Cheap Perfume Saturday, Feb. 16; Blessed, NYN, and the Most Sunday, Feb. 17; and Anthem, Mice, and Splits Monday, Feb. 18. Music after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **CAROL SLOANE** and singer-pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** perform the music of Frank Loesser Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In the last few years, Columbus Avenue in the upper Sixties, the Seventies, and the low Eighties has turned into a Little East Side. One can patronize yogurt shops, gray-flannel-slacks shops, roller-skate shops, cowboy-boot shops, or one of many, many restaurants—in fact, in warmer weather, the street is given over to sidewalk tables and cafés that resemble a row of food boutiques. The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is not new, however. It is this ten-year-old jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. club, which is presenting the sublime R. & B. sextet **STUFF** through Thursday, Feb. 14, and the **CHICO HAMILTON** quintet on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**STEVE GOODMAN,** one of the few folkies to ever play Las Vegas, will return to this grass-roots night spot on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, Catskill guitarists **ARTIE TRAUM** and **PAT ALGER** will be present, as will the **JOHN HERALD** folk-rock band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—**BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S** orchestra and vocalist **CARRIE SMITH**—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**MAXENE ANDREWS** winds up her current stint here on Sunday, Feb. 17; then, on Monday, Feb. 18, singer Ronee Blakley will begin a six-night engagement. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a revue is under way that celebrates some of the musicals produced by Cheryl Crawford—"Porgy and Bess," "One Touch of Venus," and "Brigadoon" are three of them. Selected songs from these and other shows are performed by **PATRICE MUNSEL,** Steve Elmore, and Ira Hawkins. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. A band called Gathering Forces, which includes two or three Brubeck brothers (sons of Dave), plays on Wednesday, Feb. 13; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 14-17, will belong to trumpeter Tom Browne; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, saxophonist Pete Yellin will head a combo; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23, drummer **BERNARD (PRETTY) PURDIE** and his band will be here. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Monday.

Sheraton Center, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find trombonist **URBIE GREEN** in charge of a quartet. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB** work together through Saturday, Feb. 16; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 17-18, have been reserved for drummer Billy Davis and a quartet; Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 19-23, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** and his 360° Music Experience—pianist **DON PULLEN,** bassist **CAMERON BROWN,** and saxophonists **KEN MCINTYRE** and **RICKY FORD,** that is—will occupy the bandstand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Pianist **CURTIS CLARK,** saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY,** drummer **STEVE MCCALL,** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** perform Wednesday, Feb. 13; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 14-17, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will co-lead a quartet; and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 19-21, **C-SHARPE,** a saxophonist, will head a quintet that features trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER** and pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.** Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of Chicago-blues players: Thursday, Feb. 14, the **LONNIE BROOKS** blues band; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, guitarist **JIMMY DAWKINS;** Sunday, Feb. 17, **J. B. HUTTO;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, guitarist **JIMMY ROGERS.** Shows usually begin at ten and midnight (on Sunday, Feb. 17, at nine and midnight). Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—The rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Feb. 14, Polyrock and True Romance; Friday, Feb. 15, Alda Reserve; and Saturday, Feb. 16, Billies. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Drummer **MEL LEWIS,** his big band, and two guest soloists—trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** and, on Friday, Feb. 15, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY**—will perform through Saturday, Feb. 16; Sunday, Feb. 17, will be devoted to singer Yolande Bavan; Monday, Feb. 18, the Mel Lewis band will move in again; and on Tuesday, Feb. 19, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** flutist **FRANK WESS,** and two cohorts—will arrive to play some New York jazz. Mondays are devoted to the **MEL LEWIS** Big Band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist Robert Condor. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet performs through Saturday, Feb. 16; and beginning Sunday, Feb. 17, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will lead his Jazz Sultans for seven nights. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

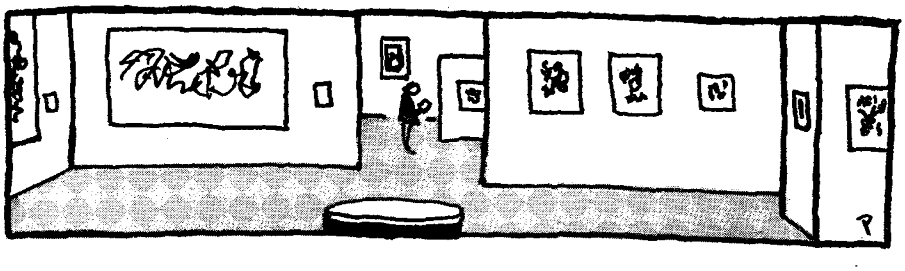
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Baird Hersey & Year of the Ear—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Gunter Hampel & the Galaxie Dream Band—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

St. Louis Ensemble and Waterland Quartet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Feb. 15, at 10:30.

Gary Peacock Trio and Paul McCandless & David



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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Samuels—Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 10:30.

Angela Bofill—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.

Sha Na Na—With Jay Black & the Americans. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Alhaji Bai Konte and Dembo Konte—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8.

Anthony Davis Sextet and **Billy Bang/Butch Morris Quintet**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 10:30.

Ronnie Laws—With Twennynine and Lenny White. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys—With Bill Keith. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16: Mark Morganelli quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20: Orpheus quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23: Barry Harris, Walter Booker, and Jimmy Cobb. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 15: Cadmocsa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16: Ed Blackwell and Charles Brackeen. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22: George Bishop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23: Joe McPhee. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

Squat Theatre—Friday, Feb. 15, at 10 and midnight: The Dance and Ted Daniel's Energy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 10 and midnight: The Nuggets. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Paintings of the thirties. One small oil shows Mark Rothko holding a child on his lap. Through Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

François and Bernard Baschet—Stainless-steel sculptures that somehow make more or less musical sounds when they are touched. Through March 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kenneth Callahan—Paintings by a well-known West Coast artist whose abstract works suggest endless serpentine columns of figures. Through March 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

C. K. Chatterton (1880-1973)—Forty paintings and works on paper, including portraits, scenes of the artist's native Hudson Valley, and towns along the coast of Maine. Through March 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Richly encrusted pattern paintings in which large over-all geometric designs are worked out in tiny medallions of acrylics. Through March 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Russell Forester—Abstract works. The paintings involve layers of pale acrylics alternating with layers of gauze, and the drawings are reinforced with rows of stitching done on a commercial sewing machine. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly / Richard Serra—Abstract metal wall reliefs, and drawings. / Abstract drawings. Through March 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Robert Kipniss—Twenty-nine representational paintings and drawings of landscapes. Through March 8. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Oil paintings of Olafsvik, a summer retreat in the artist's native Iceland, and landscapes and seascapes in which cold Atlantic blues are contrasted with glacial whites. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Classical bronze nudes, many life-size; there are also numerous ballet dancers and several sculptures of mares, foals, and a bull. Through March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Liliana Porter / Juan Camilo Uribe—Vignettes done directly on the wall in mixed mediums (the Pyramids, a silk-screened Botticelli head, a snippet from Borges, a horse) are separated by commas and meant to be read as a story. / Nearly four hundred dime-store plastic film-viewers suspended on threads from the ceiling, about chest high, are filled with clips by the artist—some religious, some irreverent, and some just odd. Visitors are invited to look. Through Sunday, Feb. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Auguste Rodin (1840-1917)—Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through March 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Ce Roser—Bright-colored abstractions painted in oil on white canvas, much of which is left exposed. Through Wednesday, Feb. 20. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Two shows of works by a creator of patterned fabric collages: on shaped canvases, several built around Valentine hearts, at Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (through Feb. 28), and on paper at Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St. (through March 1).

Charles Seplowin—Abstract molded stainless-steel, wood, and bronze wall pieces and other sculptures. Through March 21. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

Kimber Smith—Abstract paintings. Through March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Edvins Strautmanis / William Umbreit—Abstract paintings. / Carved-wood sculptures. Through Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Joan Thorne—Large abstract oil paintings consisting mainly of ribbons of thick, raw color. Through March 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Walasse Ting—Outsize paintings of trios of Chinese women done on rice paper in a style that echoes traditional Chinese silk paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

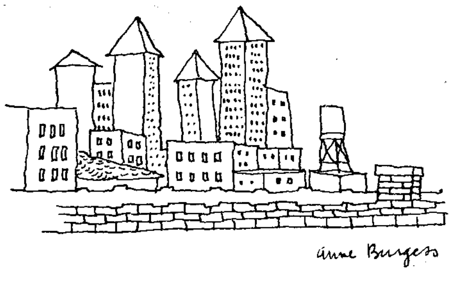
Paul Vázquez—Large abstract paintings, some of them combining oils and acrylics. Through March 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Catharine Warren—Abstract paintings done with acrylics on rice paper and collaged onto canvas. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Yelavich / Edward Mayer—One large floor piece and five small works in painted wood. / A room-size wood-slat structure. Through Friday, Feb. 22. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Thursdays, 10 to 7; Fridays, 10 to 2.)

Women Artists at the Graham Gallery—Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists, a number of whom were given their first solo shows by the gallery's retiring director, Robert C. Graham. The artists include Elaine de Kooning, Anne Poor, Jane Wilson, and Becky Young. Through Wednesday, Feb. 20. (1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARSENAL GALLERY**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by David Budd, Milton Resnick, Charles Ginnever, and others. Through March 21. (Open until 4:45 Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Fridays.). . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Americans, including landscapes in oil by John Twachtman and Theodore Robinson, and a Demuth watercolor. Through March 1. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A large new Lichtenstein, in which he pays his special kind of homage to German Expressionism, and disturbing comic works by H. C. Westermann, a newcomer to the gallery, are included in this show of small-scale works by gallery members, among them Willem de Kooning, Louise Bourgeois, and Joan Mitchell. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Paintings (by Jane Freilicher, Alfred Leslie, Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, among others) from the personal collection of Tibor de Nagy, whose gallery is marking its thirtieth anniversary. Through March 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Standouts in this show of topflight artists are a life-size portrait done in 1919 by van Dongen and a Pascin harem scene. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.). . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hopper, Calder, Marini, and others. Through Feb. 29.



Sculpture—Two white marble bust-length figures, attributed to "the immediate circle of Michelangelo," which were part of a group called "The Three Fates." (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Painted-wood reliefs, and marble and bronze sculptures—forty-nine pieces in all. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Strange little Klee-like figures, printed by a primitive monotype process and assembled as collages, together with scraps of fabrics and the like, on paper. Through March 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Raffael Benazzi—Large abstract carved-wood sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tom Bianchi—Colorful wall hangings made from torn-up Gristede paper sacks and shopping bags, painted and mounted on cheesecloth. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Drawings of nudes, dated 1971. Through March 1. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Paintings done in the early fifties which were among the early manifestations of Abstract Expressionism. Through March 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Abstract representations, about knee-high, of open cloaks. (They're made of the rolled steel used in stovepipes, coated with acrylic paint.) Through Feb. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—One still-life, done in 1908, and thirty-odd subsequent paintings, most of them unfamiliar. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Emlen Etting—Book illustrations and other drawings. Through March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Fantasy sculptures, paintings, drawings, and constructions, including a gaudily decorated tent (visitors are invited inside), all exhibited in a carnival-sideshow atmosphere. Through March 1. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Edward C. Flood—Wall sculptures made of brightly painted wood, Masonite, and cheesecloth, some of which look like abstractions of brontosaurus heads. Through March 1. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eileen Gray (1879-1976)—Two woven rugs, and collage studies for them, in a show that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Mu-

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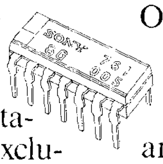

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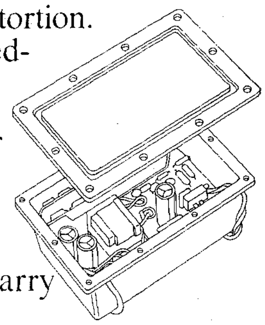

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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seum of Modern Art. Through March 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Caroline Greenwald—Airy abstract paper works involving strands of raw silk, flax, fluffy paper pulp, wool, and hair. Through March 1. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Suzanne Harris (1940-79)—Geometric sculptures: plate-glass triangles jutting out of the wall, and metal castings of freestanding attenuated pyramids. Through March 1. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

John Hejduk—Floor plans, colored renderings, and models of projected houses by the dean of the Cooper Union School of Architecture. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) . . ¶ Additional works by this architect. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Opens Saturdays at noon.) Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 16.

Dorothy Hood—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Small-scale abstract sculptures in aluminum, bronze, and wood. Through March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Margo Margolis—Large oil paintings, each with a solid-color panel in the middle and panels in disparate abstract styles on either side. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Paintings and drawings of nudes. Through March 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—Oils, watercolors, pencil drawings, and etchings of bottles, bowls, and pitchers by this Italian still-life artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Betty Parsons—Constructions in which oddments of driftwood are turned by this dealer-artist into birds, housefronts, and engaging abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—This survey of the artist's works from his earliest domino-like abstractions to his latest delicate watercolors exploring mythological themes shows that a black rectangle has always had a prominent part in his compositions. Through March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero—Realistic paintings and drawings by a Spanish artist, mostly of people but also of tangled roots, and one of a bristly-looking stuffed dog. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jim Reed—Collages using sheet film and mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Large freestanding steel sculptures, some of them employing the junkyard findings usually associated with his early work and some of them welded together from new metal. Through March 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Paintings in muted colors, and expertly rendered charcoal drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—Abstract paintings. Through March 12. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings of overlapping elliptical forms. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas—Masonite panels painted white and incised with sparse geometric figures that cut through to the underlying brown. Collage panels in pale colors are also sometimes introduced. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Seventy small oil landscapes—studies for the enormous wall-size paintings that this artist customarily shows. A couple of portrait heads are also included. Through Feb. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Barbara Zucker—Huge pattern paintings in which white trellises are overrun with showy flowers that spring from the artist's imagination rather than from Burpee. / Tall, pleated sculptures, freestanding, made of sheet steel or other sheet metals, treated with colorful finishes. Through Feb. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.) . . . JACOBSON, 24 W. 57th St.: A show of eight relatively unfamiliar British artists, including Michael Heindorff, Margaret Walker, and William Tillyer. Through March 1. . . . OOSTEROM, 50 W. 57th St.: Black-and-white works, including views of the World Trade Center and the Flatiron Building by Robert Moskowitz; sketchy abstract drawings in tar by Donald Sultan; an abstract house, done in a mixture of oil and ink on flocked paper, by Ralph Humphrey; city silhouettes done in graphite and charcoal by Randal Rupert; and thick white acrylic poured onto small white canvases by Angelo Savelli. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . ALEX ROSENBERG, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit entitled "Visual Diaries;" the diary-keepers are ten artists, among them Joe Brainard, Colette, Ilse Getz, and Stephanie Brody Lederman. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.) . . . TOUCHSTONE, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographic collages, drawings incorporating photographs, and paintings of photographs by seventeen artists, among them Tom Chimes, Christo, Eve Sonneman, and Michelle Stuart. Through Feb. 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth—Abstract geometric paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and on plywood. Through March 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Edward Evans—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of wrinkled colored paper. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Charles Gaines—A two-gallery show of a documentary work in which the falling of leaves from a California tree is recorded in a series of photographs taken at regular intervals, and in a series of charts in which every leaf is numbered and represented on a graph. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weber, on the fourth floor, and Castelli, on the second, at 420 West Broadway.)

Yannis Gaitis—Tiers of painted-wood cut-out life-size cartoon figures. They represent the artist's commentary on uniformity and mass living. Through Feb. 24. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Michael Goldberg—Bold abstract paintings in which raw pigments and bronze powder are mixed in clear alkyd and applied in broad vertical stripes to canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Gloria Greenberg—Works on the wall (including photographs and drawings) and on the floor, all inspired by Mayan art forms. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Judith Neaman / P. Wilson—The story of Creation illustrated in seven abstract drawings with collage elements, plus scrolls and other works. / Row on row of diagonal strokes on paper done in almost every conceivable medium, including radiator paint. Through Feb. 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Reeva Potoff—A cardboard-and-tissue-paper installation, fifty feet wide and twelve feet high, that re-creates, in an impressionistic way, a waterfall in an area of Maine called Grindstone Neck. Through March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Stephanie Rose—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

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Nancy Rubins / Stanislav Kolibal—One huge cement wall, fifteen feet high and twenty-four feet long, in which the artist has embedded electrical appliances of every kind—hair dryers, typewriters, radios, toasters, coffee makers, record-players, irons, fans. Six days went into building it. / Constructivist constructions by a Czech artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Sculptural works made of wood and canvas, mostly, that bear a family resemblance to airplane wings, plus smaller wooden pieces wrapped tightly in canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Horst Schuler—Large silk panels designed for the gallery's windows and colored with oil washes. Through Feb. 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Gary Stephan—Three new abstract paintings based on the torso. Through March 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Joe Zucker—This artist, whose principal medium is cotton balls soaked in acrylics, has stretched them into cords and made grid patterns of them, filling in the interstices with translucent paint. Other works, "drawn" with the cotton strands, depict armored knights jousting. Through Wednesday, Feb. 20. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Works by twelve artists. Starts Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 5. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . PINDAR, 127 Greene St.: A show by seven member artists includes a painting of a jumble of vividly colored legs and thighs by Nancy Ketchman; ceramic columns with peepholes, through which one sees female heads, by Phyllis Baker Hammond; and a tall wall piece of paper and Lucite involving African motifs by Eve Licea. Through Feb. 24. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Juan Bujan—Oil paintings of martyred saints and other religious figures, done by an Argentine-born primitive. Through Feb. 29. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michael Donohue—Abstract collages made from the artist's paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Pellicone, 47 Bond St., one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and the Bowery. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the 80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES, New York University: More than four hundred winners in a competition for small works (under twelve inches) in a variety of mediums. Through Friday, Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Self-portraits (in paintings, sculptures, photographs, and videotapes) by twenty-five contemporary artists, among them Duane Michals, Hannah Wilke, and William T. Wiley. Claudia De Monte is represented by a seven-by-six-foot papier-mâché installation. Through March 1. . . . VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: Contemporary drawings of common objects by Dine, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Ruscha, and Warhol. Through Feb. 29. (Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander—Black-and-white photographs of trees—Japanese flowering trees prominent among them. Through March 8. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Jan Groover—Large color photographs—abstractions of kitchen utensils and vegetables. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jill Krementz—Sixty black-and-white photographs of writers: Anaïs Nin, Kurt Vonnegut, Norman Mailer, Truman Capote. Through March 15. (Central Falls, 478 West Broadway. Opens at 12:30.)

Olivia Parker—Black-and-white and color still-life photographs. Through March 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Doug Prince / Abraham Menashe—Surreal silver prints, along with Plexiglas boxes containing similar works. / Photographs of the handicapped. Through March 1. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Albert Renger-Patzsch (1897-1966)—More than fifty vintage photographs from his entire career. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Morgan Sanders—Color photographs of trucks parked on New York City streets, detailing fenders, doors, headlights, and windshield wipers. Through March 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Sixty photographs dated from the late thirties to the early sixties, including politicians, movie stars, Bowery bums, children, and lovers at Coney Island. Through March 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Contemporary pictorialists Mac Adams, Roger Cutforth, Dan Graham, John Hilliard, and Jeff Wall, all of whom have worked in England. Through Feb. 27. (Opens at 1.) . . . **hastings**, 121 E. 24th St.: Sports photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive, and portraits by Philippe Halsman of star athletes. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paul Berger is showing contact strips (one set is of a Muhammad Ali boxing match, with a text superimposed), Ray Metzker has sunbathers at the beach, and John Gintoff has SX-70 nudes. Through Saturday, Feb. 23.

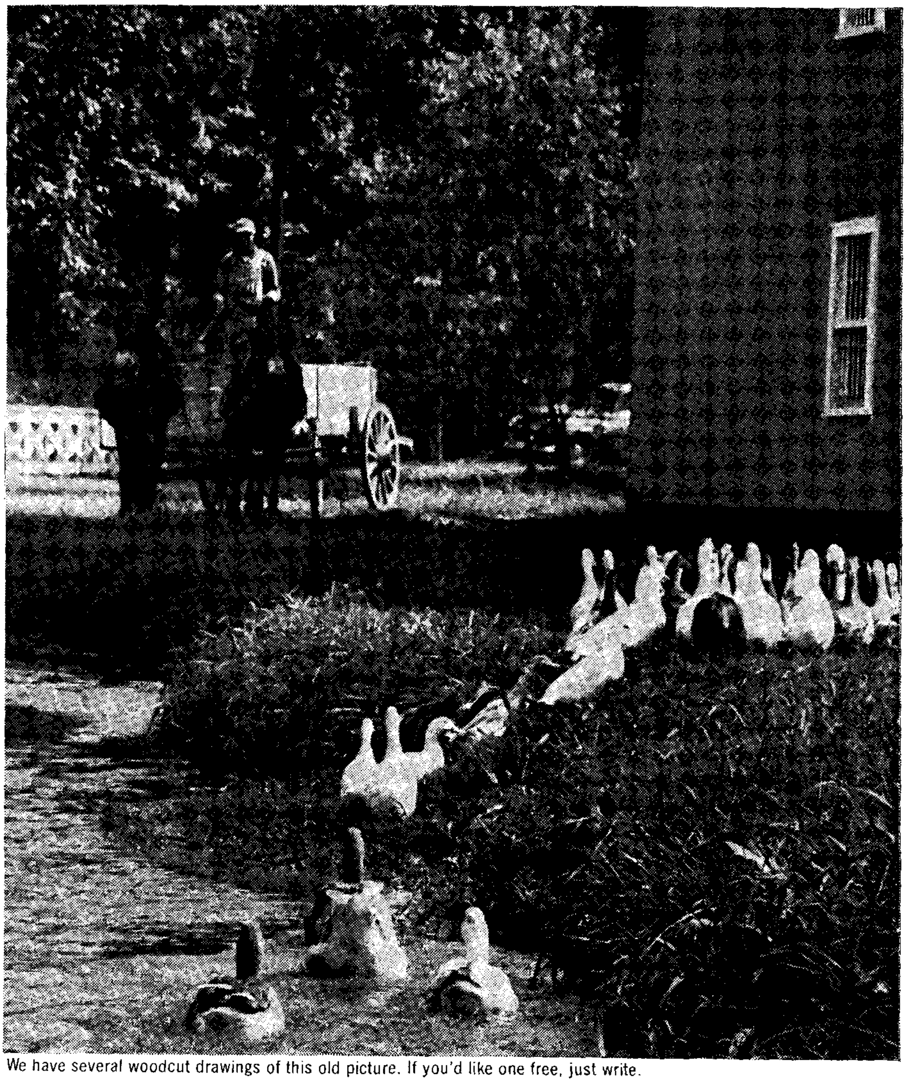
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. Starts Thursday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through April 1. A complementary show is at the Rosa Esman Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Starts Thursday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ A show of eighty-five drawings and five paintings by Jackson Pollock, pointing up the similarities in the techniques he used in them. Through March 16. . . . ¶ A show of recent acquisitions includes four paintings by Picabia being exhibited for the first time in sixty years and works by, among others, Matta, O'Keeffe, and Balthus. . . . ¶ A new group of photographs has been installed in the Edward Steichen Photography Center. (The previous installation had been on the walls since 1967.) The hundred and forty works are drawn from acquisitions of the past dozen years and include John A. Whipple's 1853 photograph of the moon, a 1920 Brancusi (of a Brancusi), and color work by contemporaries Stephen Shore and Jan Groover. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 18, from 11 to 5.) Both shows through March 9.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Isamu Noguchi: six thea-



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THIS OLD PICTURE reminds us that a few things have changed in Jack Daniel's Hollow. Today's grain is delivered in trucks instead of mule-drawn wagons. But our miller inspects each load as carefully as ever. And rejects it all if it's not to his standard. Another thing we still do is gentle our whiskey with charcoal mellowing. That's the process that accounts for Jack Daniel's unique smoothness. And even though it dates back to 1866, we're not about to change one part of it.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tre sets (two of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Painting in Relief," a show of works by Ron Gorchov, Donald Judd, Nancy Arlen, and others. Through March 5. (Open Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz. Through March 9. . . . ¶ A display of traditional folk-art textiles from Czechoslovakia and Russia. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Feb. 18, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through March 18. (Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. Otherwise, the museum is open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

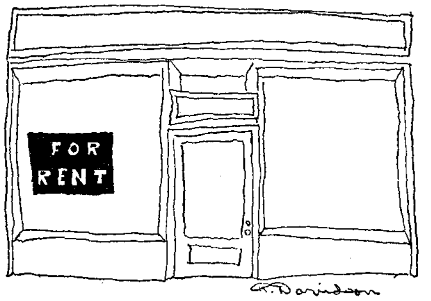
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ In a show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles there is one from thirteenth-century Persia and another (a Moravian one) from twentieth-century Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a hammered-copper Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



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New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of more than seventy nineteenth-century etchings and lithographs (by Daumier, Delacroix, Manet, Cassatt, Turner, Whistler, and others) from the library's S. P. Avery collection. Through April 15. (Open daily except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 18. Hours: Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Barbara Hammer (performance), Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; Susie and Nancy Twinart (performance with videotapes), Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; an exhibition by David Moore of photographs and artifacts documenting an uninhabited island off the coast of southern Ireland, through Saturday, Feb. 23; handmade miniature books by sixteen artists, through Feb. 28.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Taylor Mead (performance), Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:30; Boris Policeband & David Van Tieghem (music), Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30; Charles Moulton (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 21-24, at 8:30; three audiotape installations by Vito Acconci, starts Saturday, Feb. 16.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bruna Baglioni, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Malfitano, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Allan Monk, and James Atherton. Richard Woitach conducting both. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 18, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bruna Baglioni, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Malfitano, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Allan Monk, and James Atherton. Richard Woitach conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bruna Baglioni, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Malfitano, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Allan Monk, and James Atherton. Richard Woitach conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 27—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Count Ory" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Faith Esham, Rockwell Blake, David Holloway, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Rico Serbo, and Brent Ellis; Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Count Ory" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Faith Esham, Rockwell Blake, David Holloway, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

"Madame Butterfly"—Two performances of the Eastern Opera Theatre's production of Puccini's opera, in English. Conducted by Anthony Morss and staged by Nicholas Muni. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 472-2168.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Christoph Eschenbach conducting a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8; Friday, Feb. 15, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Neeme Jarvi conducting an all-Sibelius program on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8 (all with Sidney Harth, violin).

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. **Carnegie Hall**: Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8, a Mozart-Mahler program, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8, a varied program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . **Avery Fisher Hall**: Friday, Feb. 15, at 8, a Richard Strauss-Mahler program, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano.

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Michalak conducting a Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninoff program, with Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Handel Festival Orchestra—Stephen Simon directing the New York première of Handel's opera "Radamisto" in concert form, with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Benita Valente, soprano; Richard Lewis, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Zurich Chamber Orchestra—Edmond de Stoutz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program that includes the New York première of William Conti's "Kinesis," with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Dorian Rence, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of New York—Albert Catell conducting, with Carole Dawn Reinhart, trumpet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-3360.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Albert Markov, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting, with Oscar Shumsky, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Orchestra of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting, with Frederick Zlotkin, cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of American music, 1940-60. Composer William Schuman will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.). . . ¶ The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Folger Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of early music by an ensemble from Washington making its first appearance here. This program is entitled "Triptych I: Germany." (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé and Alexis Weissenberg—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Julian Lloyd Webber—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Orford String Quartet—With Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

League–ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music is devoted to works by Milton Babbitt, Marc Blitzstein, Mark Brunswick, and others, performed by Matthias Kriesberg and Beveridge Webster, piano; Anand Devendra, clarinet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Saturday, Feb. 16, at 6: James Buswell and Syoko Aki, violin; Walter Trampler and Scott Nickrenz, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.). . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 18-19, at 7:30: The same artists as Feb. 16, plus Earl Kim, pianist-composer, and Irene Worth, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall.)

Bradford Gowen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—The final concert of the season is devoted to the works of Henry Purcell, with James Bowman, countertenor; members of the Grand Bande; and the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Lazar Weiner and Yehudi Wyner—Piano, in a program entitled "Music on Jewish Themes." Also on hand: Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Yuval Waldman, violin; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Beethoven Society—The American String Quartet in an all-Beethoven program, with David Jolley and Robert Routch, French horn. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

James Bowman—Countertenor, with Howard Bass, lute. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Alexandre Lagoya—Flute and guitar. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Elizabeth Wolff—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Steve Reich and Musicians—A program of premières for chamber orchestra, wind and string ensemble, and octet. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The third in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Borodin Trio—A Tchaikovsky-Beethoven-Shostakovich program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Ars Musica—The second in a series of three programs of baroque music played on original instruments. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of medieval and Renaissance music of Spain, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Allan Fast, counter-tenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by English composers Harrison Birtwistle, Roberto Gerhard, Bernard Rands, and Michael Tippett, performed by Robert Miller, piano; Jeanne Ingraham, violin; Harvey Sollberger and Charles Wuorinen, conductors; and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Manhattan Trio—With Erick Friedman, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Liederkreis—A chamber music ensemble, with Susan Larson, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Ray DeVoll, tenor; James Maddalena, baritone; and Craig Smith and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

Paula Robison—Flute, in the last in a series of joint recitals, this one with the American String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

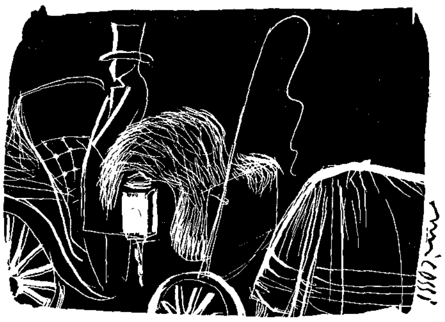
Vytautas Smetona—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 5:30.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music for a While—The first in a series of three concerts of early music, this one devoted to Italian music from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Among those taking part in a benefit concert will be sopranos Ileana Cotrubas, Katia Ricciarelli, and Diana Soviero; mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos; tenors Carlo Bergonzi and Luciano Pavarotti; baritones Sherrill Milnes and José van Dam; basses Paul Plishka and Ruggero Raimondi; and pianist James Levine. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.)



Tribute to Teresa Sterne—Among the participants will be Jan DeGaetani, Paul Jacobs, Gilbert Kalish, William Bolcom and Joan Morris, and members of Pomerium Musices. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

"A Black Heritage Concert"—A program of songs and arias by black composers presented by the Opera Ebony, with the Opera Ebony Orchestra conducted by James Frazier. (Martin Luther King School Auditorium, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 877-2110.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Utah, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Utah, Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Olympic Winter Games—At Lake Placid: Through Sunday, Feb. 24.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays—except Feb. 13—through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Ruthless, Sunday, Feb. 17, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Final night Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Feb. 14, through Thursday, May 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Discussions—"Titans in the Arts," the second of two programs, this one featuring Isamu Noguchi and his interviewer, Hugh Hardy. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

National Antiques Show—The annual affair, at which three hundred dealers will be showing American, Oriental, and European wares from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 16, through Sunday, Feb. 24. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, Feb. 24, from 10 to 6.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, opens in the Conservatory on Saturday, Feb. 16. Daily, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Four sales of prints. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works by Matisse, Renoir, Bellows, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 3:45: Prints and preparatory drawings by Mary Cassatt. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master prints by such artists as Rembrandt, Von Ostade, and Callot. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: A hundred and thirty-seven graphics by M. C. Escher, one of them a twenty-foot-long woodcut, "Metamorphosis II.". . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 10:30: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 10: English and Continental silver and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 17: "Que Viva Mexico!"
Feb. 18: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 19: "The Middleman."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Feb. 14: "10."
From Feb. 15: "The Rose."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 14: "Going in Style" and "The Goodbye Girl."
Feb. 15-21: "10" and "Goldengirl."
From Feb. 22: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Last Married Couple in America."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Just Tell Me What You Want."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 21: "American Gigolo."
From Feb. 22 (tentative): "The Fog."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 14: "Stay As You Are."
From Feb. 15: "Jaws 2."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Fatso."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 21: "The Human Factor."
From Feb. 22 (tentative): "Blood Feud."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 14: "Gizmo!"
From Feb. 15: "Cruising."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 14: "10."
From Feb. 15: "Cruising."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 16: "Windows."
From Feb. 17: "Wise Blood."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Just Tell Me What You Want."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 21: "The Last Married Couple in America."
From Feb. 22: "The Immortal Bachelor."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Stallion."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 14: "Going in Style."
Feb. 15-21: "10."
From Feb. 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Feb. 14: "The Europeans."
From Feb. 15: "The Silent Partner."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 14: "Stay As You Are."
From Feb. 15: "Jaws 2."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 21: "American Gigolo."
From Feb. 22 (tentative): "The Fog."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hero at Large."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Silent Scream." From Feb. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Last Married Couple in America."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Chapter Two."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 21: "Fatso."
From Feb. 22: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 14: "The Jerk."
From Feb. 15: "All That Jazz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 2: "The Europeans."
Theatre 3: "Stay As You Are."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "The Apple Game." From Feb. 15: "Jaws 2."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Feb. 13: "The Rose."
Feb. 14: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 15: "Saturn 3."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 14: "Breaking Away."
From Feb. 15: "The Rose."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"To Forget Venice."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Tête."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Breaking Away."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: "Fatso."
Theatre 3: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "Starting Over." From Feb. 15: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Feb. 21: "Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again. Sam."
From Feb. 22: A program of Charlie Chaplin films, titles to be announced.

New Yorker 2. B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Feb. 14: "The Silent Partner."
From Feb. 15: "The Rose."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 14: "Silent Scream."
Feb. 15-21: "Starting Over" and "Pretty Baby."
From Feb. 22: "The Electric Horseman" and "California Suite."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Just Tell Me What You Want." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Black Hole."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 14: "Going in Style." (†) From Feb. 15: "All That Jazz." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "Fatso." (†) From Feb. 15: "Chapter Two." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Feb. 14: "Chapter Two." (†)
From Feb. 15: "The Rose." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Hero at Large." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Feb. 21: "American Gigolo." (†)
From Feb. 22 (tentative): "The Fog." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (860-0950)
Through Feb. 14: "Silent Scream." (†)
From Feb. 15: "Cruising." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Last Married Couple in America." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 14: "Windows." (†)
From Feb. 15: "Prize Fighter."

R.K O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 14: "The Jerk." (†)
From Feb. 15: "Jaws 2." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Electric Horseman." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 13: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), directed by Leonard Kastle, with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco; "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, and James Gleason; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainier.
Feb. 14: "Volcano" (1976), directed by Donald Brittain; "Death in the Garden" (1956), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."
Feb. 15: "Mondo Cane No. 2" (1965), an Italian documentary film, with an English narration, directed by Gualtiero Jacopetti; and "Fata Morgana" (1971), in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Feb. 16: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "A Voyage to Italy" (1953), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.
Feb. 17: "Chaplin Revue," a program of three short films; a program of Felix the Cat cartoons; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."
Feb. 18: "The Wrong Man" (†) and "I Confess." (†)
Feb. 19: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Feb. 20: "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (†) and "The Medusa Touch." (†)

Feb. 21: "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant; and "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Michel Simon, Jean Dasté, and Dita Parlo.

Feb. 22: "Ecstatic Stigmatic" (1970), directed by Gordon Stevenson; and "Mondo Trasho" (1970), directed by John Waters.

Feb. 23: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 13: "Thérèse" (1963), in French, directed by Georges Franju, with Emmanuèle Riva and Philippe Noiret; and "Judex" (1963), in French, directed by Georges Franju.

Feb. 14: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman; and "Lovin' Molly" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Anthony Perkins, Beau Bridges, and Blythe Danner.

Feb. 15: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Verboten" (1960), directed by Sam Fuller, with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman.

Feb. 16: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

Feb. 17: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.

Feb. 18: "Petulia" (1968), directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott; and "History Is Made at Night." (†)

Feb. 19: "Red Line 7000" (1965), directed by Howard Hawks, with James Caan, Laura Devon, and Gail Hire; and "The Crowd Roars" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks, with James Cagney and Joan Blondell.

Feb. 20: "El" (1952; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova and Delia Garcés; and "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

Feb. 21: "The Last Woman" (†); and "The Wedding March" (1967), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Ugo Tognazzi.

Feb. 22: "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Feb. 23: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 14: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Feb. 15-16: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

Feb. 17-18: "My Fair Lady." (†)

Feb. 19: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Feb. 20-21: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Feb. 22-23: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 13: "Down to Earth" (1947), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks, James Gleason, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Give a Girl a Break" (1953), directed by Stanley Donen, with Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds, and Kurt Kasznar.

Feb. 14-16: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

Feb. 17-19: "The Loves of Isadora" (†) and "Plisetskaya Dances." (†)

Feb. 20-23: "Top Hat" (†) and "Born to Dance." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 13: "A Woman's Decision" (1977), in Polish, directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, with Maja Komorowska; and "Story of Sin" (1976), in Polish, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.

Feb. 14: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Allyn Joslyn, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main; and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Feb. 15-16: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

Feb. 17: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "The Circus" (1928), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Feb. 18: "Pandora's Box" (†); and "Overland Stage Raiders" (1938), directed by George Sherman, with John Wayne and Louise Brooks.

Feb. 19: "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (1926), a silent film, directed by Frank Tuttle, with Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Osgood Perkins; and "God's Gift to Women" (1931), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Frank Fay, Laura LaPlante, Joan Blondell, and Louise Brooks.

Feb. 20: "A Girl in Every Port" (1928) a silent film, directed by Howard Hawks, with Victor McLaglen, Robert Armstrong, and Louise Brooks; and "The Love Goddesses" (1965), a documentary of some sixty years of movie heroines.

Feb. 21: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Monsieur Verdoux." (†)

Feb. 22-23: "The Lady Vanishes" (†); and "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 13: "The Bride Came C.O.D." (1941), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, James Cagney, and Jack Carson; and "The Corn Is Green" (1945), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis and John Dall.

Feb. 14: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Ghost Breakers" (1940), directed by George Marshall, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Paul Lukas, and Richard Carlson.

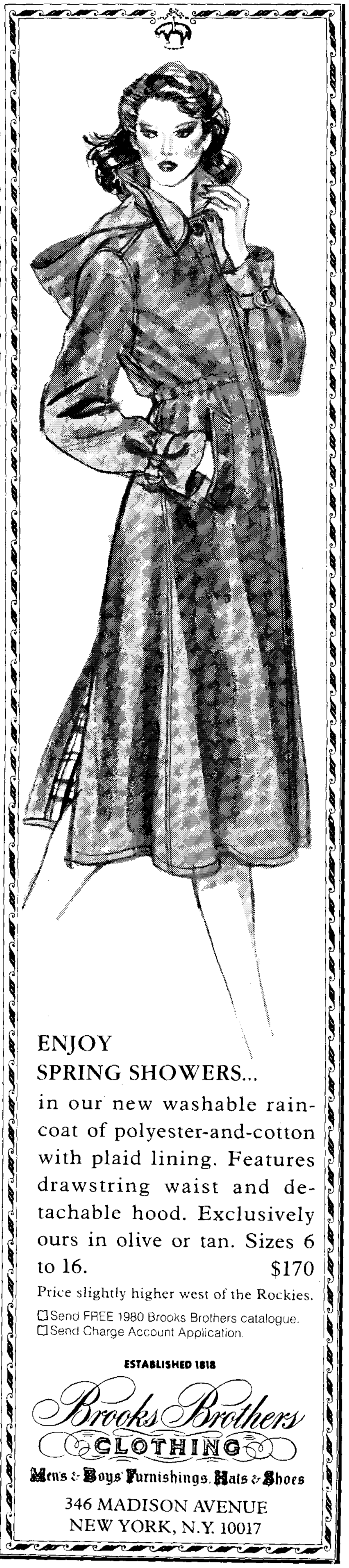
Feb. 15: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards; and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

Feb. 16-17: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Feb. 18: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

Feb. 19: "Cabin in the Cotton" (†) and "Three on a Match." (†)

Feb. 20: "Dangerous Paradise" (1930), directed by William Wellman, with Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen, and Warner Oland;



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and "Broken Lullaby" (1932; "The Man I Killed"), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes, and Nancy Carroll.

Feb. 21: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

Feb. 22-23: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Bastien, Bastienne" (1979), in French, directed by Michel Andrieu; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6: "Funerailles à Bongo: Le Vieux Anai" (1979), a French documentary film, directed by Jean Rouch; English narration. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8:30: "Merry Go Round" (1970), in English and French, directed by Jacques Rivette (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2:30: "Très Insuffisant" (1979), in French, directed by Hervé Bérard; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 6: "Treasure of Arne" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller, with Eric Stocklassa and Bror Berger; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1951 and 1956 at UPA, including "Georgie and the Dragon" and "Captains Outrageous.". . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1979), in French, directed by Jean Eustache; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "Le Soleil en Face" (1979), in French, directed by Pierre Kast (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1951 and 1956 at UPA. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2:30: "Funerailles à Bongo; Le Vieux Anai.". . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5: "Bottoms Up" (1934), directed by David Butler, with Spencer Tracy and John Boles. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at noon: A program of recent French short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Merry Go Round.". . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 6: "Passe Ton Bac d'Abord" (1979), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at noon: A program of recent French short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2:30: "Bottoms Up.". . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6: "A Good Example" (1979), directed by Bertrand Sauzier, and "Free Press/Free Trial" (1975), directed by Joost van Rees. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "Très Insuffisant.". . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6: "Félicité" (1979), in French, directed by Christine Pascal (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 8:30: "Mes Petites Amoureuses.". . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Félicité.". . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6: "Haxan: Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922), a Swedish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; Swedish inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at noon: "Western Union" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Robert Young, Randolph Scott, and Dean Jagger. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Paco l'Infaillible" (1979), in French, directed by Didier Haudepin (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 5: "Passe Ton Bac d'Abord." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 17: A program of nine videotapes by Peter Campus. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 19: Two films by Bruce Baillie—"Quick Billie" (1971), showings at noon and 3, and 6 on Tuesday evening; and "Roslyn Romance" (1977), showings at 2 and 5. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 14-17: "The Handmaidens of God" (1978), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Diane Létourneau; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 21: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Our Hitler: A Film from Germany—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour, four-part film. (Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. Feb. 23-24 at 2:30. There will be a ninety-minute dinner break at 6:15. For information about tickets, call 874-1718.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Feb. 15.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, while encouraging his audiences to become tourists of these expensive places and people, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Feb. 21.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 13-18 and 20.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (86th St. East, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

The Apple Game—The first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia in more than a decade seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but it is a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of film that deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Directed by Věra Chytilová, with Jiří Menzel, Dagmar Blahova, and Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (1/21/80) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 14.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 17-19 and 21.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife)are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Gemini 2, and Guild.)

Blood Feud—With Giancarlo Giannini, Sophia Loren, and Marcello Mastroianni; directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Plaza; starting Feb. 22, tentative.)

Born to Dance (1936)—The plot of this big, unimaginative M-G-M musical is a halfhearted reprise of "42nd Street" and "On with the Show;" this time Eleanor Powell is the understudy who replaces the star (Virginia Bruce). The scriptwriters, Jack McGowan, Sid Silvers, and B. G. De Sylva, didn't even try for plausibility: they had a dancer stepping in for a singer. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by Roy Del Ruth, this movie was designed to show off Eleanor Powell, who had just scored a success in "Broadway Melody of 1936;" the chief woman tapper of the period, she had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. Here she falls for a sailor on leave (James Stewart), and in the finale she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swingin' the Jinx Away." By the time she finishes, you're overpowered and feel you should cheer. Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around. Also Frances Langford, Una Merkel, Reginald Gardiner, Raymond Walburn, and Sid Silvers himself. The score that Cole Porter composed especially for the film includes the great "I've Got You Under My Skin," as well as "Easy to Love;" the other songs were instantly forgettable. (Regency; Feb. 20-23.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Festival; through Feb. 14.)

Cabin in the Cotton (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naïvely socially conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact. Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 19.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine) in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Olympia; starting Feb. 22.)

CALIGULA—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

CHAPTER TWO—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Forum; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 15.)

COUP DE TÊTE—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere. In French. (1/28/80) (Paris.)

CRUISING—With Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino, directed by William Friedkin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, and National; starting Feb. 15.)

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 22.)

THE EUROPEANS—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 14.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 13-16, and 19-20.)

EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC (1977)—To be approached with a pair of tongs. Four years after the startling happenings in Georgetown of William Friedkin's first money-spinner, the little girl, Regan (played as before by a now heavier Linda Blair), is still not free of demonic possession. Richard Burton plays an improbably pagan priest. The demonism of the picture is meticulously inoffensive, as if meant to frighten as few people in the audience as possible. Directed by John Boorman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 20.)

FATSO—Is there something funny about the sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking a kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars' worth of take-out Chinese food in a parked car? Possibly, but not as presented in this queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominick DeNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups of food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up the whole thing in this, her first effort as a writer and director. (Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Feb. 21.)

THE FOG—With Adrienne Barbeau, Jamie Lee Curtis, John Houseman, and Janet Leigh; directed by John Carpenter. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; starting Feb. 22, tentative.)

THE FRONT (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 14, 17-18, and 20-21.)

GIZMO!—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Manhattan 1; through Feb. 14.)

GOING IN STYLE—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Embassy; through Feb. 14.)

GOLDENGIRL—With James Coburn, Leslie Caron, Robert Culp, Harry Guardino, Curt Jurgens, John Newcombe, and Susan Anton; directed by Joseph Sargent. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 15-21.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL (1977)—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 14.)

HERO AT LARGE—A Twinky-sweet comedy about a struggling actor (John Ritter) who, as a public-relations stunt, is hired to play "Captain Avenger," a Superman-like hero, and is surprised when the public begins to believe his act. The movie, which bears resemblance to an expiring TV sit-com, may be trying to say something about contemporary folkways and politics, but it doesn't. With Anne Archer,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Bert Convy, and Kevin McCarthy. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

History Is Made at Night (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary that it's as if several scripts had been chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner (with most of the cast aboard) crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Jean Arthur plays a woman in distress. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), she meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's really quite entertaining. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson (as the stricken hero, Maurice Castle, who winds up in Moscow as a waste product of his desultory, convictionless trade)—holds our attention and hopes, but all its efforts are unavailing against Mr. Preminger's insistent verisimilitude. (2/11/80) (Plaza; through Feb. 21.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 18.)

The Immortal Bachelor—With Giancarlo Giannini, Monica Vitti, Vittorio Gassman, and Claudia Cardinale; directed by Marcello Fondato. In Italian. (Gemini 1; starting Feb. 22.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Feb. 13-18 and 20.)

Jaws 2 (1978)—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Feb. 15.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Feb. 14.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and Criterion.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his film début—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford creating that often-to-be-repeated parody of the "jolly-good-show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville. (Thalia; Feb. 22-23.)

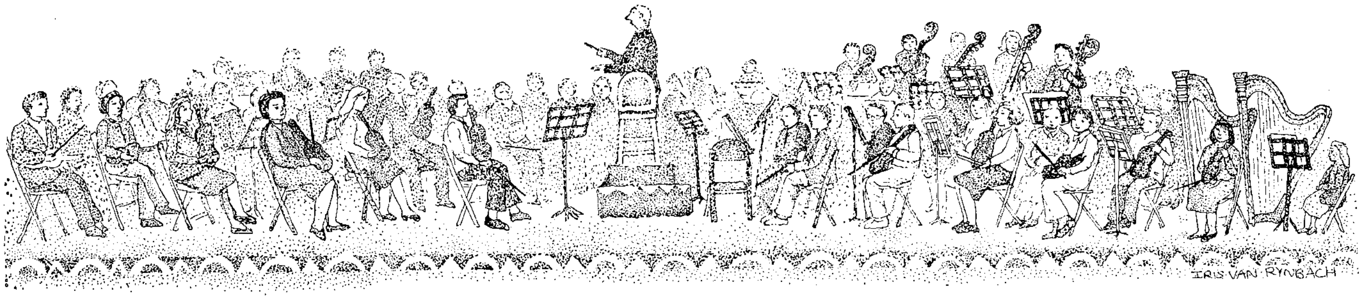
The Last Married Couple in America—With George Segal, Natalie Wood, Richard Benjamin, and Valerie Harper; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Bay Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Feb. 21.)

The Last Woman (1976)—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of "The Grande Bouffe." Another of the many films of our time that are about male chauvinism, and yet made by men, with the chief male characters as the most fully explored ones. The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like "The Grande Bouffe," it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite, not appetite for ornamentally prepared food. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest of his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son born of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler care for himself. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 21.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 13, 16-19, and 21.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Regency; Feb. 17-19.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economic dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. Huston was a good enough screenwriter to see that Hammett had already written the scenario, and he didn't soften Sam Spade's character. Bogart played him as written by Hammett, and Hammett was not sentimental about detectives: they were cops who were going it alone—i.e., who had smartened up and become more openly mercenary and crooked. Bogart's Spade is a loner who uses nice, simple people—a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual: he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. A flaw: the appalling Warners music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside their hero. Warners had already got its money's worth out of "The Maltese Falcon"—in 1931, with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels,



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and again in 1936, as "Satan Met a Lady," with Warren William and Bette Davis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22-23.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

THE MEDUSA TOUCH (1978)—An absurd thriller about a lonely writer endowed with telekinesis—the apparent ability to move, or even destroy, through psychic powers. Sometimes hilariously silly, but worth seeing for Richard Burton, a clap of thunder that still resounds around the acting world. Directed by Jack Gold, with a cast including Michael Hordern, Lee Remick, and Lino Ventura. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 20.)

THE MIDDLEMAN (1976)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Feb. 19.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Thalia; Feb. 21.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Cinema I.)

MY FAIR LADY (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing, with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Cinema Village; Feb. 17-18.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

PANDORA'S BOX (1929)—Louise Brooks, a great—almost dispassionate—beauty who set styles in the flapper period, and whose straight hair and bangs were imitated all over the world (and were used as the model for the Dixie Dugan comic strip), left Holly-

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wood in 1928 at the height of her career and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Buchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Pabst, one of the giants of the screen, is perhaps most famous for his treatment of sex, violence, and abnormal psychology, and Wedekind's sex tragedy provided startling material. Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of visual tension. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schon, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diesl as Jack the Ripper. In German. (Thalia; Feb. 18.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 13-16 and 19-21.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Regency; Feb. 17-19.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Olympia; Feb. 15-21.)

Que Viva Mexico! (1932)—Sergei Eisenstein's unfinished film, recently assembled by Grigory Aleksandrov, an associate of Eisenstein. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Feb. 17.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld; Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Art, Festival, New Yorker 2, and Forum; starting Feb. 15.)

Saturn 3—With Farrah Fawcett, Kirk Douglas, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Stanley Donen. (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 15.)

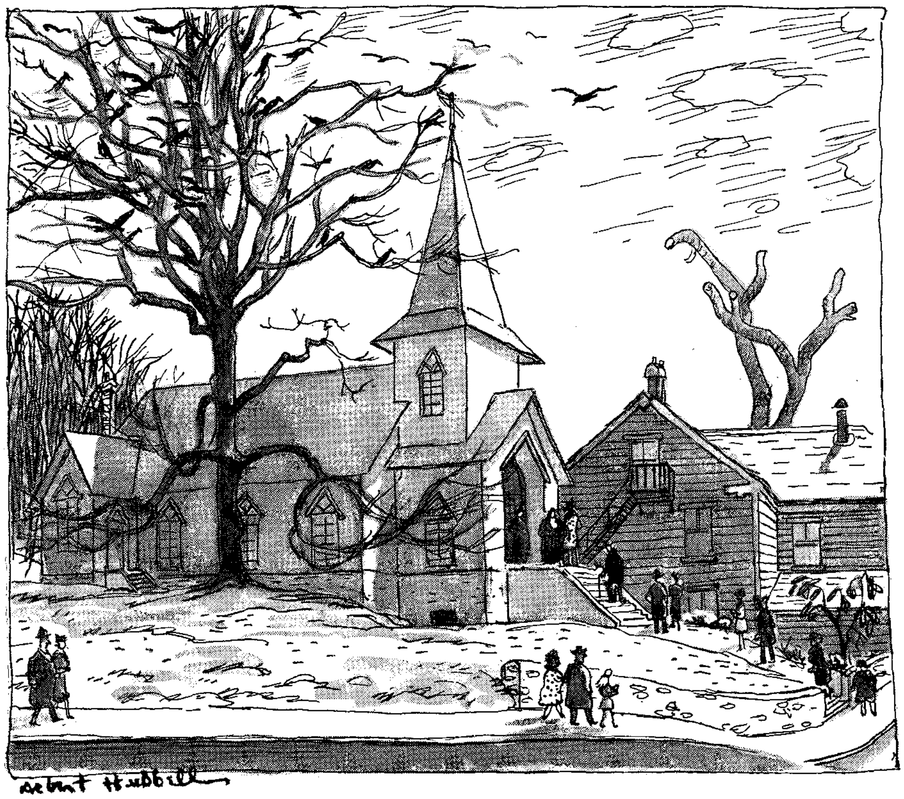
The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (New Yorker 2; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Feb. 15.)

Silent Scream—With Rebecca Balding and Cameron Mitchell; directed by Denny Harris. (R.K.O. 86th St., Olympia, and National; through Feb. 14.)

A Simple Story—With Romy Schneider, Claude Brasseur, and Bruno Cremer; directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 13, 15, 17-19, and 21.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 15-21.)



Star Trek–The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Paramount.)

Stay As You Are—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Feb. 14.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 14-16 and 19-21.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Art, and Manhattan 2; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Feb. 15-21.)

Three on a Match (1933)—Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak (who goes through some steamy emotions) are the girls who grew up together. At lunch one day, they light three cigarettes on one match, and, according to the superstition (which is said to have been invented and publicized by Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king), there's bad luck ahead. A modestly entertaining little melodrama from Warners, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. With Warren William and Lyle Talbot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 19.)

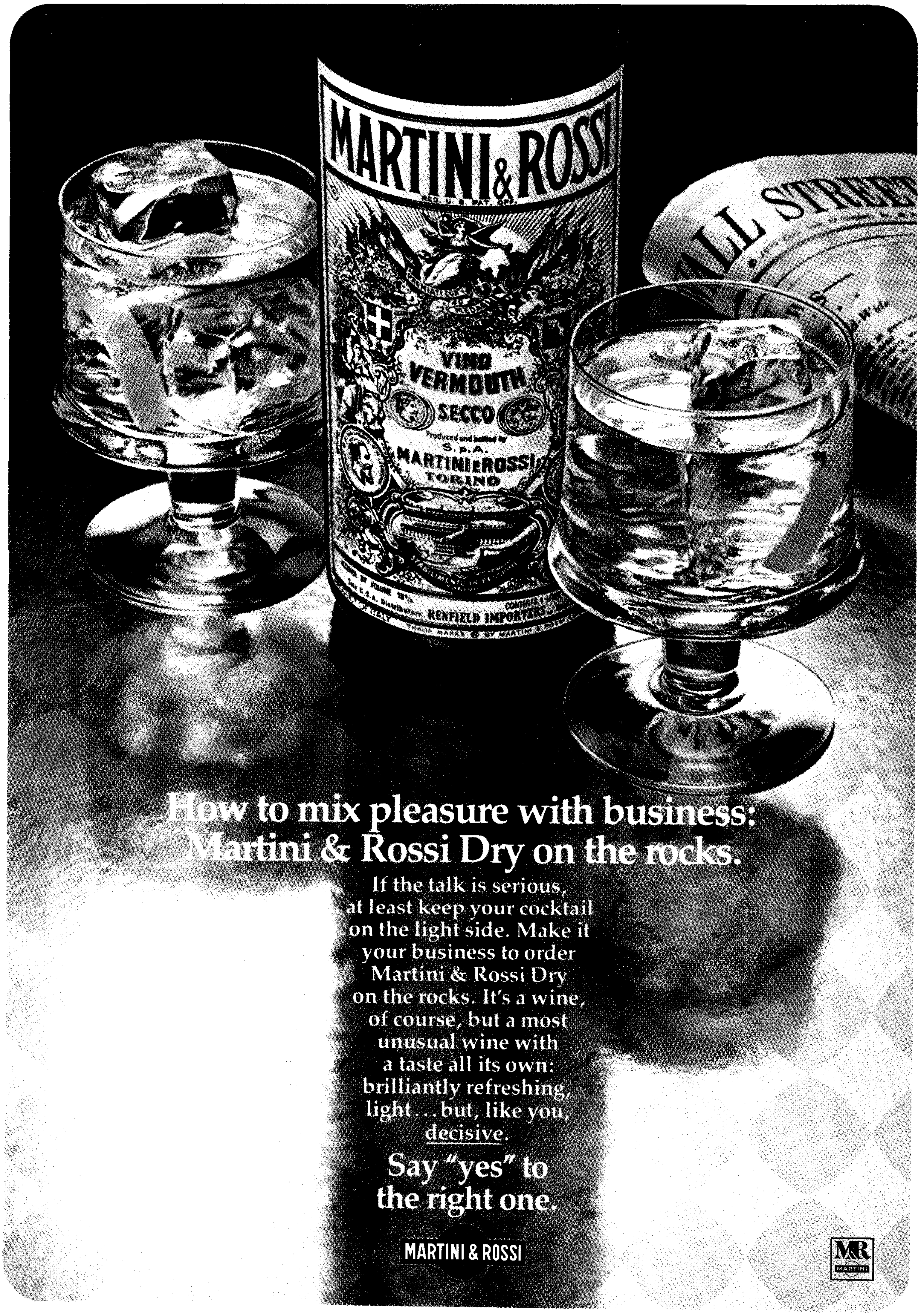
To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country, but, as Dante said, *"Figurati un po'!"* ("Go figure it!"). With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Regency; Feb. 20-23.)

Windows—Gordon Willis's slovenly thriller about a terrorized Brooklyn Heights museum worker (Talia Shire). Mr. Willis's breathtaking studies of the Brooklyn Bridge and environs are not quite enough to distract us from the deficiencies of a lopsided script, which is modelled after earlier, better examples of the frightened-girl-in-the-big-city genre. With Elizabeth Ashley (panting and slavering as a grotesquely drawn psychotic lesbian) and Joseph Cortese. (1/21/80) (R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Feb. 16.)

Wise Blood—With Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; directed by John Huston. (Baronet; starting Feb. 17.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually serious Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 18.)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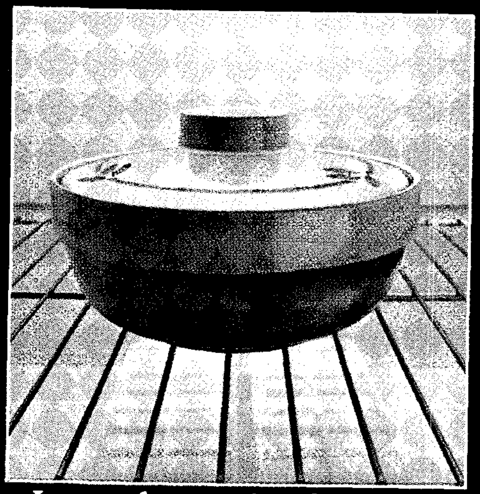

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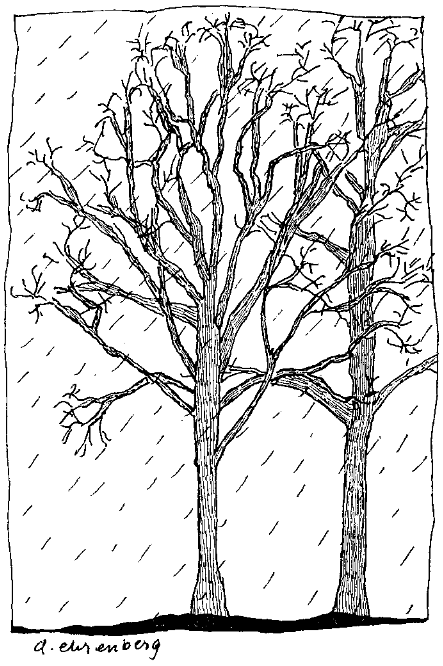
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have noticed that in many—perhaps in most—public and private conversations about the crisis in Soviet-American relations that has been touched off by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan there comes a moment when argument ceases and a silence falls. Such a discussion usually takes its departure from President Carter's declaration, in his State of the Union Message, that the United States will use whatever means are necessary, including military force, to protect the Persian Gulf area from any outside intervention—meaning, of course, Soviet intervention—and it proceeds with inquiry into how this is to be done. The ensuing debate in government circles and in the press and on television has precipitated what George Kennan has called the greatest "militarization of thought and discourse" since the Second World War. Proposals for strengthening United States forces in the Middle East and elsewhere abound, and it seems almost impossible to pick up a newspaper or turn on the television these days without running into a strategic discussion of the merits of a Rapid Deployment Force or of new American bases around the world or of an across-the-board military buildup. Most of these speculations were inspired by the situation in the Middle East, but it is a striking peculiarity of the proposals that have been made so far that none of them solve the problem at hand; namely, how to make good on the President's vow to protect the Persian Gulf from Soviet aggression. The assumption seems to be that the United States should prepare to fight a conventional land war with the Soviet Union in the Middle East, yet in Iran, for example, the Soviets would now enjoy an estimated five-to-one advantage in conventional forces in a war, and, as several observers have pointed out, not even the most warlike American strategists have put forward any proposal that would correct the imbalance. In fact, the whole discussion has remained oddly detached from the crisis that provoked it. It is at this point in the debate—when all imaginable American conventional countermeasures have been canvassed and their inadequacy has been noted—that the silence falls.

Though it makes little sense to propose defenses whose futility is known in advance, the new crop of strategists for some reason draw back from outlining the next, possibly remedial step. However, a recent headline in the *Times* spelled out what that step would probably have to be. "STUDY SAYS SOVIET THRUST IN IRAN MIGHT REQUIRE U.S. ATOM ARMS," the headline said, and the story beneath reported that a Defense Department study had found that "American forces could not stop a Soviet thrust into northern Iran and that the United States should therefore consider using 'tactical' nuclear weapons in any conflict there." The *Times* story carried the public discussion a step further than it usually goes, but one does not have to be a military specialist to see that the questions do not end there. After all, would the Soviet Union sit by while the United States launched nuclear missiles—"tactical" or otherwise—at its troops? For that matter, having foreseen the defeat of our conventional forces, and our probable resort to nuclear arms, would the Soviets wait for us to strike first? Or would they find that in order to counter this probability *they* were "required" to make the first use of nuclear weapons—of which they possess an abundance, although our armchair strategists sometimes seem to forget it. In short, what the Defense Department study appeared to depict as the end of one story would also be the beginning of another—a far more terrible story, which is certainly told in Defense Department studies that have not yet been leaked to the *Times*. But even to pose these questions, or to ask what other moves and countermoves the two superpowers might make once the nuclear threshold was crossed, is to remember that all such moves, from the use of tactical weapons on up to the final conflagration, have been carried through to their logical conclusions in numberless scenarios that now lie waiting in computers in Washington and Moscow. It is quite possible that in these highly elaborated plans of action the phase of conventional war would be regarded as so much waste motion and skipped over altogether, since, as the *Times* story makes clear, all the decisive weapons in any direct encounter between the superpowers are nuclear.



The problem is not one of American weakness. Our tactical nuclear forces do indeed nullify the Soviet advantage in conventional forces in the Middle East, just as their strategic nuclear forces nullify our tactical forces, and so on, until every last missile has been launched and both countries have been obliterated. Neither country is militarily weak in the face of the other, but both are weak to the point of helplessness in the face of the nuclear peril. The strategic planners on both sides know that as soon as the first shot is fired between American and Soviet troops, the two nations will be reckoning their fates in megatons and megadeaths, not in numbers of tanks or Army divisions. This is why, in all the crises and wars of the post-Second World War period, no such shot has ever been fired, and it is why it must never be fired. Under conditions like these, discussions of conventional war with the Soviet Union are fragmentary to the point of being unreal. They resemble not so much serious plans for our national defense as reveries on past wars that are as extinct as we soon may be if we try to wage one again. Since avoidance of nuclear destruction is the greatest interest that any nation could have, why is it that when we are brought face to face with it we grow silent instead of seeking some diplomatic way out of the impasse? Do we feel that by pronouncing the name of doom we make it a little bit more real and therefore a little bit more likely? Do we feel a natural embarrassment in the presence of a new form of the obscene? Do we feel that to speak casually of something as vast and inapprehensible as the end of the world would, like taking the name of God in vain, be blasphemous? Or do we perhaps for a moment pass in advance into the zone of extinction, and fall silent in anticipation of the great silence that would descend upon the entire earth if the Russians and we were ever to carry out to the end our plans for war?

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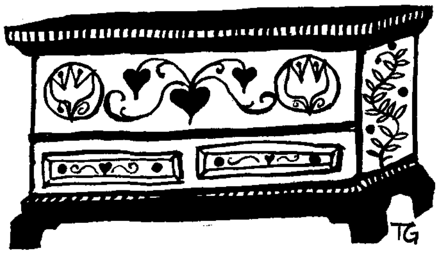
MicroWonder v. En-Gen

EACH year, the Young Lawyers Committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York stages a moot-court competition for law students throughout the country. The competition is tough, the prizes are substantial (sets of law books and some silver trophies), and the honor of finishing high can be a feather in the cap of anyone who intends to set out on a career in law. There are other national and regional moot-court competitions, and many law schools offer courses in moot court, but the competition run by the Young Lawyers Committee, known simply as the National Moot Court Competition, is the oldest such tournament in the United States, and is also one of the most widely respected. A couple of weeks ago, the thirtieth annual National Moot Court Competition reached its concluding rounds, in the Bar Association's headquarters, on West Forty-fourth Street, and we went over to see how things were going. Teams from twenty-seven law schools had made it to these concluding rounds—having survived the regional rounds, which began last August and included teams from a hundred and sixty-two schools—and, on the afternoon we stopped by, all but four of the twenty-seven had been eliminated and it was time for the semifinals.

At around three o'clock, we spoke with Sharon E. Grubin, this year's chairperson of the Young Lawyers Committee, and Deborah E. Lans, this year's secretary, in a room on the main floor. They explained that they, together with other members of the committee, had dreamed up the imaginary case that was being argued in this year's competition. The case—MicroWonder, Inc., v. Environmental Genetics Laboratories, Inc.—was extremely complicated, dealing with biochemistry, molecular biology, and patent law, and presenting some tricky constitutional issues. "In a lower court—supposedly—a jury awarded MicroWonder a hundred and fifty-eight million dollars in damages, to be paid by Environmental Genetics, or En-Gen, as it's called," Ms. Lans said. "But the judge declared a mistrial—the jury had failed to answer a series of interrogatories, or special questions—and the petitioner, MicroWonder, asked that the case be tried before another jury. But En-Gen, the respondent, asked that the case be retried without a jury, and this is where the constitutional questions come in—questions involving the Seventh Amendment."

She handed us a transcript of the case, and we saw that it had originated in Krypton City, in the state of Krypton, and that supposedly it had already been argued in a United States District Court and in the Court of Appeals for the Twelfth Circuit.

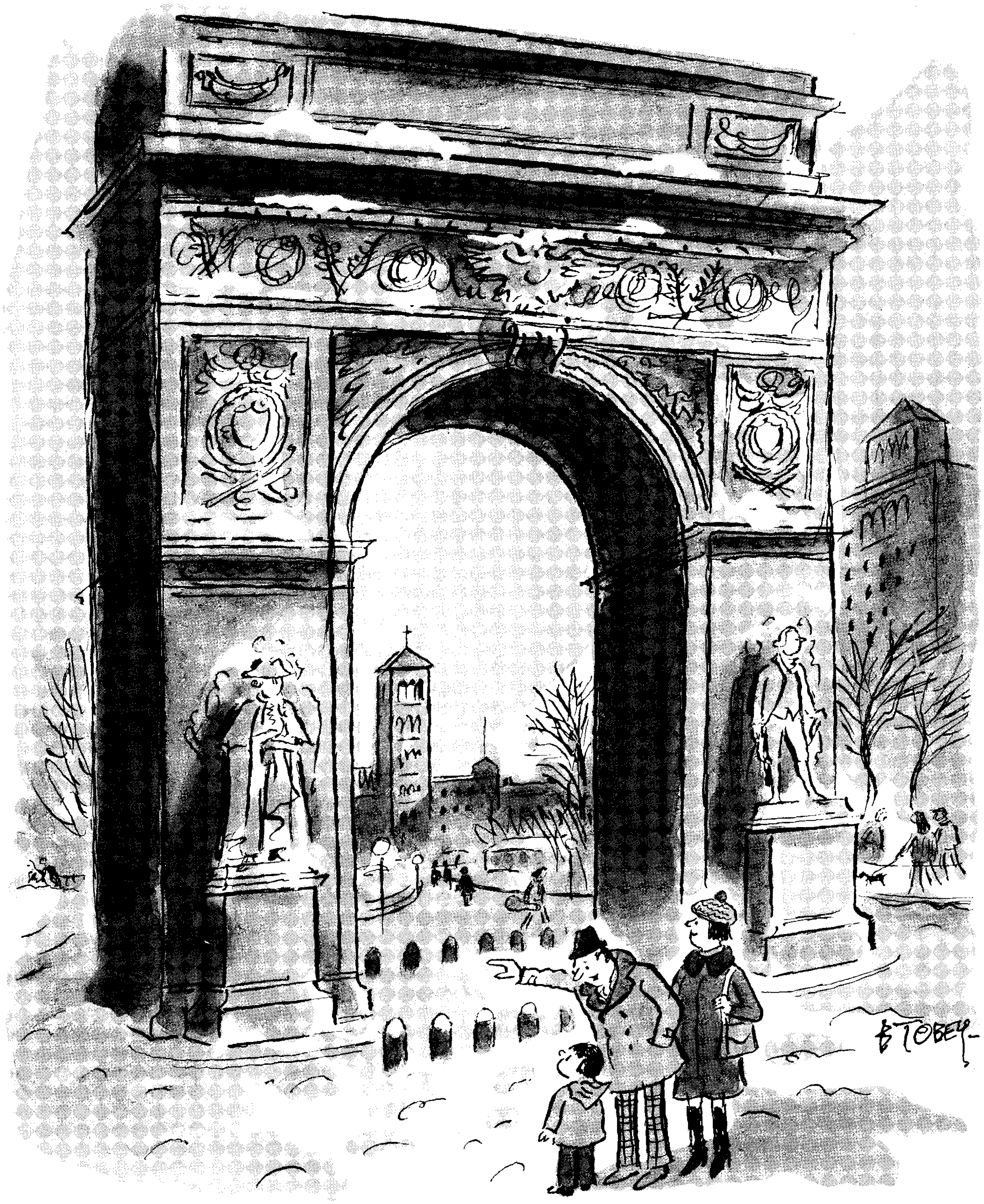
"There is no Twelfth Circuit, of course," Ms. Grubin said. "And a lot of the names are whimsical—for instance, one of the judges in the transcript is called Katz, and two others are named after my cats. But the case really deals with some important issues. One of our goals each year is to find a problem that is being discussed a lot in legal circles—one that will probably come up before the Supreme Court fairly soon. The Seventh Amendment has to do with the right to a jury trial in suits at common law. Recently, some cases have grown so enormously complex—especially when they deal with modern technology—that juries haven't been able to understand them. Some judges haven't been able to understand them, either—at least, not without help. This is a subject of increasing concern among lawyers. Not long ago, in fact, Chief Justice Burger encouraged the bar to consult as to whether jury trials are appropriate in such complicated cases."



The semifinal round was about to begin, so we thanked the two lawyers and walked over to an improvised courtroom, where a three-member team from the University of Denver was about to take on a three-member team from Texas Tech University. (During the competition, each school was permitted to have either two or three people on its team, and a team's score after each round was based both on its brief and on its oral arguments.) Five black-robed men were on the bench—two real judges and three real lawyers—and after the law students posing as lawyers had presented their cases and had answered a barrage of questions from the bench Texas Tech was declared the winner of that contest. Meanwhile, another semifinal argument was taking place in an improvised courtroom upstairs—before three black-robed men and two black-robed women—and in that one Boston College defeated the Illinois Institute of Technology.

At about six, we went up to the Carter Room (named for James C. Carter, a past president of the Bar Association), on the second floor, where cocktails were being served to the team members and also to about three hundred guests, many of them members of the bar. Before long, we fell into conversation with a tall, mustached young man named Seymour Joseph, who is a member of the University of Denver team. He told us that even though his team had just lost, he felt exhilarated. "We've been working eighteen hours a day on this since last September," he said. "Denver hasn't participated in this competition for more than fifteen years, so we think we've done awfully well to come this far."

Dinner, with a main course of Yankee pot roast, was served in the adjoining reception room, and at about eight o'clock the final round began, in the large meeting hall just across the way, with the afternoon's winners—Texas Tech and Boston College—facing each other. The bench, which was acting as the United States Supreme Court, consisted of Judge Wilfred



"Just like you, David. He was born in February, too!"

• •

Feinberg, of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit; Judge Leonard I. Garth, of the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit; Judge Edward R. Becker, of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania; Judge Charles D. Breitel, the former chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals; Haliburton Fales, a senior partner in the law firm of White & Case; James E. S. Baker, the president of the American College of Trial Lawyers; and Merrell E. Clark, Jr., the president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York.

During the next two hours, while about three hundred people sat listening, the two teams argued their cases. At the conclusion of their arguments, the judges left the room to deliberate, and in about twenty minutes they returned. Judge Feinberg announced that the winner was Texas Tech. The members of the Texas Tech team—Fred D. Raschke, R. Jeanette Robison, and David B. Weinstein—embraced each other, and the audience applauded.

As people began to leave the meeting hall, we spoke with Judge Breitel, a strong-faced man with keen eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, who was wearing a black judicial robe.

"I've been involved in a lot of moot courts, and I've taught a lot of classes, and I'm convinced that this is one of the most broadening experiences a law student can have," Judge Breitel told us. "In law school, it's unusual to get experience in appellate proceedings, so this gives these people something they might never have otherwise. And we often get feedback from the students who participate here, telling us how much they feel they've benefitted. I have a hunch we'll be hearing from these young people again."

Watching the Stars

OUR friend Richard likes basketball, and can execute a jump shot with the best of them. He led us down to Madison Square Garden the other night to see the New York Stars, a team that plays in the Women's Pro Basketball League. We headed for the crowd that was waiting to enter the main arena, but Richard gently guided us around the back of the building to the Felt Forum, on Eighth Avenue. "The frivolous people are here to see the Rangers—they play on skates—but we're here on serious business," Richard said. "The Stars have a game against the Houston Angels, who are the defending league champs. The Stars are the best basketball team in the city. Right now, they're going for their twelfth win in a row, but I think they're going to have a tough time tonight."

We asked Richard if he'd seen the team before.

"Oh, yes—in December," he said. "I really love basketball, and I wanted to see how good they were. Besides, I was stuck in the city during the Long Island Rail Road strike. I saw them again before a Knicks game. They are sometimes the opening act for the Knicks."

We took our seats half an hour before game time, and looked around the Felt Forum.

"This is really a dive," Richard said. "Look at that low ceiling. This setup reminds me of a church league."

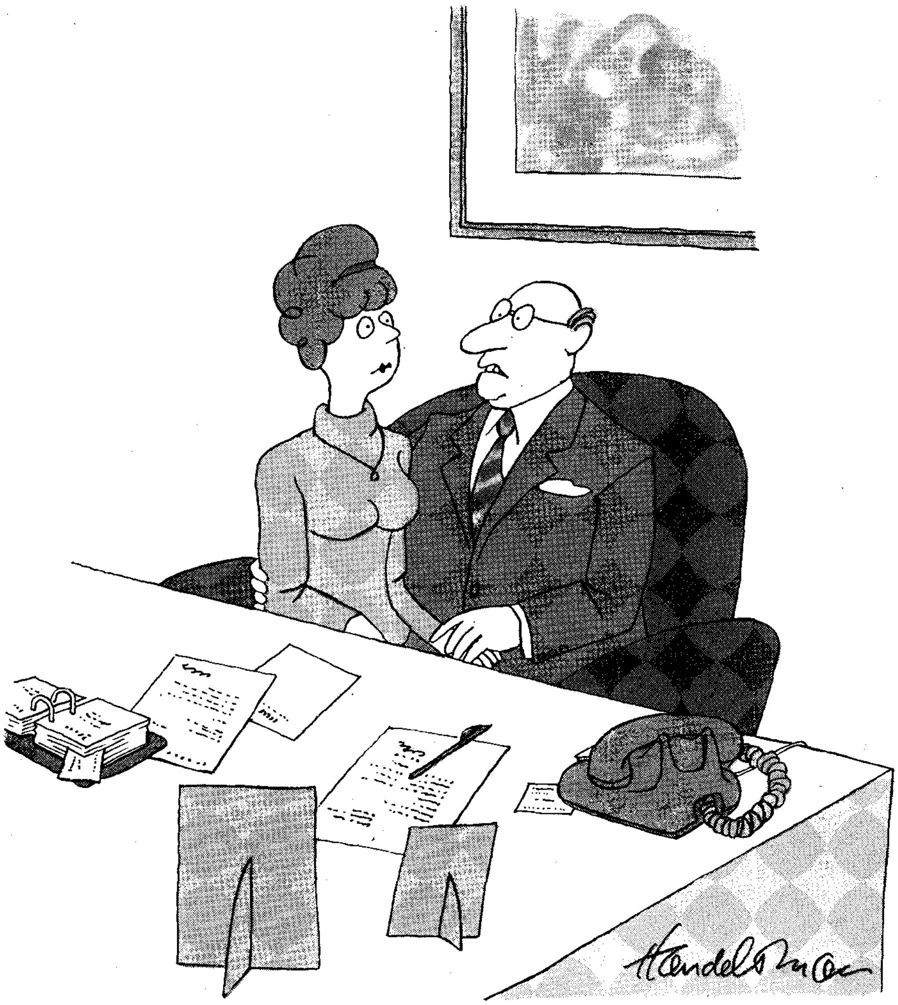
Soon the Stars filed in at a slow run—eleven young women dressed in shiny royal-blue warmup suits. About a thousand people applauded them.

"Well, they look as if they meant business," Richard said as the Stars practiced a figure-eight lay-up drill, which went nicely with some disco music that was coming over the loudspeaker system. The Angels were at the opposite end of the court, practicing their own drills. Then the Stars began a foul-shooting drill that involved lots of handclapping.

"The men pros would never do that," Richard told us. "It's too collegiate. It's not cool."

The Stars gathered around their coach—Dean Meminger, a former Knick—who was wearing a natty gray windowpane-check suit and was biting his nails. The players were introduced, the national anthem was sung by a young man from a local school—a cappella and full of mistakes—and the game was under way.

"Watch No. 11, Sharon Farrah," Richard said. "She's a rookie guard for the Stars, drafted No. 1 out of the University of Missouri. She's a tough kid. She looks as if she really wanted to do harm to someone. Best snarl I've ever seen. The other guard is Janice Thomas, No. 10. She's only five feet three, and looks as if she weren't afraid of anything. She can scoot around all night. She can dribble faster than I can talk. And there's No. 6, Gail Marquis, who's my favorite. She scores a lot, and she sure can bound. She's also beautiful. The best thing about her is that she does everything without changing her expression. It's hard to be cool when you're getting hit in the stomach with four or five elbows, but she is. She's cooler than Walt Frazier was. Positively serene. Oh, and there are the Young twins. Faye and Kaye, No. 22 and No. 20. I've seen them in two games and one yogurt commercial. Now that I think about it, they're my favorites. They may not be as good as some of the other Stars, but they really take the game seriously. In fact, that's why I like this league so much—the women play hard, for the whole forty-eight minutes. A lot of the men pros are zombies until the fourth quarter. If the referees gave out technical fouls for snoozing, most N.B.A. teams would be in trouble. I don't worry about whether the women play better

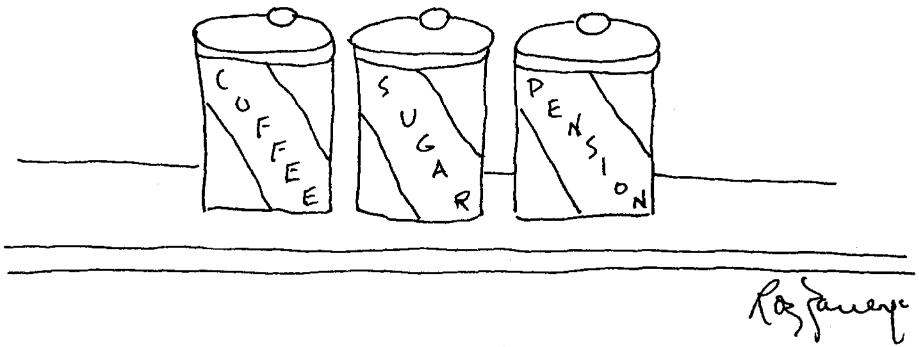


"I am not enjoying this any more than you are, Miss Hedgecoe, but company policy is company policy."

than the men. They're good, period. And they're my height. They give you your money's worth."

The Stars did have a tough time. They watched the smaller and faster Angels, who refused to fade, run around them on the way to a ten-point lead. The Stars didn't catch up until the end of the third quarter, and they just managed to win, by a point. The final basket was made by No. 12, Pearl Moore. When she played for Francis Marion College, she scored over four thousand points—a college-basketball record for women *and* men. Pearl Moore's shot was a short jumper off a drive, delivered from beneath a crush of Angels.

"Wow!" Richard said. "I wish I could do that."



The Governor's Party

NEWS RELEASE
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE FOR MOTION PICTURE AND TELEVISION DEVELOPMENT IN NEW YORK, CREATED TO ATTRACT FILMMAKERS TO THE STATE, HOSTS LUNCHEON TO CALL ATTENTION TO RECORD AMOUNT OF FILMMAKING CURRENTLY IN NEW YORK.

THERE were twelve photographers; there was Sylvester Stallone, wearing an ill-fitting double-vented suit; there was the former Miss India, one of the stars of "Star Trek—The Motion Picture," in which she appears completely bald; there was Billy Dee Williams, with his hair lying flat on his head, as if it had just been pressed; there was a man named Martin Poll, a producer, who has a wife named Gladys; there was a man who could have been a fishing-equipment salesman, because he looked so much like a smart old trout; there was an editor from *Us;* there was the woman who writes the "Newsmakers" page for *Newsweek*, and she had a lot of nice things to say about a stunning blond protégée of Mickey Rooney and a lot of not too nice things to say about the people she worked for, who weren't going for a picture layout with a mention of the stunning blond protégée of Mickey Rooney; there was a man who said, "Isn't Martin bold? He's producing in Italian and shooting in New York;" there was a woman who had just won an emerging-artist grant from the National Endowment for the Arts for her photographs of people at parties; there were quite a few bowls filled with ground raw red meat; there was a woman who had known for twelve years a man who has written a book on De Quincey and a book on Lenny Bruce; there was a man who said quite matter-of-factly that he had been a member of the United States Army Special Forces; there was a woman who left her handbag under a table and then, when someone moved the table, couldn't find her handbag; there was a woman who said, "See 'Being There.' It is an American movie with an arty European feel to it;" there was a woman who didn't want her picture taken with Sylvester Stallone—the only woman who didn't—and who wondered out loud just what Sylvester Stallone, the former Miss India, and Billy Dee Williams were saying to each other for the full forty-five minutes that they stood around in front of the twelve photographers having their picture taken; then there was Earl Wilson, speaking to Sylvester Stallone, and all the time jotting down in a small brown notebook things Sylvester Stallone told him. A couple of days later, in his column, Earl Wilson wrote:

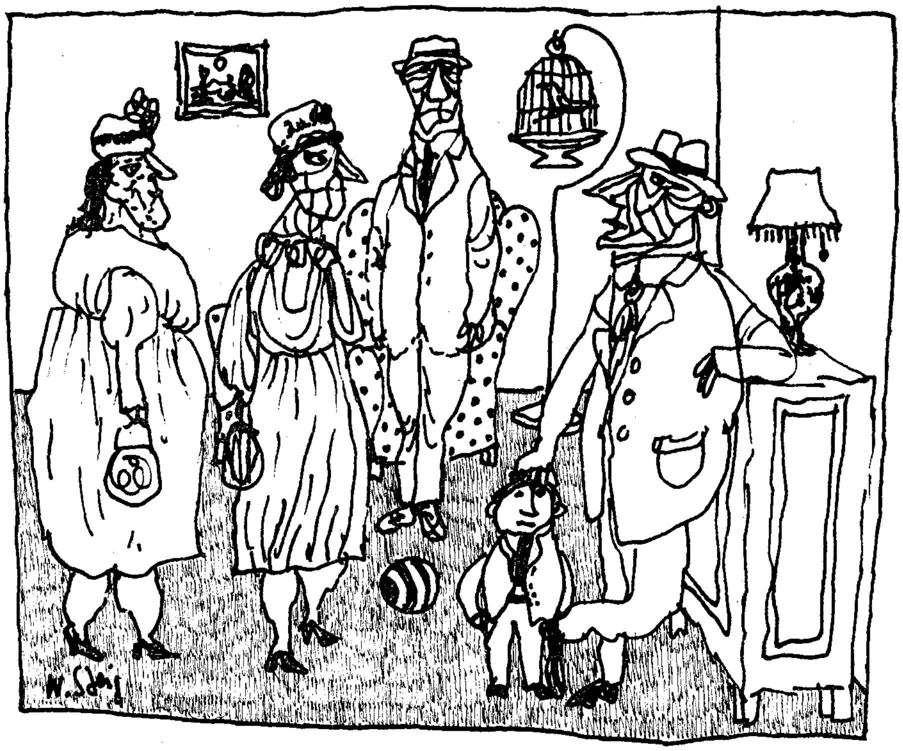
> Sly Stallone was wearing a very dark beard. He looked like a great blackberry pie with a face in the middle. Slickly neat in a grey suit, he moved about quickly, authoritatively, at Maxwell's Plum. The Governor's Office for Motion Picture Development was giving a party for Martin Poll's new film *Attack*, with Sly as a decoy cop.
>
> "Welcome back to New York," I said. . . "Thank you, I'm looking for a new home, I may move back—if they'll have me. I'll be here 13 weeks. We'll see how it feels."
>
> I was keeping some pretty female journalists from gasping over him. He was busy but polite.

The Iras

THE New York Independent Film Critics—"independent" in this case meaning that nobody in the organization actually gets paid to utter opinions on the cinema—showed up the other night at Cannon's Bar & Grill, at 108th Street and Broadway, drank several pitchers of beer, and made a numbing amount of noise. The occasion was the fifth annual selection and announcement of the winners of the Ira Awards. With the exception of the eponymous Ira Hozinsky, all the judges—there were a dozen present at Cannon's, a neighborhood tavern—hold or are working toward degrees, mainly undergraduate, from Columbia, a neighborhood university. Hozinsky, who works for an export management company, has attended Brooklyn College off and on in recent years. A friend of his, George Robinson, was the film editor of the *Columbia Spectator* in 1973 and 1974, and, during his tenure, developed a technique for reducing his reviews to conversational shorthand. "Nah, don't bother," Robinson used to tell people. "Ira saw it and didn't like it." It seems that at that time someone Hozinsky knew was giving him free passes to about two hundred screenings per year. This fact impressed several of Robinson's other friends, and upon organizing what was first known as the Columbia Film Critics Circle and later evolved into the New York Independent Film Critics they decided to christen their annual prizes the Iras. Hozinsky is the only living legend in the group. He has collar-length brown hair, bangs that descend to the dark frames of his eyeglasses, and a squarish, irregularly bearded face. When he smiles, only his bottom teeth show.

"In a way, you could say that we're more film nerds than film critics," said a member of the group named Mason Wiley, who told us that he graduated from Columbia Journalism School in 1978 and now works as Judith Crist's factotum. "We're the sort of people who go to see a film at the Museum of Modern Art and rush to get a seat in the front row."

The Ira judges voted on twelve awards: best picture ("Fedora"), best actress (Hanna Schygulla, "The Marriage of Maria Braun"), best actor (Clint Eastwood, "Escape from Alcatraz"), best direction (Blake Edwards, "10"), best production design (Dean Edward Mitzner, "1941")—the usu-



Wall-to-Wall Carpeting

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al stuff. The deliberations were statistically complicated and, at moments, ad hominem. When one judge awarded a fifth-place vote for best supporting actor to Ernest Borgnine for his role in "The Black Hole" ("It's a sentimental vote," Wiley explained. "He did it because Borgnine was married to Ethel Merman for about a month and then she left him two blank pages in her autobiography"), several of the other critics made derisive remarks and unflattering noises.

In previous years, anyone who won an Ira was able to learn about the honor only by reading a list published in the *Columbia Spectator*. Now, however, Wiley says, the New York Independent Film Critics are thinking of sending fake-parchment scrolls to this year's winners just as soon as they can locate some fake parchment. An Ira statuette exists. It is a red wooden ashtray with an Art Deco nymph in a come-hither pose perched above the bowl, but it cannot be given away, because no copies of it exist. In any case, the ashtray wasn't present for the occasion, because Wiley had left it sitting on the mantel in his apartment. This was an oversight; he must have been distracted while he was getting dressed. Wiley and Damien Bona, a law student who graduated from Columbia College in 1977, wore white dinner jackets with stylishly narrow lapels to the awards ceremonies. We noticed that none of the regular patrons of Cannon's were dressed this way. We also noticed that during the two hours the Ira judges were gathered around several tables on one side of the room none of the regular patrons, who sat on barstools on the other side of the room, emitted any squealing laughter or smoked pipes or stood up to make long speeches about why the vote for best cinematography should go to Tak Fujimoto in recognition of his unparalleled work on "Remember My Name" and "Last Embrace." At one point, however, three guys at the bar who more or less resembled Robert De Niro, Ned Beatty, and Woody Strode simultaneously glanced over their shoulders and shifted their weight, as if they might suddenly come over and make a few people's faces look like mashed potatoes, but then they shrugged and went back to watching a hockey game on television.

Report

AT four-thirty and five-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, John Ogle, the thirty-six-year-old news director of WPIX-FM, which happens at the moment to be the sincerest rock-and-roll radio station in the city, puts on his black overcoat, his gloves, and a pair of headphones, picks up a clipboard and a microphone, crawls across a corner of a secretary's desk to the window, opens the window, and eases himself out onto the roof—which the WPIX staff calls the PIX Penthouse, though it is actually a terrace on the twenty-eighth floor of the Daily News Building. Then Mr. Ogle untangles the microphone and headphone wires, walks over to the brick wall that runs around the edge of the PIX Penthouse, and stands facing south. He has a clear view of part of Second Avenue (two or three blocks), part of First Avenue (about half a block), part of the F.D.R. Drive (about two blocks), and the entrance to the Manhattan end of the Queens Midtown Tunnel.

"Good evening from Shadow Traffic," Mr. Ogle, a thin, intense man with short light-brown hair, said at five-thirty on a recent evening as he looked out over the wall. "Traffic is heavy at the Queens Midtown Tunnel." Mr. Ogle could, of course, see the slowly moving traffic at the Queens Midtown Tunnel. "It is also heavy on the upper level of the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge outbound." Mr. Ogle could not see the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge; he was now reading from a printout transmitted by the Shadow Traffic computer network, which compiles traffic information for the whole metropolitan area from three airplanes, a squadron of twelve drivers, and various free-lance CBers who cruise around checking on rush-hour ebbs and flows. "Use the lower level of the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge leaving the city." Mr. Ogle continued his report with accounts of delays that were far out of viewing distance: on the Brooklyn Bridge, on the L.I.R.R., on the D train, on the southbound entrance ramp of the Seaford Oyster Bay Expressway, on the eastern spur of the northbound New Jersey Turnpike near Exit 16E, and on the Boonton Line of New Jersey Transit.

The wind picked up and gusted so hard that Mr. Ogle felt obliged to hold down the papers on his clipboard with both hands. "There is a trailer ban on the entire length of the New Jersey Turnpike, due to high winds," he said. "No house, boat, or utility trailers, or motorcycles, are being allowed on the roadway. And it's pretty windy here, high atop the PIX Penthouse, too."

Mr. Ogle then gave the ski report (the best skiing in the Northeast was to be found in Vermont) and said, "And that's the latest from Shadow Traffic. Now back to Joe from Chicago"—the d.j. in the studio—"and rock and roll on PIX 102." Then he climbed back through the window, crawled across the secretary's desk, dropped off his microphone, headphones, clipboard, and gloves, hung up his black overcoat, walked into his office, fell into his chair, and said "Whew!"

OFFERINGS

SANDRA's maternal grandmother died of childbed fever at the age of twenty-six. Mama was four. After Sandra was born, Mama developed an infection but was afraid to see the doctor. It would go away, she insisted. The infection disappeared, but a few years later inexplicable pains pierced her like needles. Blushing with shame, and regretting her choice of polka-dotted panties, she learned the worst. It was lucky they caught it in time, the doctor said. During the operation, Mama was semi-conscious, with a spinal anesthetic, and she could hear the surgeons discussing a basketball game. Through blurred eyes, she could see a red expanse below her waist. It resembled the Red Sea parting, she said.

Sandra grows vegetables and counts her cats. It is late summer and her woodpile is low. She should find time to insulate the attic and to fix the leak in the basement. Her husband is gone. Jerry is in Louisville, working at a K-Mart. Sandra has stayed behind, reluctant to spend her weekends with him watching go-go dancers in smoky bars. In the garden, Sandra loads a bucket with tomatoes and picks some dill, a cucumber, a handful of beans. The dead bird is on a stump, untouched since yesterday. When she rescued the bird from the cat, it seemed only stunned, and she put it on a table out on the porch, to let it recover. The bird had a spotted breast, a pink throat, and black-and-gray wings—a flicker, she thought. Its curved beak reminded her of Heckle and Jeckle. A while later, it tried to flap its wings, while gasping and contorting its body, and she decided to put it outside. As she opened the door, the dog rushed out eagerly ahead of her, and the bird died in her hand. Its head went limp.

Sandra never dusts. Only now, with her mother and grandmother coming to visit, does she notice that cobwebs are strung across corners of the ceiling in the living room. Later, with a perverse delight, she sees a fly go by, actually trailing a wisp of cat hair and dust. Her grandmother always told her to dust under her bed, so the dust bunnies would not multiply and take over, as she would say, like wandering Jew among the flowers.

Grandmother Stamper is her father's mother. Mama is bringing her all the way from Paducah to see where Sandra is living now. They aren't going to tell Grandmother about the separation. Mama insisted about that. Mama has never told Grandmother about her own hysterectomy. She will not even smoke in front of Grandmother Stamper. For twenty-five years, Mama has sneaked smokes whenever her mother-in-law is around.

Stamper is not Grandmother's most familiar name. After Sandra's grandfather, Bob Turnbow, died, Grandmother moved to Paducah, and later she married Joe Stamper, who owned a shoe store there. Now she lives in a small apartment on a city street, and—as she likes to say, laughing—has more shoes than she has places to go. Sandra's grandfather had a slow, wasting illness—Parkinson's disease. For five years, Grandmother waited on him, feeding him with a spoon, changing the bed, and trying her best to look after their dying farm. Sandra remembers a thin, twisted man, his face shaking, saying, "She's a good woman. She lights up the fires in the sky."

"I DECLARE, Sandy Lee, you have moved plumb out into the wilderness," says Grandmother.

In her white pants suit, Sandra's grandmother looks like a waitress. The dog pokes at her crotch as she picks her way down the stone path to the porch. Sandra has not mowed in three weeks. The mower is broken, and there are little bushes of ragweed all over the yard.

"See how beautiful it is," says Mama. "It's just as pretty as a picture." She waves at a hillside of wild apple trees and weeds, with a patch of woods at the top. A long-haired calico cat sits under an overgrown lilac bush, also admiring the view.

"You need you some goats on that hill," says Grandmother.

Sandra tells them about the raccoon she saw as she came home one night. At first, she thought it was a porcupine. It was very large, with slow, methodical movements. She followed it as far as she could with her headlights. It climbed a bank with grasping little hands. It occurs to Sandra that porcupines have quills like those thin pencils *Time* magazine sends with its subscription offers.

"Did you ever find out what went with your little white cat?" Mama asks as they go inside.

"No. I think maybe he got shot," Sandra says. "There's been somebody shooting people's cats around here ever since spring." The screen door bangs behind her.

The oven is not dependable, and

"Something for your sweet tooth."

supper is delayed. Grandmother is restless, walking around the kitchen, pretending not to see the dirty linoleum, the rusty, splotched sink, the peeling wallpaper. She puzzles over the bunches of dill and parsley hanging in the window. Mama has explained about the night shift and overtime, but when Sandra sees Grandmother examining the row of outdoor shoes on the porch and, later, the hunting rifle on the wall, she realizes that Grandmother is looking for Jerry. Jerry took his hunting boots with him, and Sandra has a feeling he may come back for the rifle soon.

It's the cats' suppertime, and they sing a chorus at Sandra's feet. She talks to them and gives them chicken broth and Cat Chow. She goes outside to shoo in the ducks for the night, but tonight they will not leave the pond. She will have to return later. If the ducks are not shut in their pen, the fox may kill them, one by one, in a fit—amazed at how easy it is. A bat circles above the barn. The ducks are splashing. A bird Sandra can't identify calls a mournful good night.

"Those silly ducks wouldn't come in," she says, setting the table. Her mother and grandmother stand around and watch her with starved looks.

"I'm collecting duck expressions," she goes on. "'Lucky duck,' 'duck your head,' 'set your ducks in a row,' 'a sitting duck.' I see where they all come from now."

"Have a rubber duck," says Mama. "Or a duck fit."

"Duck soup," says Grandmother.

"Duck soup?" Sandra says. "What does that mean?"

"It means something is real easy," says Grandmother. "Easy as pie."

"It was an old picture show, too," Mama says. "The name of the show was 'Duck Soup.'"

They eat on the porch, and the moths come visiting, flapping against the screen. A few mosquitoes squeeze through and whine about their heads. Grandmother's fork jerks; the corn slips from her hand. Sandra notices that her dishes don't match. Mama and Grandmother exclaim over the meal, praising the tomatoes, the fresh corn. Grandmother takes another piece of chicken. "It has such a crispy crust!" she says.

Sandra will not admit the chicken is crisp. It is not even brown, she says to herself.

"How did you do that?" Grandmother wants to know.

"I boiled it first. It's faster."

"I never heard of doing it that way," Grandmother says.

"You'll have to try that, Ethel," says Mama.

Sandra flips a bug off her plate.

Her grandmother sneezes. "It's the ragweed," she says apologetically. "It's the time of the year for it. Doesn't it make you sneeze?"

"No," says Sandra.

"It never used to do you that way," Mama says.

"I know," says Grandmother. "I helped hay many a time when I was young. I can't remember it bothering me none."

The dog is barking. Sandra calls him into the house. He wants to greet the visitors, but she tells him to go to his bed, under the divan, and he obeys.

Sandra sits down at the table again and presses Grandmother to talk about the past, to tell about the farm Sandra can barely remember. She recalls the dizzying porch swing, a dog with a bushy tail, the daisy-edged field of corn, and a litter of squirming kittens like a deep pile of mated socks in a drawer. She wants to know about the trees. She remembers the fruit trees and the gigantic walnuts, with their sweeping arms and their hard, green balls that sometimes hit her on the head. She also remembers the day the trees came down.

"The peaches made such a mess on the grass you couldn't walk," her grandmother explains. "And there were so many cherries I couldn't pick them all. I had three peach trees taken down and one cherry tree."

"That was when your granddaddy was so bad," Mama says to Sandra. "She had to watch him night and day and turn him ever' so often. He didn't even know who she was."

"I just couldn't have all those in the yard anymore," says Grandmother. "I couldn't keep up with them. But the walnut trees were the worst. Those squirrels would get the nuts and roll them all over the porch and sometimes I'd step on one and fall down. Them old squirrels would snarl at me and chatter. Law me."

"Bessie Grissom had a tree taken down last week," says Mama. "She thought it would fall on the house, it was so old. A tornado might set down."

"How much did she have to pay?" asks Grandmother.

"A hundred dollars."

"When I had all them walnut trees taken down back then, it cost me sixty dollars. That just goes to show you."

Sandra serves instant butterscotch pudding for dessert. Grandmother eats greedily, telling Sandra that butterscotch is her favorite. She clashes her spoon as she cleans the dish. Sandra does not eat any dessert. She is thinking how she would like to have a bourbon-and-Coke. She might conceal it in a coffee cup. But she would not be able to explain why she was drinking coffee at night.

After supper, when Grandmother is in the bathroom, Mama says she will wash the dishes, but Sandra refuses.

"Do you hear anything from Jerry?" Mama asks.

Sandra shrugs. "No. He'd better not waltz back in here. I'm through waiting on him." In a sharp whisper, she says, "I don't know how long I can keep up that night-shift lie."

"But she's been through so much," Mama says. "She thinks the world of you, Sandra."

"I know."

"She thinks Jerry hung the moon."

"I tell you, if he so much as walks through that door—"

"I love those cosmos you planted," Mama says. "They're the prettiest I've ever seen. I'd give anything if I could get mine to do like that."

"They're volunteers. I didn't do a thing."

"You didn't?"

"I didn't thin them, either. I just hated to thin them."

"I know what you mean," says Mama. "It always broke my heart to thin corn. But you learn."

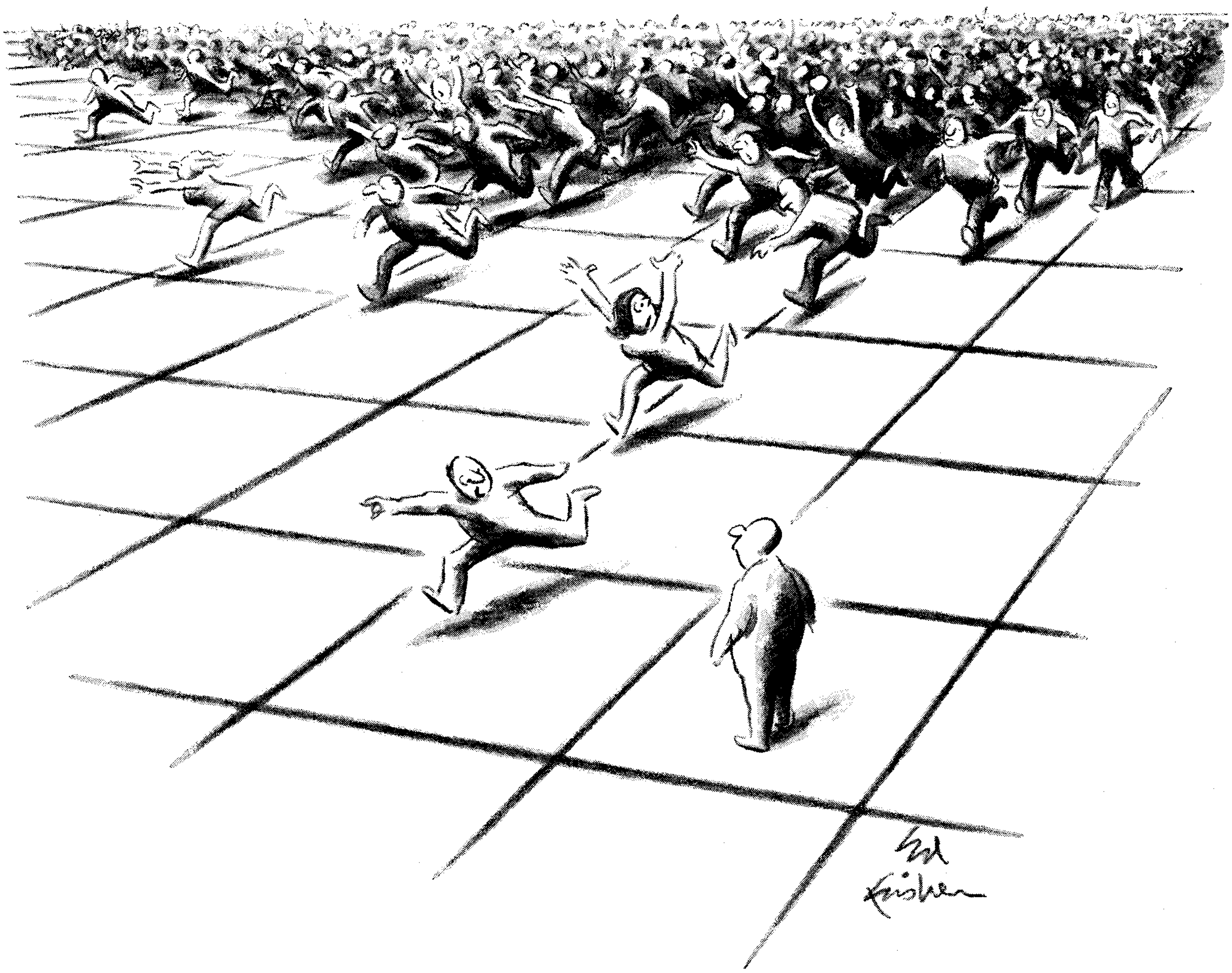
A MOVIE, "That's Entertainment!," is on TV. Sandra stands in the doorway to watch Fred Astaire dancing with Eleanor Powell, who is as loose as a rag doll. She is wearing a little-girl dress with squared shoulders.

"Fred Astaire is the limberest thing I ever saw," says Mama.

"I remember his sister Adele," says Grandmother. "She could really dance."

"Her name was Estelle," says Mama.

"Estelle Astaire?" says Sandra. For some reason, she remembers a girl she



"Back to Square One!"

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knew in grade school named Sandy Beach.

Sandra makes tomato sauce, and they offer to help, but she tells them to relax and watch the movie. As she scalds tomatoes and presses hot pulp through a food mill, she listens to the singing and tap-dancing from the next room. She comes to the doorway to watch Gene Kelly do his famous "Singin' in the Rain" number. His suit is soaked, and he jumps into puddles with both feet, like a child. A policeman scowls at his antics. Grandmother laughs. When the sauce boils down, Sandra pours it into bowls to cool. She sees bowls of blood lined up on the counter. Sandra watches Esther Williams dive through a ring of fire and splash in the center of a star formed by women, with spread legs, lying on their backs in the water.

During a commercial, Sandra asks her mother if she wants to come to the barn with her, to help with the ducks. The dog bounds out the door with them, happy at this unexpected excursion. Out in the yard, Mama lights a cigarette.

"Finally!" Mama says with a sigh. "That feels good."

Two cats, Blackie and Bubbles, join them. Sandra wonders if Bubbles remembers the mole she caught yesterday. The mole had a star-shaped nose, which Bubbles ate first, like a delicacy.

The ducks are not in the barn, and Sandra and her mother walk down a narrow path through the weeds to the pond. The pond is quiet as they approach. Then they can make out patches of white on the dark water. The ducks hear them and begin diving, fleeing to the far shore in panic.

"There's no way to drive ducks in from a pond," Mama says.

"Sometimes they just take a notion to stay out here all night," says Sandra.

They stand side by side at the edge of the pond while Mama smokes. The sounds of evening are at their fullest now, and lightning bugs wink frantically. Sometimes Sandra has heard foxes at night, their menacing yaps echoing on the hillside. Once, she saw three fox pups playing in the full moon, like dancers in a spotlight. And just last week she heard a baby screaming in terror. It was the sound of a wildcat—a thrill she listens for every night now. It occurs to her that she would not mind if the wildcat took her ducks. They are her offering.

Mama throws her cigarette in the pond, and a duck splashes. The night is peaceful, and Sandra thinks of the thousands of large golden garden spiders hidden in the field. In the early morning the dew shines on their trampolines, and she can imagine bouncing with an excited spring from web to web, all the way up the hill to the woods. —BOBBIE ANN MASON

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The nation has two things going for it: (1) the crisis is creating a national unity unknown since World War II and (2) the U.S.A. is blessed by having the world's greatest reservoir of PR talent.
—*Public Relations News.*

Let us count our blessings.

BODILESS GUESTS

LAST spring, while listening to a young woman, a scholar from England visiting at Cornell, speak about Wordsworth's complicated and ambivalent attitude toward books, as revealed in Book V of "The Prelude" and elsewhere, I found myself only partly attending to her words, and then only to the degree that they carried me back to my experiences following the death of my brother nearly five years earlier. At the wine-and-cheese reception after the lecture, I spoke with an undergraduate student, a girl I admired for her vitality and genuineness. I asked Buffy if she had liked the lecture; she said that her brother unexpectedly had died during the winter, and that she chiefly had been thinking, throughout the talk, of how in the weeks after his death she had not felt alive. "During all those weeks I was nothing but one character or another in books I'd read," she said.

I told her I had not really heard the speech, either, and for the identical reason. Clearly, a remark by the lecturer, or one of her quotations from Wordsworth, had set each of us off like that.

"When did you begin to *feel* again?" I asked.

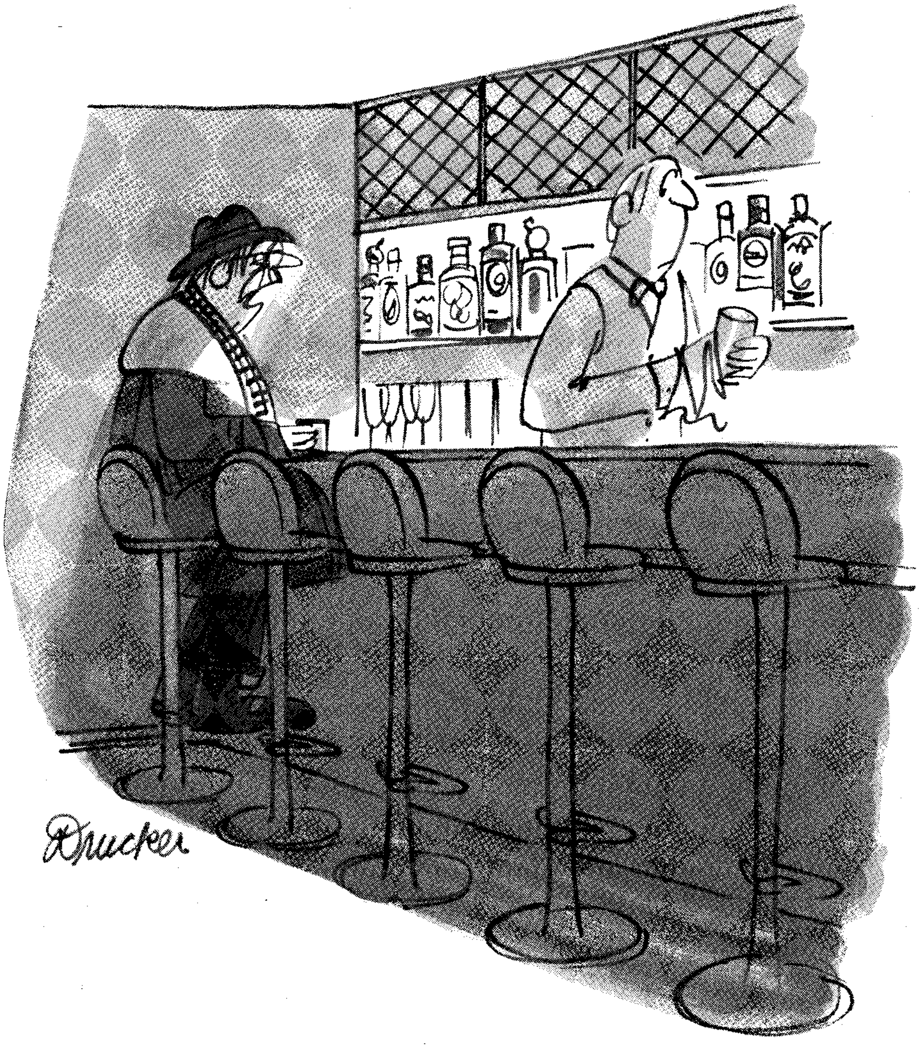
"At a movie. It wasn't what you'd think of as a good movie—good the way literature can be. It was supposed to be funny, and everybody was laughing, but I thought it pretty sordid—I mean, the jokes were cheap and obvious. Suddenly it hit me that my brother was dead, and so I sat there in all that laughter just sobbing away! Do you know that two of my friends, both English majors—one who had lost her mother, the other her father—told me they couldn't feel grief afterward, either, for the longest time, because they felt that they were living in books?"

"Books protect us, maybe."

Her eyes widened. "Who wants that? Did you?"

"No. To tell the truth, I felt drugged at first—"

"Wiped out?"



"Baseball start yet?"

"Well, yes. And then more and more like a walking corpse, a zombie."

Buffy said, "It seemed to me, listening to the lecture, as if Wordsworth, whatever his praise of literature— Remember that line in the handout?" She stopped and unfolded a copy of a passage from "The Prelude" that the lecturer had given each member of her audience, and quoted the phrase "a joy, a consolation, and a hope" before going on. "As if Wordsworth felt that books held some threat he didn't really want to confront."

Carrying our wineglasses, Buffy and I moved through the crowd to an antique sofa in an alcove, in order to talk further about these curious feelings, to see if we could understand the menace lying deep beneath the words on the pages of the books we respected and even loved.

What compelled Wordsworth, we wondered, to recount at length the dream of a friend who falls asleep after reading a portion of "Don Quixote"? In that dream, a spectral Don Quixote has the task of burying two books, apparently because the eternal truths contained in them are dangerous. One of them is Euclid's "Elements;" the other, a book of poetry, foretells the annihilation of mankind through deluge. The dreamer wants to accompany the phantom on his errand, but the sea rises quickly toward both, and the dreamer wakes in terror. Although our discussion of that ambiguous dream was inconclusive, it led me to remember more sharply than I had in years the details of my own submergence at the time of my brother's death.

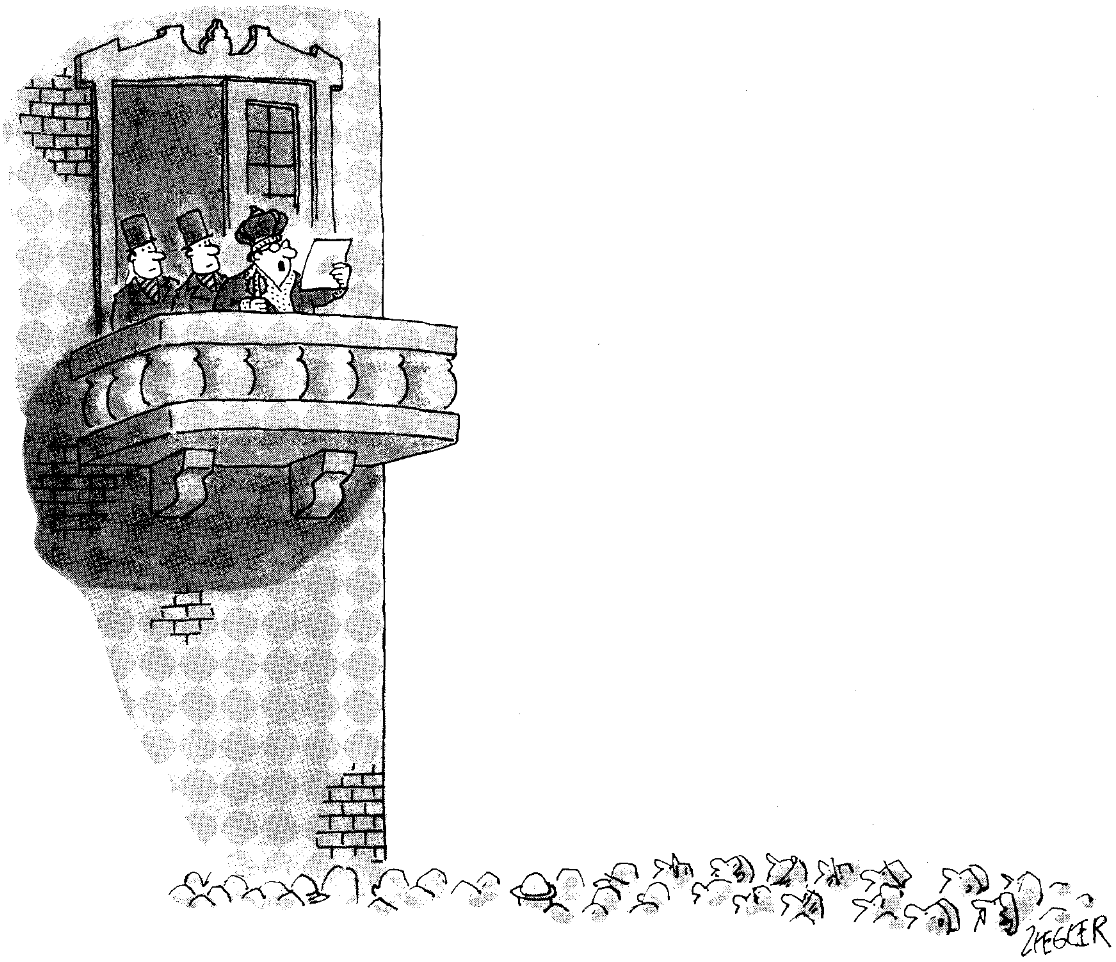
WHEN the telephone rang at 3 A.M. on July 15, 1974, I felt at once like a fictional character caught in some as yet unknown circumstance of fate. My heart beat violently, and it was only with the greatest difficulty—as if part of me were dreaming the story—that I could pull away from the arm of my sleeping wife and the restraint of the sheet. I stumbled over my shoes and into the hallway, bright in the reflected glow of the bathroom night lamp.

"Hello," I said.

"This is Captain Borklund—"

"The police?"

"No, of . . ." and he mentioned the airline that my brother, also a captain, piloted airplanes for: airplanes so immense that the captain and his co-pilot walked up a spiral staircase from the passenger compartment to reach the cockpit. "You're Jim, aren't you? I'm



"And, finally, tonight's rerun of 'Kojak' has been cancelled so that we can bring you an expanded, ninety-minute version of 'Soap.'"

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Tom Borklund, a friend of your brother Jack. I thought you should know he's been in a serious accident—"

"A plane crash?"

"No, a limousine. The one bringing him and his crew from the Palmer House to O'Hare."

"You're calling from Chicago?"

"No, from Miami. We've sent out a couple of other captains to talk to his wife, in Fort Lauderdale; I've already contacted his daughters, in Gainesville and Atlanta. Your mother lives with you, doesn't she?"

"Yes. How serious is it?"

"*Very* serious." There was a pause. "The co-pilot died. I'm sorry to have to tell you that Jack's dead, too. Can you and your wife and mother fly tomorrow—not this morning, the day after—to Fort Lauderdale to be with Jack's family for the funeral? You can pick up round-trip company passes at your airport in Ithaca just before the flight. I've been checking schedules—"

"My mother?" She was ninety. How could I ever tell her that Jack was dead?

"Wouldn't she want to come?"

"I don't know. I really can't think." For all that came to my mind, other than the thought of my mother asleep in the downstairs bedroom, was a memory of my brother very much alive. He was running out of a house and down a street to protect me from a gang of boys on bicycles who had knocked me off mine; Jack rushed at them, but before they fled one stabbed him in the palm. He helped me to my feet, the blood dripping from his hand. We were living then in Normandy, a new subdivision of Little Rock. I was about twelve, Jack maybe sixteen. The week before, that same gang, from a run-down nearby neighborhood, burned the shack I had built in the woods behind our house. Jack found their tree house, smashed the lock on its door with a bullet from his rifle, and left a note telling them to stay out of Normandy.

"Would you like to call me back in a few minutes?"

"Yes, thanks, I would." I wrote down the number. Jean was sitting up in bed, the light on. "Jack's hurt?" she asked.

"Jack's dead."

She reached forward to embrace me, but I moved away: I didn't want sympathy for a death I didn't yet feel. I told her the little I knew, and that I had to call back soon to let the captain in Miami know if she and my mother would be going with me to Florida for the funeral.

"Grace is still weak," Jean said.

"I know." My mother was recovering from a kidney infection. And anyway, wouldn't the funeral be more than she could bear, at her age? Five years earlier, as my father was dying of cancer, she had said to me, thinking of her life with him, "I didn't know it would end like this, Jimmy;" but, frail and tiny—she was less than five feet tall—and old as she was, she nursed him to the moment of his death. For the following two years she lived with her widowed sister, who, in a stubborn and touching struggle against arthritis and senility, rose at dawn to weed her vegetable garden and clean her house before sitting down to read the great works of Western culture that she had wanted to read ever since she was a young woman. She went through book after book, living so fully within them that they isolated her from my mother and helped to intensify the debility she wanted most desperately to avoid. She would bring a book to the dining-room table, which was set with empty plates and empty cups for bodiless guests. While reading, she could, by raising her eyebrows, lift Aristotle and Socrates or Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth from their texts and plump them down beside her for a lively conversation; when she tired of them, she raised them from their seats with her eyebrows and dropped them back into print. Now my aunt was dead. Only a few days after she came to live with us, my mother, equally resolute, surprised me by coming out to the barn, where I was using the power saw, to see if she could help with the carpentry. She reached to hold the board I was sawing, lost her footing on the uneven floor, and tumbled over, hitting her head on the concrete curb that served to guide the sliding door. Carrying her light body into the house, I thought, This, then, is how she is going to die. I placed her, just as she was regaining consciousness, on the bed and ran to phone for an ambulance; but when I returned to the bedroom she was standing upright, holding the bedpost for support, raising and lowering her leg in an exercise I remembered from my childhood. It was her leg that hurt a little, she said, not her scalp, and she didn't want it to become stiff. "If I'm going to live, I have to be in a condition to help," she told me later that day, after X-rays showed a hairline crack in her hip. She had mended from that fall as quickly as she was recuperating from her present illness. But how could one who lived to help others continue to carry on, if those she loved and wanted to help were nearly all gone?

"I don't think she should go to the funeral," I said to Jean.

"If she doesn't, then I should stay with her," Jean said.

"We might be able to get a nurse."

"Would you want to leave her with a stranger at a time like this?"

"No, we couldn't do that, could we? If we were careful and had wheelchairs waiting at the airports, maybe it would be all right. Should I ask her in the morning?"

"She would say she wanted to go."

"That means she ought to then, doesn't it?" I said.

"But what if . . ."

"What if something happens on the trip?"

I couldn't bear to think of losing both my brother and my mother. And yet my mother, wisp though she might be, was resilient as Phoenix Jackson, the old black woman in Eudora Welty's story; that parallel had often occurred to me. I couldn't make the decision—it was part of the dream from which I had not yet awakened—and so I phoned that kindly presence in Miami without knowing yet what I would tell him. I asked him for details that he might not have revealed in the earlier conversation—for facts about the accident. He said the highway apparently had been deserted—the accident had occurred at 1:45 A.M.—except for the limousine. The driver had been going very fast; perhaps he had swerved too sharply when he saw the exit for O'Hare. The only known fact was that the vehicle had hit a concrete barrier. Facing backward in the fold-down seats, two of the stewardesses had been hurt, not seriously, by the bodies flying past them: Jack and the co-pilot had been catapulted into the front. Jack had died either immediately or in the ambulance taking him to the hospital.

I told the captain I would be coming to Florida by myself.

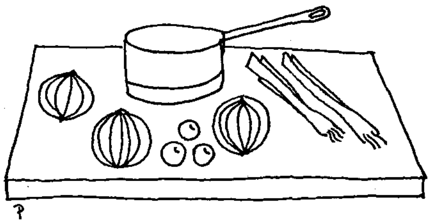
The sky began to brighten. Birds bathed in the pools of the roof gutter above the open window in the bedroom, the scratching of their claws intensified by the half tunnel of tin; they sang from the roof, the trees, the bushes. I dressed slowly and, while Jean was making coffee, wakened my mother by bringing her a glass of orange juice and an antibiotic pill. Then I lay beside her on the bed.

"You must have something to tell me," she said.

"I do," I said.

"What is it?"

"Something so bad I don't know how to say it properly. At three o'clock I had a call from a captain in Miami. Jack—"



"Jack," she repeated.

"Jack is dead."

"Jackie," she said, as if she were seeing him as baby or young child.

We were both silent. She stared up at the ceiling; I turned away to look at the photographs on the wall—the ones she had brought with her when she came to live with us. She had arranged them in the same order they had been in on the wall of her bedroom at her sister's house—the same order that they had been in on the walls of all the bedrooms she had shared with my father during the later years of their married life: on the left, paired oval pictures of her mother and my father's mother; then a picture of her sister, a corsage on her dress, at the wedding of some relative; then one of my father in profile—a young man with brushed-back hair who looked vaguely like F. Scott Fitzgerald; then one of Jack and me as children; and, finally, a picture of my father, Jack, and me standing before the grandest house I had lived in as a boy, the one in Normandy.

THE PRUNED ROSES

If I had, uncut, the fingernails
and the toenails, all I have grown since birth,
I would be in a garden of hedges,
translucent loops, coils: Sleeping Beauty.
Topiary effects.

If I had all the hair I have ever grown
it would be a medieval river: hair
from here to the end of the night, growing
in bracelets, wristlets, amulets,
avocets, arguments. Rapunzel
has only herself to blame.

So much of us gets cut.
Flint knife, flint table of circumcision.
Baby howls at the blood. Young women, men
hold themselves out eagerly to the cicatrices.
We recognize, in our flint notebook,
rite de passage.

Animals wear down because they have to keep moving
what is unnecessary to their bodies—
hooves, antlers—otherwise it builds up:
pony on ten-inch platform feet, stag
trapped in the interlocking of the spring branches.

Cut, wear, corrupt. Of course we will do that.
These notes are infirm, skeletal. They are meant
to inform pure essences who will come in spaceships
and wonder what we meant by body. It was a thing
growing and cut back. The pruned roses.

—WILLIAM DICKEY

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"How did it happen?" my mother asked at last.

"He was in a limousine with his crew, on the way from the Palmer House in Chicago to O'Hare airport. It was one-thirty in the morning—*this* morning—and there apparently weren't any other cars on the road. The driver must have been going too fast. He may have swerved too sharply when he saw the exit to the airport. In any event, the limousine struck a barrier. Jack and his co-pilot were thrown into the front seat. Jack died either immediately or soon afterward, in the ambulance taking him to the hospital."

"He used to laugh and run away so!" my mother said. "One time, just after I'd given him a bath and left to get a clean towel from the line, he slipped out the front door to go running and laughing, naked and wet, down the street! Another time, soon after you'd been born, I really didn't know what to do. . . . I tied him by a long rope to a tree in the front yard."

"I know." She often mentioned she had done that; she obviously regretted it. "You did that only once."

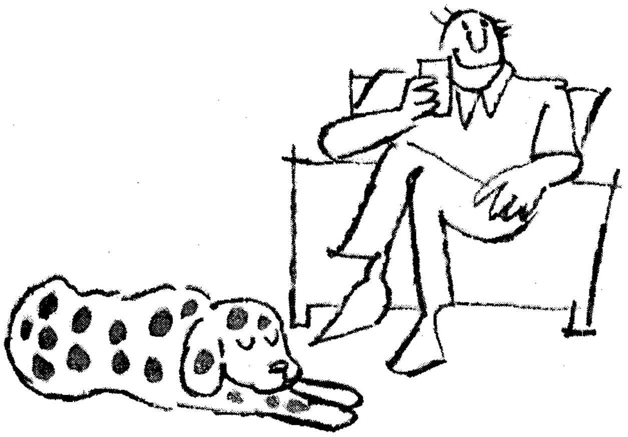
"Yes." She reached for my hand. "But I really can't understand about this accident," she said apologetically. "Would you mind telling me again what happened?"

"Of course not," I said. "Jack was in a limousine with his crew; they were on their way from the Palmer House in Chicago to O'Hare airport," and, as I repeated the description of the event as I had heard it, I entered a world not my own: I was remembering the nearly deaf grandmother in James Agee's "A Death in the Family," whose son-in-law has been killed in a car accident and to whom certain excruciating details of that accident must be repeated, the words shouted into her ear trumpet. I had been speaking in a low voice to my mother, for her hearing was remarkably acute; none of her faculties was impaired. She was having trouble simply because long ago she had accepted her own death as a possibility at any moment and believed without thinking of it that her two children would outlive her for decades. It was Agee's novel in which I was existing, not this present moment at all, and in repeating the story of Jack's death I realized I had raised my voice slightly.

"Tell me again," she said when I had finished the second time, and I did. "Tell me once more," she said, and once more I did; and then she said quietly and with dignity, still looking at the ceiling, "There, that's enough, you needn't shout. I think I know."

But I was a boy named Rufus who lived long ago in Tennessee, and it was my father who had died, and it was my grandmother who mercifully at last understood.

MY tickets were waiting for me at the Ithaca airport the following morning. "You must know somebody important," the agent said, handing them to me. "Somebody got bumped for your sake." At LaGuardia, awaiting the connection that would take me first class—I had never flown first class—to Fort Lauderdale on my brother's airline, I felt a sense of mysterious importance, as if my journey were far more significant than that of any of my fellow-passengers. "A Death in the Family" remained with me: now it was the scene in which the boy, permitted to stay home from school because his father has died, leaves the house to stand in the alley as his schoolmates go by and is unable to control the wide smile that comes to



him because destiny has made of him something special. More than thirty years earlier I had driven Jack to LaGuardia from the Flushing apartment he had rented as a first home for himself and his bride, and had stood with him as he looked at weather data in preparation for a flight to Dallas on the DC-3 he then was piloting. (The information came from a Teletype in an office down the hall from the waiting room.) My memory of LaGuardia as a much smaller terminal than it now was, one to which I had come with my brother, a recently appointed captain who had decided that the thunderstorm over the Gulf and much of Texas would have dissipated by his arrival time and that he would not cancel the flight—"The decision is mine," he had said—also set me apart.

The stewardess on the Fort Lauderdale flight who brought me a Bloody Mary, that fringe benefit for first-class travellers, had seen my name on the manifest. She asked me if I was Jack's brother, and when I said yes she said he had been a lovely man, happy and always joking, and the most capable captain she knew of. At the Fort Lauderdale terminal I was met by one of Jack's married daughters—he had three girls; I have three sons—and by an official from the airline, a former captain with silver hair and a soldierly bearing. "Are you Uncle Jim?" my niece said doubtfully. "You don't look at all like Daddy!" While she went for the car—Jack's Cadillac—the official handed me an envelope. "Give this to Jack's wife," he said. "We don't know how much money she may have on hand, and don't want her to worry about expenses at a time like this." He told me of the death benefits and pension that she would receive. "Of course she's broken up. The captains who brought her the news saw to it that she was given sedation and stayed with her until the older daughters came. But it might help, just a little, if you could let her know, when she's ready for it, that Jack made sure she will have an adequate income. And here"—he gave me a sheet of paper with names and telephone numbers—"is a list of people from the airline she or you can call if there's the slightest worry about anything."

I said that I thought the consideration shown by the airline and the captains was remarkable—something beyond my experience. I couldn't imagine the university where I taught behaving so to my wife, were I to die. What I didn't say was that I had never spent a night trying to solace the wife or husband of a recently deceased colleague, though a number had died during the years of my teaching career: I was at once too distant and too shy, perhaps too busy as a humanist in a large university to know my equally busy colleagues and their families as well as I ought.

"We're always ready for emergencies, in our business," he said soberly. "It's true, though, that pilots have a special bond. And Jack—well, of course, everybody liked your brother." He smiled and shook my hand.

Driving me to her mother's house, my niece at first said nothing; I, too, was quiet. She was a slim young woman, with her father's facial features and curly blond hair; she had been, I remembered from letters, a model for a time, and now was a buyer of women's clothes for a chain of department stores. Glancing at her now and then, I regretted that our families lived so far apart; over the years, we had visited each other so infrequently that this girl and I had barely recognized each other. And yet, in my mind, my brother had always been "there"—somebody I could count on. In the days before airliners took to the stratosphere, before traffic in the sky became congested, Jack once obtained permission to fly over our house—we lived in a remote Kentucky hill town then—and took a picture from the cockpit. On the print he sent us, he had circled in black the rectangle of roof that he rightly identified as ours. Soon after we moved to upstate New York, he sent us a photograph of our new neighborhood, but in that print the roofs were tinier, for he was already higher up. My sense of him as a comforting presence, somebody winging along above me—after all, he might have been contained in any of those points of light that one finds at night by looking half a sky in advance of the area from which a faint rumble seems to come—obviously was related to those photographs from the fifties, but its intensity was a result of my childhood memories. During the Depression, my father had deserted my mother, my brother, and me; though he ultimately returned, that act remained for me, even after my marriage, a betrayal of nearly inconceivable dimensions. Jack, who had wanted both to go to college and to learn how to fly—from his second year in high school he had kept a framed photograph in color of an early Douglas airliner on his bedroom wall—worked, instead, at a hamburger stand in a Cleveland dime store, bringing his weekly pay to our mother; later, just as if he were the husband and father, we accompanied him from Ohio to Michigan, where, as a student in a work-study program of an engineering institute sponsored by an auto firm, he continued to buy our food.

Well, Jack was strong and determined enough to get beyond all that, I thought, pleased by the cool smoothness of the leather seat of his air-conditioned car—pleased, too, by his attractive and well-dressed daughter. But then, as I relaxed, that memory, forgotten until his death, of Jack and me and the gang in Normandy returned. I was entangled in my fallen bicycle; my knee was bruised, and I was crying. Jack rushed out of the house to

save me from the boys, all bigger than I, and one of them stabbed him in the palm with a tiny knife. He helped me to my feet, blood dripping from his hand. . . .

My niece had been thinking of the past, too. While we were waiting for a traffic light, she said that one of her childhood memories was of her father celebrating, maybe with a bottle of champagne, an early book of mine—a study of an English novelist that had just been published; I must have sent him a copy. What she particularly recalled was her father telling her mother that what I did would last after my death, while what he did vanished with his vapor trail.

"Nothing lasts," I said.

"Daddy was too much an optimist ever to have believed *that.*"

I still wanted to shy away from the praise. "It must have been Scotch he was drinking, not champagne. Scotch always made Jack sentimental."

"He was very proud of you."

I said, "Sometimes I try to imagine what it's like to land one of those monster airplanes at night in a fog or snowstorm, the passengers asleep or reading magazines, maybe a mother giving a baby a nursing bottle. And do you know that sometimes a student would come to my office who had flown with Jack to Puerto Rico or someplace? Jack had asked those students to say hello to me. How do you suppose he knew they were from Cornell?"

"The captain can look at the manifest. Maybe it lists addresses."

"He must have looked, then, for people from Ithaca. Well, I've always been proud of him, too."

"The two of you are so different."

"I'm smaller."

"It's not that! You're more—more contemplative or scholarly, maybe. It's written all over your face."

"You're seeing me at a sad time."

"I can imagine Daddy looking down at us and laughing so hard! He's telling some joke, telling us to cheer up. Oh *damn it all!*" she cried, her face contorting; the spasm of grief had caught her at the moment she obviously least expected it to. The light turned green, and she slammed her foot against the accelerator.

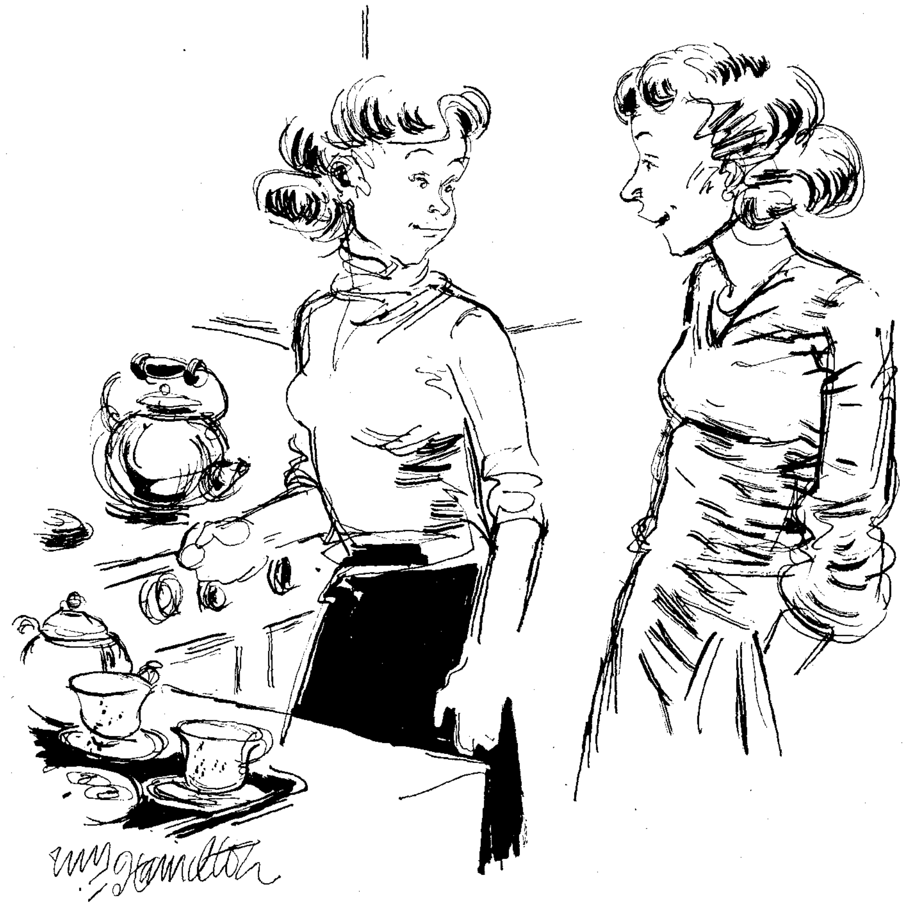
DESPITE the passage of time, I do not want to intrude more than I already have into the feelings of Jack's immediate family in the days following his death; my concern is with my own responses, especially with the way in which another work of fiction—Joyce's "The Dead"—had begun to supplant Agee's novel before I had reached the house, perhaps even before I had arrived at the Fort Lauderdale terminal. For I saw myself within the story of Gabriel Conroy, that self-conscious literary person who longs for something beyond the hubbub and gaiety of the Christmas party, who longs, perhaps, for death; Gabriel Conroy, who is no match in generosity and love for a dead boy, Michael Furey. However distinct my story was from Gabriel's, I felt that I, too, was in competition with one who had died before me, and the knowledge that this was so, and that I was but living a truth of human relationships long since made evident in literature, dulled my sense of loss.

At the memorial service in the funeral home the evening before the funeral, I talked to many of my brother's friends, including those who had served with him during the Second World War as instructors of R.A.F. cadets at an airbase near Clewiston, in the interior of southern Florida. One of them, who had remained in the

Clewiston area as a cattle rancher, had no telephone; another of their group had flown low over his ranch in a private plane to drop him a note attached to a stone to let him know of Jack's death and of the time of the service. I stood at the center of that group of men—all of them tanned and athletic-looking, most of them veteran captains for one airline or another—listening to their stories about Jack from those Clewiston years: of how he had taken his golf bag along in the airplane and landed with his cadet on a fairway of a country club to play a hole before taking off again, an act for which he had been reprimanded by the colonel. And of how he, in turn, was constantly reprimanding a cadet, a careless young British aristocrat who ignored all the rules. On one training flight Jack asked him on the intercom connecting the two open cockpits if he had buckled his seat belt, and the cadet said yes. After repeating the question and getting the same bored, monosyllabic answer, Jack turned the plane upside down. "Do you see what would have happened if you hadn't buckled your seat belt?" he asked, but heard no reply. Looking over the fuselage, he saw a parachute drifting toward the swamp.

I told them that before the war, while I was still a college student in Cleveland and my brother an instructor in acrobatic flying in Baltimore, I had visited him one weekend. He took me for a flight, first making sure that both *my* seat belt and parachute were fastened securely. He flew upside down over Baltimore before going through his complete acrobatic repertoire. As he pulled out of a power dive over Chesapeake Bay, I thought I had blacked out; after we landed, I still couldn't see. "Jack, I'm *blind* and I think I'm going to throw up," I cried. Laughing, he lifted off the helmet with the goggles he had earlier placed on my head: the leather had slipped down over my eyes. But mine was the anecdote of a nonflier; it was a story to be listened to politely and with pity (or so I thought as I was telling it) for all the experiences I could never know.

The name "Gabriel Conroy" again echoed in my mind during the clergyman's address, as he praised my brother's zest for life; images from the story—of Gabriel's wife, Gretta, standing above him on the staircase as she listens to the husky tenor voice singing "The Lass of Aughrim," of Gabriel lying in the bed of the cold hotel room and looking out the window at the snow falling against the lamppost—seemed to represent my own pale existence. Afterward, at Jack's house, I joined my nieces in diversions designed by them to ease their mother's grief: pastimes that Jack had enjoyed with his family—charades, word games, riddles. I tried to be outgoing, funny, to be as much like my brother as I could, but I felt nothing but a numbness to life. I couldn't remember certain ordinary words, and was forgetful even of the names of my three nieces.



"Gossip should be declared a medium."

At the suggestion of a family acquaintance, who told me it was a tradition in Jack's neighborhood, I arranged for a luncheon party to follow the funeral. Twenty or so people from his block filled the little room at the restaurant. As soon as the cocktails were served, I rose to offer a toast to Jack, saying that it was helpful to remember that he had died not following a lengthy illness but quickly, and on his way to pilot an aircraft—an activity he loved nearly as much as life itself ("Hear! Hear!" somebody cried), and that we should follow the example of his life and make this luncheon a pleasurable occasion. No longer was I trying in the slightest to resist Gabriel Conroy: in behaving in a way so foreign to my nature—since childhood I have preferred silence and privacy after any large loss—I felt as if I had given up my identity to a fictional presence, as if I were offering a toast not to my dead brother but to my two living maiden aunts at their annual Christmas party. I made suitable references to *carpe diem* poems, and sat down to applause and laughter.

EARLY the next afternoon, I left Fort Lauderdale. My return ticket, as I discovered upon boarding the plane, was not first class and was valid only to LaGuardia. The trip to Fort Lauderdale had been non-stop; the return flight stopped at several cities. My brother, who as pilot had particularly enjoyed landings, once told me that they were similar to sexual intercourse, in that no two ever were alike; following his virginal flight as captain, he confessed, he remained in the cockpit until not only the passengers but all the crew members left, for he knew that if he were to talk to anybody his voice would tremble. I remembered that remark during the landings of the homeward journey, as I have always remembered it as a passenger in any gently descending plane; in the past it had made my heart beat rapidly, but now I felt just a vague regret that I did not value my life enough to be afraid of losing it. At LaGuardia, I found I would have to wait a number of hours for a plane to Ithaca; I bought a ticket for a flight to a nearby city, Elmira, which would depart within the half hour, and called my wife at work to ask if she would meet me there.

"What's wrong?" she asked, responding immediately to the deadness in my voice. I said nothing was wrong, I guessed I was just tired.

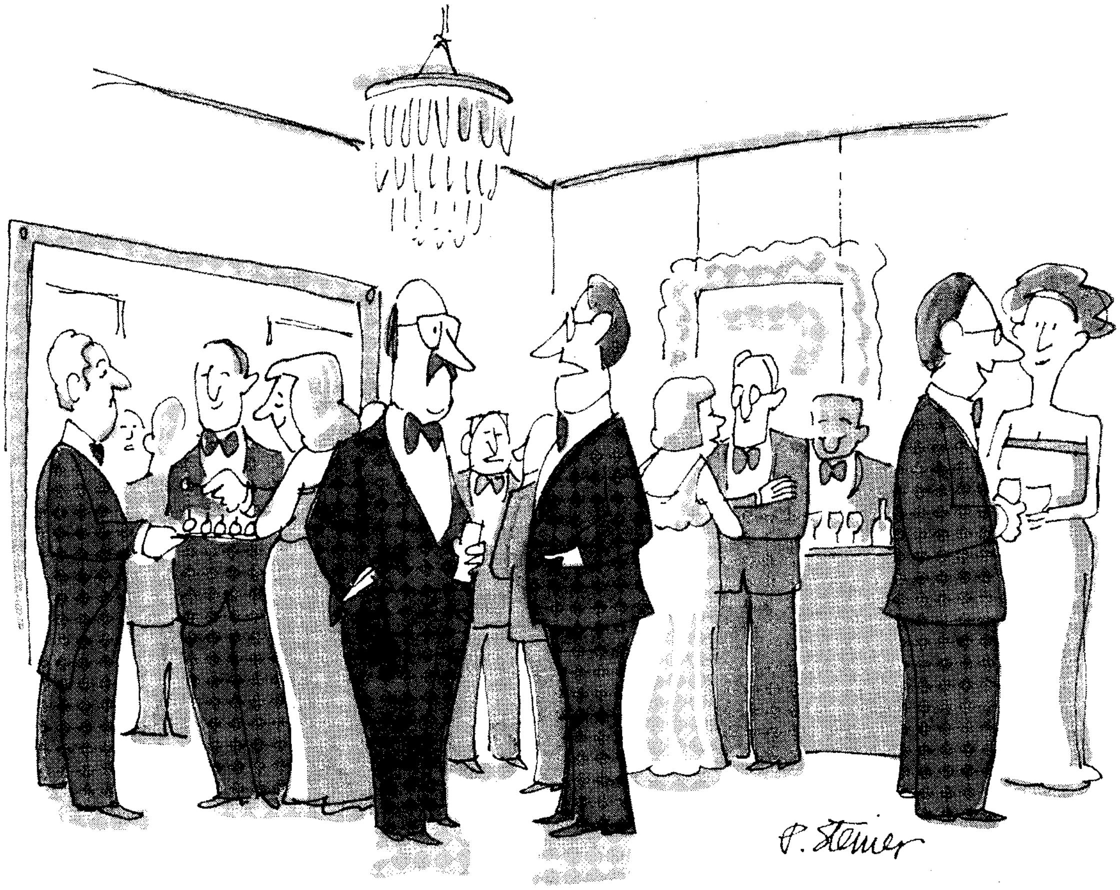
Jean was not at the Elmira terminal to greet me. Other passengers met their wives or husbands or children, embraced, and quickly left. That late afternoon was sunny and pleasantly cool, a relief from the heat of Florida in July, and so I took my bag and sat on the bench in front of the building. Another passenger—a woman my age—joined me; we were the only ones left. Both of us watched the cars and taxis that occasionally approached. At last I smiled at her and made some remark about the two of us being the forgotten ones. "*I've* not been forgotten," she said, glancing at her watch. "My husband is leaving the plant right now. He'll be here in ten minutes."

Much later I was to realize that her words had begun the process of releasing me from the second of the two works of fiction: in refusing the connection with me, she had thrown me back upon myself. After the woman left with her husband—"I hope your wife comes soon," she said, waving goodbye—I paced the sidewalk. Jack had been killed on his way to the airport; what if, by that dreadful irony of the gods and Greek tragedians . . . I couldn't complete the thought; it lay, a heavy and undigested piece of foreknowledge, in my stomach and head, and I began to perspire and to feel giddy, feverish. When our VW convertible, that flout of the riskiness of life, appeared, its chrome wheel covers and orange fenders glittering in the sun, I felt as if I had been granted a double miracle, as if Jean and I alike had been plucked from our graves. "You're so damned late," I said huskily, throwing my bag in back.

"I left in time, but I've never driven to this airport before," Jean said. "I made the wrong turn onto the expressway—wouldn't you *think* you should follow the arrow to Elmira?—and got partway to Binghamton."

"Oh my God," I said, reaching over to embrace her—or, rather, to accept and complete the embrace she had offered me the morning of the phone call. Then I began to sob. Never have I wept so convulsively and for so long; I had been freed from the permanence and truth, from the consuming power, of literary works. My anguish was for the loss of my brother, that moving point of light or vanishing jet trail high above me, that sixteen-year-old whose bleeding hand once again was helping me to my feet; it was for my sister-in-law and my nieces, whose desolation I finally could respond to, in the newness of my own grief; it was for my wife and children and their vitality, which, as I tried to control myself by looking directly at Jean, seemed to shimmer in my eyes like a lovely spiderweb spanning a sunlit forest path that deer or bears have made and constantly traverse; and it was for a mother who, blessed at ninety with sharpness of eye and ear and recall, was waiting at home for her surviving son to return with news of the funeral of her firstborn, the naked baby who constantly eludes her to run, always laughing, down the street.

—James McConkey



"*Oak burns hotter and longer, but pine is easier to start.*"

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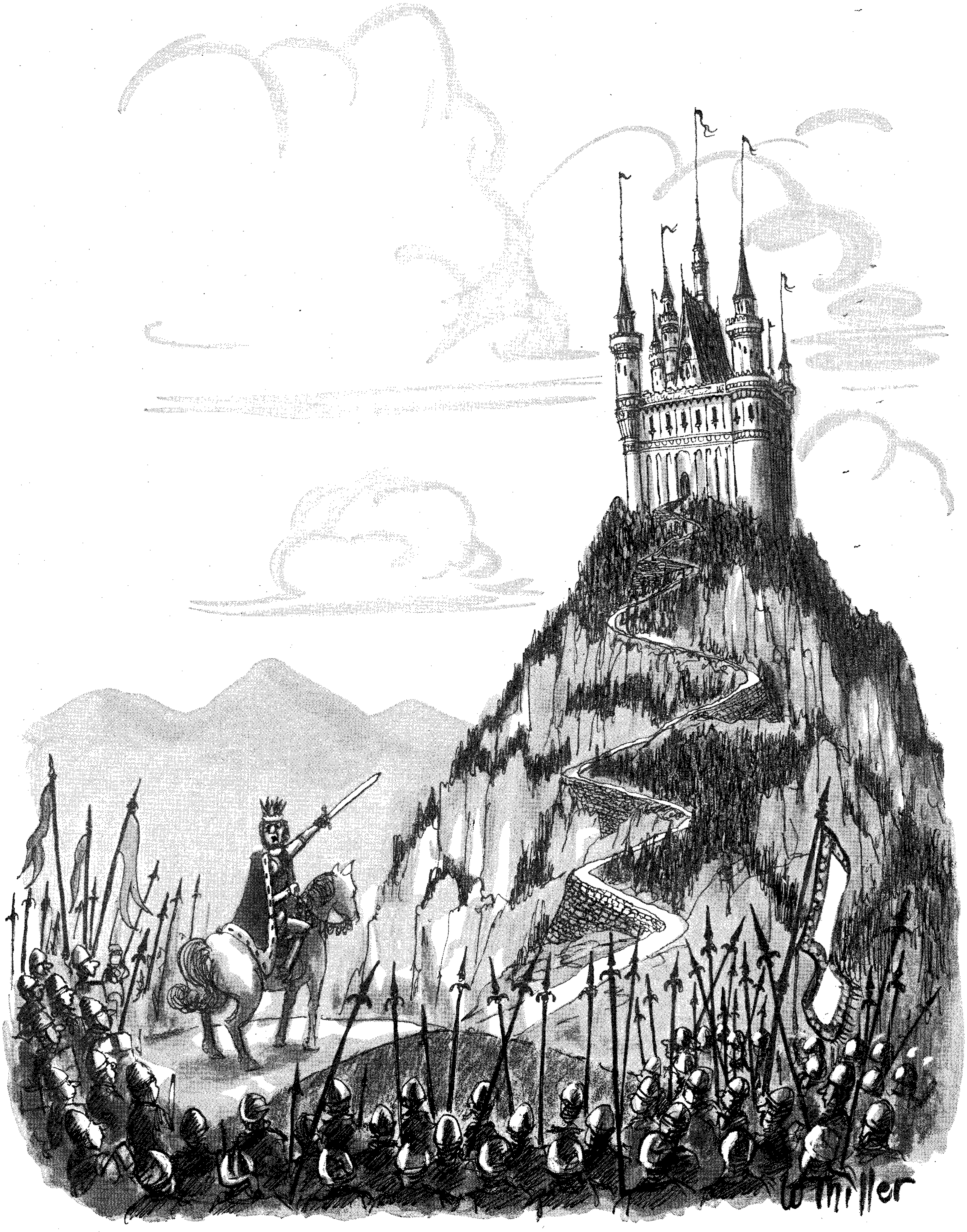
LOVING SOMEONE ELSE

When it first leaps into being,

don't tell me it doesn't shine like a new cloth

so tempting you have to keep opening the closet
to look, to make sure it's there, and it's yours.

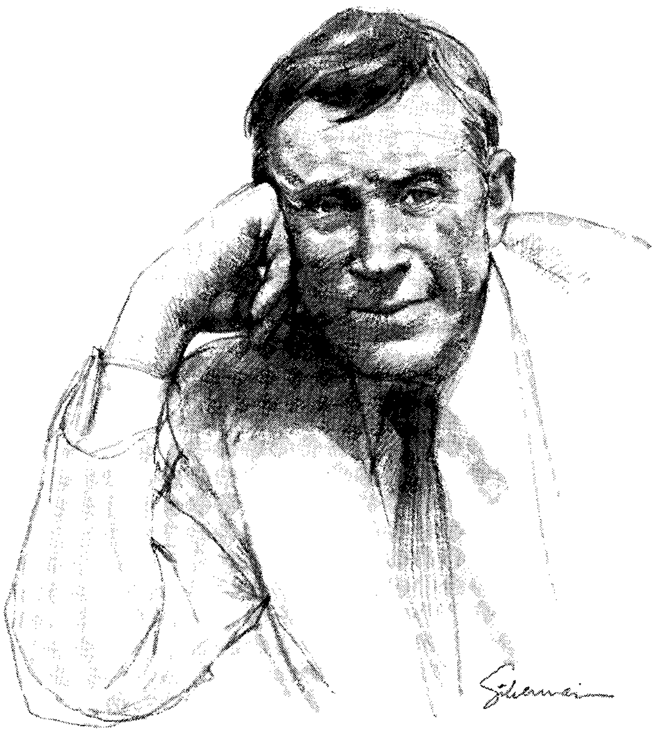
While I was dazed in New York,
you were here, in the rains, growing.
—Judith Kroll



"That's my cousin's place. I want you to go up there and flatten it!"

PROFILES

WHAT SEAS WHAT SHORES



Vincent Scully

There is surely a *daimon* that dwells in places—not least, as D. H. Lawrence claimed long ago, on this grand and ruined continent, disquieting to inhabit, small enough to spoil, too large to own. It moves through its people like a vengeful ghost, giving them their dreams.—*Vincent Scully in "American Architecture and Urbanism" (1969).*

Riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.—*"Finnegans Wake," by James Joyce, quoted by Scully in "Modern Architecture: The Architecture of Democracy" (1961).*

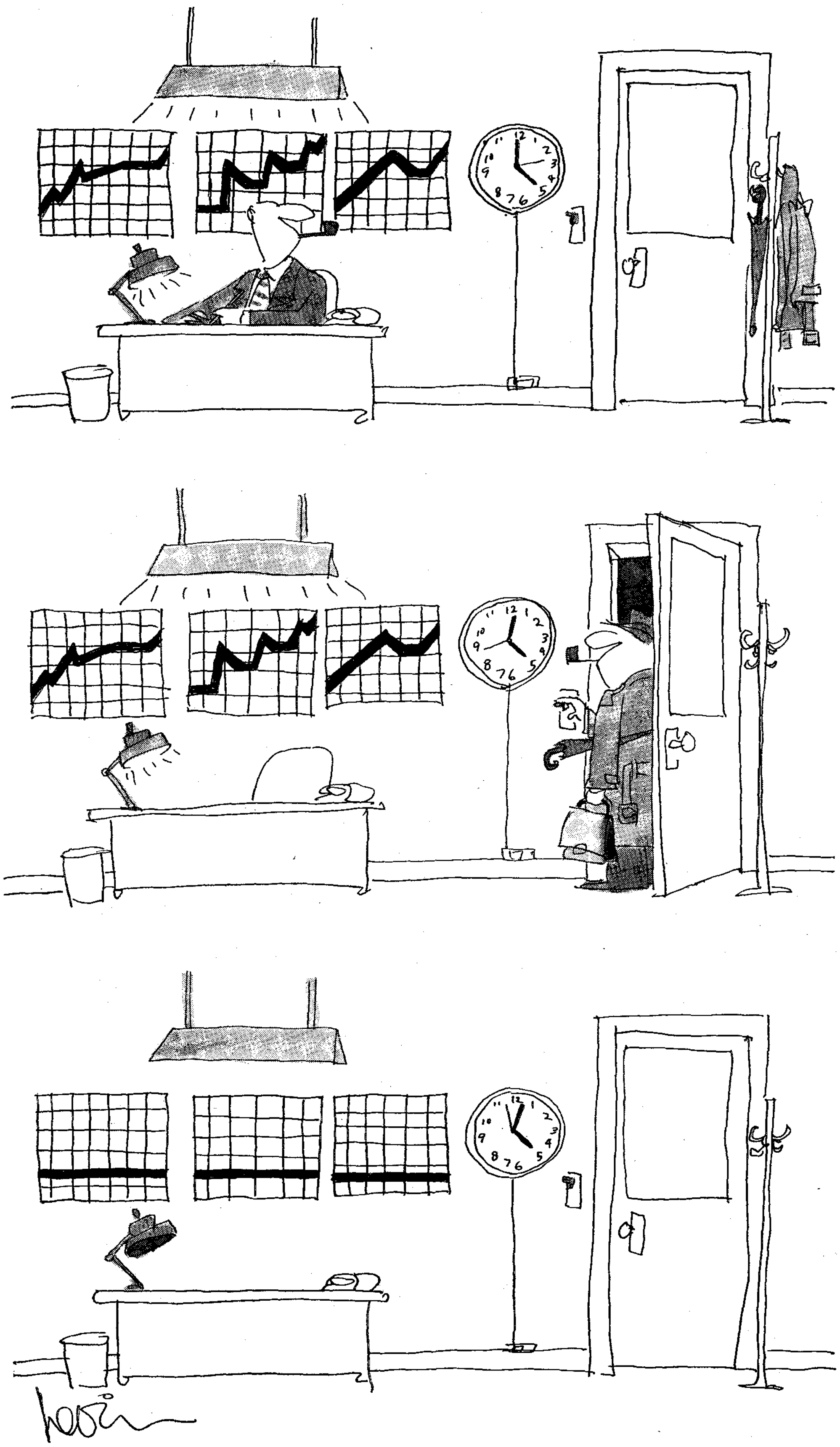
What seas what shores what
  grey rocks and what islands
What water lapping the bow.
  —*"Marina," by T. S. Eliot.*

THE river moves through tidal salt marsh as it nears the sea. There are docks along the river, and lots of boats in summer. At Branford, a few miles east of New Haven, Connecticut, the river swings west around rock cliffs, enters a broad bay, and opens into Long Island Sound. Small, rocky islands rise above the surface here and there; otherwise the water goes unbroken to the horizon. In winter, ice often fills the river and floats in the bay. There are few, if any, boats in the Sound—only white specks of seagulls above the empty sea, setting off its cold vastness. Two miles out, there is a black buoy. It marks a shoal, invisible from shore. But if someone wanted to go out there, and had a way to do it, he would find what's there: three solitary rocks, and the black buoy bobbing.

AROUND noon of a late-September day, on the corner of High Street and Grove Street in New Haven, inside the Yale Law School, a nineteen-thirties multispired red-brick-and-stone Gothic building—across from an early-nineteenth-century cemetery with an entrance of dark-brown Egyptian columns supporting a pediment that states "The Dead Shall Be Raised," and also across from a white marble Greek temple that abuts a fourteen-column Roman colonnade leading to a Beaux-Arts auditorium that faces a 1963 library of translucent white rectangles (all of them belonging, more or less, to Yale University, except for the cemetery and its occupants)—six hundred Yale students are packed into another auditorium, pitch dark except for a fifteen-by-sixteen-foot screen on which there is a Paleolithic cave drawing of a deer.

In front of the big screen, an orange mop handle is being waved by an almost invisible man standing below. Its shadow accompanies it across the pale colors. The man's voice is rapid, straining, intense. It rises and falls with urgency; hesitates; plunges onward, the words tumbling out. Sometimes the other arm reaches up and enters the light, pointing, shaping a form or an idea, and then it is as if the man were conducting—the mop handle a baton—a flowing score of perceptions and ideas, interweaving: theme, development, resolution. The course is HYA 112a, Introduction to the History of Art, and the lecturer is Professor Vincent Scully. It is the most popular course at Yale. As the slides appear and disappear, and the voice continues, the image changes: there is a sense that this is an odyssey, a sightseeing tour, a raft trip down the river of human history; Scully poles the craft this way and that with the mop handle, calling attention to the passing wonders. The passengers are totally silent, and attentive.

The advantage in looking at Paleolithic art, Scully is saying about the deer, is that there was nothing written about it at the time. "We are released from the crutch of intention," he declares. "All too many art historians try to find a written record; they are reductionists who insist upon finding a single meaning that diminishes the multiplicity." He warns the students "to be open . . . to approach with the proper humility and the proper commitment," and continues, "The aim is to extract the fundamental human experience . . . what we can detect in each period . . . what this art means in terms of human life." The mop handle taps the screen, and the ancient deer trembles. "This confronts us outside time." The silent slides succeed each other against the counterpoint of Scully's voice. A Paleolithic figurine: "The figure shapes itself as an amulet of power to be held in the hand; a magical object, full of fertility in a tiny space." The Lascaux caves: "The ceiling becomes a second sky; you can feel the cosmic distance. . . . The animals are *alive:* the embodiment of power, constant movement. . . . Everything is alive." Now tiny hunters pursue the animals: "It's clear that the hunters wanted the animals' death—but not in nineteenth-century terms of simple slaughter. In the animals there is life; one draws life from them. . . . The tragedy of animals who must die; men who must die." Slides of a Pueblo Indian dance and of a bull from Altamira: "An exploding bomb of pure animal power." He quotes Euripides on the character of Dionysos, the dark animal god, and then some more Spanish caves appear, with paintings of men running: "One feels terrors; an awesome confrontation. . . . As we follow the course of hunter art, then Neolithic art, the human figure appears more often and in a more active role. . . . Men run in and out like rats or lice—an infestation. They become warriors. . . . We are clearly dealing with war, which is totally absent from the Paleolithic." Women dance: "The development of ritual, and the human figure seen organically." With the Bushman people, "animals are still the gods." Then: "The dwindling of Bushman life . . . fighting. . . . Larger spear people from the north. . . . White people next, with guns, pursuing the eland. Technology begins to take over. Animals become less important. . . . Faith in the tool rather than in the animal. . . . The animals line up for food. All freedom is lost." Slides of stone implements: "A form now is a tool, axe, hammer . . . the cutting edge . . . technology, specialization. . . . You could cut the grass and trees. . . . Shaping the environment is architecture." Slides of lake dwellings, of conical huts in Africa: "An organic form; the female breast . . . the mother . . . the hollow goddess." Then megalithic architecture, great stones: "Male, not female . . . they march up the hill at Carnac, in Brittany, and they get bigger as they rise. . . . They front to the west. . . . They speak to the sky. . . . There's a religion of the sky." Slides of Stonehenge: "A great clock. . . . It locks in to all the points of the compass. . . . It combines architecture as environment, sculpture as environment. . . . You are enclosed, but out in the open. . . . The sun is shaped by it." Scully draws it all together now, the sweep across the thousands and thousands of years—the cave as mother, the suggested sky, the animals as gods, man as hunter, then warrior. The ideas spin, weave, and coalesce. As Stonehenge broods on the screen above, Scully says quietly, "And so humanity comes up out of the cave, and man sets his sights upon the stars." The lights come on: dazzling. The lecture has been like a wave racing across a vast sea; it breaks on the shore, and applause erupts from the audience.



As the hall empties, a student tells a visitor (there are often visitors at a Scully class: people who have heard about his extraordinary lectures and have come in, uninvited, to listen), "At the beginning of his first class, Scully stands up there in front of the screen and says, 'Turn off the lights.' The lights go off, and all the weenies in the class are immediately thrown into panic. They can't see to take notes. How are they going to get their A? They do the best they can, writing in the dark, and the next time the class meets they all bring flashlight pens. When Scully turns the lights off, the hall looks as if it were full of lightning bugs. Scully tells them to put away the pens—there will be no note-taking allowed in his course. 'You're distracting those who want to learn,' he says, and he proceeds with his lecture."

Now the rows and rows of seats are empty. The student who operates the slide projector comes down from the balcony with his black box of slides and hands the box to Scully. Several students, as always, gather around Scully, waiting to ask a question, deliver an opinion, or discuss some aspect of what they have just seen. As each one addresses him, Scully smiles hopefully, nods, listens intently, sometimes squinting, as if to see better what it is that the student sees. Scully is a dark-haired man of medium height. He is fifty-nine, but he looks younger. There is

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a taut, quick, eager, boyish quality to him, emphasized by his clothes (worn tweed jacket, slacks, dark tie: retentions from the Classic Period, 1930-50, of campus attire). His manner is polite and patient, but he seems to grasp what somebody is trying to say long before the person manages to articulate it. His face is the lean, melancholy face of the Irish boyo. It laughs, smiles delightedly, lights up with enthusiasm—and then the sadness returns, finding its way back around the eyes, settling in like an old dog lying down before a familiar fireplace. The last student leaves. Scully picks up the black box of slides and walks up the aisle.

"*Tomorrow, son, I am flying a widebody to L.A.*"

• •

ROBERT F. THOMPSON, professor of African and Afro-American art history at Yale "In one of our faculty meetings, Scully said about a graduate student, 'He's not living beyond his intellectual means.' I loved that, and it sticks in my mind, because that's exactly what it's all about. You're supposed to throw yourself into projects that are bigger than you are, and that's what Scully does. He's an intellectual warrior, fighting to liberate. He's never too busy to campaign for what he believes in, whether it's for the Indians who are trying to save their land or for the people fighting those who want to tear down the great buildings of New Haven. I remember once he turned down a huge award from an architectural society—some monster prize that only one or two art historians had ever been given before—because he thought that the society should have honored Robert Venturi. There's a chivalric side to Scully, and a lot of sheer bravery. It takes courage to go up there and lecture day after day, wringing yourself dry, giving everything you've got at the highest intellectual, and even spiritual, level, and not even wondering if any of it will come back. But he does it—he squeezes himself dry—and it does come back, and a lot of his students have caught fire from his sun, taken some of that solar gaseous stuff and spun their own galaxies. He liberates thousands and thousands of people. The sheer sunniness of the guy is amazing; it lights up everybody, and they feel warm. Sometimes, if I'm low, I'll sneak into the back of the auditorium and listen to him talk about Carolingian art for an hour, and by the time I stumble out I feel put back together again."

SCULLY in "Frank Lloyd Wright" (1960): "Frank Lloyd Wright said: 'Every great architect is—necessarily—a great poet. . . .' The prose of architecture . . . did not interest him. Instead, it was his life-long intention to form human life into rhythmic patterns which seemed to him poetic and to embody those patterns in buildings which were in every case specific and unique poetic works themselves. . . . Wright was the heir, in architecture—and regarded himself as being so—of a tradition, in part Jeffersonian, which had previously found its best expression in the works of Melville, Whitman, and Mark Twain. As they . . . had celebrated at once the flux and flow which characterize modern times and the compulsion toward unity which is the democratic will, so he, in his architecture, sought to make the images of flow a fact, to celebrate continuous space, and to bring all together into shapes which were unified by his will. . . . This image of 'continuous becoming,' as of the river, the sea, or the prairie, was a constant in Wright's work. . . . To its pursuit Wright brought another nineteenth-century quality, a kind of Nietzschean individualism . . . an arrogance Wright freely admitted, and . . . a loneliness he did his best to conceal. . . . This is the mobile individual, estranged from all that is not himself, who must go forward forever, continuously forward alone, beyond both nature and civilization. . . . It is a most persuasive image of modern man; Auden's poets of the sea symbols, Camus' *L'Homme Révolté*. . . . But Wright was an architect, and there were certain solid things that he loved. . . .

"In 1876, at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of that year, [Wright's] mother discovered the Froebel Kindergarten method, with its system of building blocks, folded paper, strings, and beads. Wright, then seven years of age, worked and played with these objects throughout the rest of his childhood. Manson has pointed out how closely the constructed forms to which the Froebel materials lent themselves were echoed by many of Wright's mature designs. At the Centennial, too, were reproductions of American Colonial houses, some English Queen Anne work, and a Japanese pavilion. Influences from all these sources were to play a part in the development of the domestic Shingle Style of the eighteen-eighties, out of which Wright's earliest work directly grew. . . . Wright . . . having spent something under two years in engineering school at Madison, Wisconsin, went to Chicago and worked for James Lyman Silsbee, an architect of the Shingle Style."

Scully in "The Shingle Style and the

Stick Style" (1955): "[Henry Hudson] Holly's type of plan became the basis for most vernacular planning until the early 20th century, especially for narrow city lots. The elements of Holly's exteriors were echoed in many of the less expensive vernacular houses for many years. They are basically mid-century Stick Style structures with high, squeezed masses and jagged silhouettes. Thin clapboarded sides and occasional stripping indicate the frame beneath. In gables or down the sides of projecting bays, decorative patterns of variously cut shingles may appear. Over windows or in the peaks of gables may erupt a lean wooden pediment, a sunflower, or a scroll. These are their classical details. Many one- and two-family houses built by anonymous builders in New Haven, Connecticut, in the 80's and later are of this type."

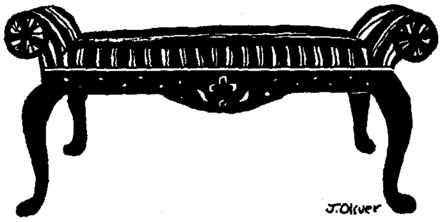
Wallace Stevens' "A Postcard from the Volcano":

> . . . A dirty house in a gutted world,
> A tatter of shadows peaked to white,
> Smeared with the gold of the opulent sun.

AT 61 Derby Avenue, in New Haven, under the branches of an enormous oak tree, stands a tall, old, yellow-painted two-family house of clapboard and tooth-edged shingle. It has a jagged silhouette, projecting bays, and gables with scrolls. There is a small front porch with two doors—one marked "61," the other "61½"—and a porch above that. A branch of the oak slants upward past the second-story porch, almost touching it. Other branches arch over their own leafy shadows across Derby Avenue, reaching toward similar houses that stand on the other side of the street. The house is a Holly type from the eighteen-eighties or later. There is a narrow, overgrown yard between the sidewalk and the front porch. Next to the house is an old driveway made of two parallel strips of concrete, separated by grass and weeds. It leads between the house and a larger, multifamily house to a wooden four-car garage in back. The garage is an oddity in this lower-middle-class neighborhood; a garage for one or two cars is more common. The upstairs rear windows of 61 Derby Avenue look out over the garage roof at the rear windows of other houses like it on Chapel Street and, to the left, Norton Street.

SCULLY sits in his office, on the second floor of Street Hall, which was built as the Art School in 1869 and is now given over mostly to the Art History Department. The office is a large, high-ceilinged, plain, simply furnished room, with piles of books and manuscripts everywhere, with bookshelves along two walls and, leaning on top of them, blown-up photographs of Greek columns. On a broad table in front of a big window are a bust of Julius Caesar, a paperback edition of Freud's "On Dreams," and stacks of papers. Outside the window, an octagonal slate roof—the roof of a lecture hall—is centered against the brown stone walls of a classroom building. Scully tilts back in his chair, his hands stuffed in his pockets.

Scully: "I was born in 1920. My father sold automobiles on Whalley Avenue, here in New Haven. We lived in a two-family house at 61 Derby Avenue, and almost the first thing I remember is my father coming home in a shiny new black Model T. We had a collie dog, and it was barking. We were an Irish Catholic family. I was an only child. My father would take us for interminable rides on Sundays. I rode in the front seat with my father. My mother and her two unmarried sisters rode in the back. I remember our getting lost somewhere around Amenia, New York, with my aunts keening hideously in the back seat. Before I was born, my father had been a cigar salesman, travelling up and down the Connecticut Valley on the trolley cars they had in those days. I think those might have been his happiest times. He became a car salesman so he could be home more, I guess. He was terribly nice. Everybody liked him—he was totally without malice. He came from a very poor family, and I don't think he went beyond the eighth grade. In 1932, he became a Democratic alderman, and was elected president of the Board of Aldermen. My mother was very, very artistic. She was a coloratura soprano. She was very good, and she had performed professionally, although where and when is shrouded in mythology. One of my early memories—and one I'm ashamed of—is standing at her feet, holding the edge of her apron, gazing up at this great conical shape, and pleading with her not to sing. It literally hurt my ears, and the dog would howl. She was known as a singer, so when I went to grade school and there was something special to be sung, the teacher would say proudly, 'Now *Vincent* will sing *this*.' But I couldn't sing at all. For a while, I took piano lessons. My teacher, Mr. Batelli, would hit me on the wrist when I made a mistake. I didn't hate him, but I did hate the piano. I've had a funny relationship to music. I don't know what the tensions were, but I guess they were archetypal. I still resist the carrying away of me by music. A lot of baroque music remains a sort of threat to me—a phalanx of musicians all doing the same thing. The kind of symphonic music they play in Woolsey Hall gives me a pain, but I have loved special kinds of music at different times. When I was Master of Morse College, I heard students playing music I liked—maybe it was connected with John Cage—that had space in it; music you could walk inside.



"My parents used to read each day's episode of 'Uncle Wiggily' aloud to me from the evening paper, and I learned to read long before I went to school. There were books available around the house. One was called 'Journeys Through Bookland,' and it had pictures. One story was about a dog named Gellert; the master went hunting, and Gellert was left to take care of the baby. When the master returned, the baby was gone and Gellert was sitting on the bed. The master stabbed Gellert with his hunting knife, and through the hound's dying wail he heard the baby's cry. He pulled back the bedclothes, and there was the baby alive, and the dead wolf that Gellert had killed. I remember the picture vividly. The irony! The injustice! The terror! I never could look at that book again. We also had Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, which my parents had probably bought from a slick-haired salesman going from house to house, and it was full of pictures of machines and telephones and airplanes—nineteen-twenties materialism. I would probably never have looked at an Encyclopædia Britannica if there had been one around. It's an interesting question: scale and availability. The scale of the challenge must be somehow connected with the imagination of the child. Compton's is related to my first encounter with injustice. In the fourth grade, the teacher was reading us a book in which Johnny went to Africa to hunt lions and tigers. I raised my hand and told her there were no tigers in Africa. She said indeed there were, so I went home and got my Compton's and showed it to her. She said Compton's must be wrong. I was fuming, and that has remained my image of what not to do, how not to

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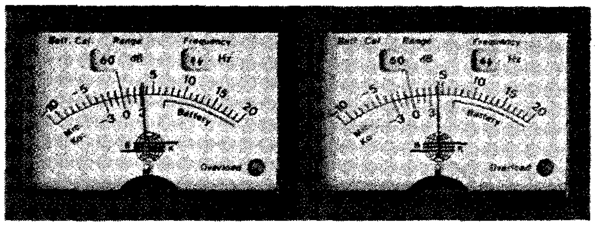

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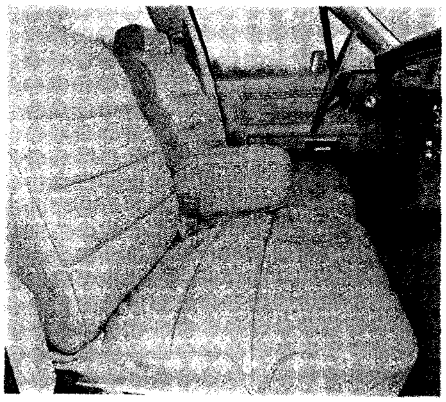

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be, how not to teach. A book that made a great impression on me—one of the very first books I remember around the house—was 'The Pictorial History of the Great War, Volume I.' Lancers with helmets, British marines in red-and-blue uniforms landing at Ostend, marching with their rifles held in upturned palms. The captions said things like 'Despite a long military tradition, the history of the Prussian Army in recent years has been marked by few successes,' and 'The Czar drilling with his officers in the field,' and, below a picture of French infantry, 'A favorite injunction of the French Army is "Débrouillez-vous" ("Take Care of Yourself").' We didn't have Volume II. That would have had more guts and blood and horror. Volume I was all horsemen and czars, romance and fantasy, and it affected me so much in later life.

"There were no kids my age where we lived on Derby Avenue. I played with lead soldiers and Lincoln Logs. I'd build forts with Lincoln Logs, then man them with lead cowboys, defending the fort against lead Indians. I'd pitch World Series games against a brick wall next to our house, hour after hour. There was a crack in the wall, and if I could hit that it was a strike. If the ball came back and I caught it, it was an out, and so on.

"New Haven had no dense Irish culture that I could feel part of. The only thing that told me anything was the Church, and I rejected that quite soon—not dramatically, just progressively getting bored with it. We had few visitors and few friends. I had a real sense of having nobody, and that has marked my whole life. It made me melancholy but liberated. I had to figure it all out for myself."

THE lecture hall: On the screen is a slide of a frieze on the Parthenon—men and horses. During the next hour, it will be succeeded by dozens of other slides of Greek art. Scully is speaking rapidly and—as always—without notes:

"An art of liberation and power . . . exultation, joy, freedom. . . . The rush, the fullness, the *dynamism* . . . *the* hubris of Athens. . . . The figure from the east pediment is like the meadow and the open gorges of Mount Hymettus in the distance. . . . The potency of human action in the world . . . the most majestic sculpture. . . . Here Greek art is closest to the art of China, India. . . . Human confidence; yes, we are as grand and enduring as the mountains. . . . The Parthenon, a great ship turning and listing. . . . Under

Pericles, many other projects in Athens. . . . The Agora . . . Space develops away from sculptural to environmental concerns. . . . The buildings define the space rather than act on it. . . . Stoas, shops, concert halls—everything leading away from the temple as a physical body of divinity. . . . In the fifth century, the concept of city planning. . . . The plan of Miletus. . . . What is new is not the grid but the grid articulated as a social organism: a certain amount for housing, marketing, theatre, religion. . . . The design of Hippodamus. . . . The grids of New Haven go back to Greek origins. . . . San Francisco. . . . Piraeus. . . . The grid ignoring the terrain. . . . From the fifth century, the temples become tighter, thinner. . . . At Delphi, space is what's left over. . . . Mass positive, space negative. . . . No Pharaoh to line them up, each building finds its own way. . . . Now mass positive begins to be challenged by space positive. . . . The temple of Athena on Lindos: flashes of light. . . . Sharp-cut, arid. . . . Rhodes: you're getting into gardening and landscaping. No longer simply the home of the gods. It is land, and we can improve it. . . . The play of light; everything is drawn into the web of human design. Much of the awe is gone. . . . Hellenistic sculpture. . . . Back into nature and the natural rhythm. . . . The power of dreams; nightmares. . . . They understood the interaction between mind and body. . . . Athletes. . . . Man takes on choice, consciousness . . . becomes sad. . . . Polyclitus worked out a canon of human proportions. . . There is a balance . . . all options open. . . . By the fourth century, the liberation is narcissistic. . . . Praxiteles: a preoccupation with mystery and one's own self, making one unable to act. . . . Lysippus, the favorite sculptor of Alexander the Great. . . . Heads are small, the body tall and highly refined. . . . The opening of the figure into space. . . . Man is an actor who can make himself a god. . . . Godlike strength. . . . Painting of Theseus: he is very conscious of how we will assess him. . . . The fragility under all human desires. . . . The desire to be divine, always touchingly inside man. . . . The temple at Bassae. . . . Wild and savage place. The frieze inside reflects the savagery and violence of the landscape around it. . . . Fifth-century drapery is wet and transparent; shows the drama and articulation of the body under the clothes. . . . The fourth century: very little pity; a coldness that goes with their existential sense that no matter how strong you are, somebody always comes along who is stronger. . . . The scale changes. . . . In the Hellenistic period, everybody wanted to be a full individual and if possible dominate all the others." Bust of man: "Here's a State Department type. . . . Here's a homicidal maniac. . . . Here's a British politician. . . . The Greeks loved the essence and the reality of things. . . . They all destroy each other. This is their glory and the horror. But it is liberation. . . . The Aphrodite from Trirene: completely liberated. . . . Here the splendor of the young versus the poverty of the old. Hellenistic art is pitiless; the artist never lies to himself about what life is like. . . . It is seductive to make a parallel with our time. It is cinematic." Man with dying young man: " 'They got the kid.' " Laughter and applause. "Sadism. . . . What they want is the moment when the blood is about to flow. . . . You also get an exhaustion with sensation. . . . Sculpture becomes complex, like a multi-screen, many figures acting many dramas in one sculpture. . . . The reaction to all too easy sensation. . . . The reduction to primitivism; hunting. . . . Papa Hemingway. . . . They want to feel good. . . . Pergamon: the ideal Hellenistic site. . . . Man-made conical hills, temples, an altar to Zeus. An environmental monument. Brutal and powerful forms. Typical cruel Greek images of victory. The dying and the dead. Absolute clarity and cruelty. All this is embodied in the Winged Victory of Samothrace. All that force. Command: victory over other men and the elements themselves; defeating nature. In the swells and in the wind, victorious above all."

Applause fills the room. Most of the students disperse; several wait to speak to Scully. With one of them Scully gets into a discussion of Nietzsche and Dostoevski. "You ought to read 'Notes from the Underground,' " Scully says as they depart.

Scully in his office: "I had no talent for drawing as a kid—they had changed me from left-handed to right-handed, and it really screwed me up, made it all cerebral—but I was always interested, in a way, in architecture. From the earliest time, I remember walking around the neighborhood and looking at the other houses. I'd run with my dogs down Edgewood Avenue. It was all elm trees, like a cathedral, and I'd look at the houses, figuring out where all the rooms were.

Most of the houses near us on Derby Avenue were two-family houses—two front doors, with one family downstairs and one upstairs. We lived upstairs. Then, suddenly, a six-family house was built next door to us. It threw everything out of scale. My parents were upset, and we might have moved, but they wanted to stay in St. Brendan's Parish. I think I felt our house was pinched, and when I looked at other houses I was trying to imagine a more generous kind of life."

Scully in "Frank Lloyd Wright": "The American tradition of wood frame structure . . . played its part in the first great masterpiece among the Prairie Houses. This was the Ward Willitts House, of 1902 [by Wright]. . . . Its exterior is articulated by, and its windows set within, an expression of its wooden skeleton, and it seems to recall in this way the Stick Style tradition of Wright's childhood. At the same time . . . [it] seems to mirror Japanese forms as well. . . . The windows themselves are set back in plane, so that the walls tend to become merely space-defining screens and the roofs go outward continuously: 'floating.'. . . [Wright] hailed '. . . the new reality that is *space* instead of matter.' "

Scully in his office: "I was very spoiled as a child in the twenties. My parents got me electric trains, and later they added houses you could light up, and I remember at Christmas the trains running through the dining room. They were small-gauge, though, and not Lionel. I remember that. My aunts lavished smashing presents on me. It all stopped overnight with the Depression. I remember an aunt giving me a present, probably around 1931. All it was was a pen-and-pencil set, and just like one she had given me before. I quietly put it aside. I still feel guilty about that."

"The Odyssey," Homer (Fitzgerald):

One of the great islands of the world
in midsea, in the winedark sea, is Krete:
spacious and rich and populous, with
ninety
cities and a mingling of tongues.

Scully in the lecture hall: "Crete is an island civilization . . . in touch with Greece, Africa, Asia Minor. . . . In the center of a sea world . . . no fortifications. . . . Two major palaces: one at Knossos, one at Phaistos. . . . Knossos focussed on Mount Jouctas; Phaistos focussed on Mount Ida. . . .

The concept of sacred mountains is familiar to us from Egypt and Mesopotamia, where they had none, so they built their own. In Crete and Greece, the mountains are there, not emblematic. . . . On this plaque, the snake goddess is shown on a conical mountain in a conical skirt. . . . She grows out of a conical skirt almost like a nineteenth-century ball gown. . . . She holds snakes, and wears birds on her head . . . in touch with the forces of nature. . . . On her head is also a conical mountain, with two horns that focus the eye on the mountain. . . . This is an area of earthquakes. . . . The bulls shake the earth, but the king with a bull mask receives the power of the earthquake in his own body, as a representative of his own people. . . . Later, the mythology of the bull-king. . . . In the courtyard at Knossos, the bull dancers. . . . The power of the mountain behind the bull. . . . The spectators saw the horned animal coming down the axis from the mountain. . . . He is not killed. . . . The bull dancer seizes the horns, flips over. . . . In Mycenae, the great horns rising from the plain . . . a citadel placed in the great throne of earth, and the king is buried in front of it."

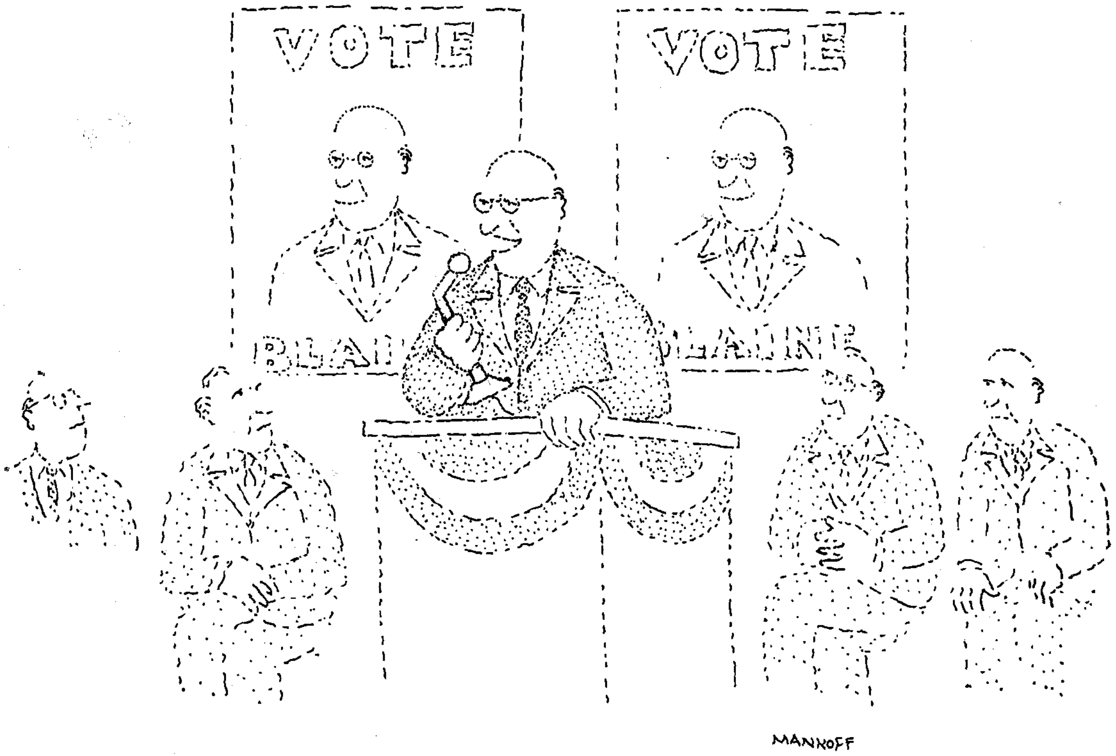
Scully in his office: "The Depression was a terrible, terrible time. I watched people around me disintegrate. They had believed, and they were all betrayed. One of my aunts was a friend of her banker. He assured her there was no danger. The next day, the bank closed, and her money was gone. The Depression destroyed my father's business. He felt he had failed his family. I remember when I was a junior in high school, my father didn't have anything to do, so he would come and pick me up in the afternoon and we'd go to the movies. I remember coming out of school, and he'd be parked across the street, sitting in the car, with this lost look."

Scully in "Modern Architecture": "Once, asked to define a city, [Louis I. Kahn] replied: 'A city is a place where a small boy, as he walks through it, may see something that will tell him what he wants to do his whole life.' "

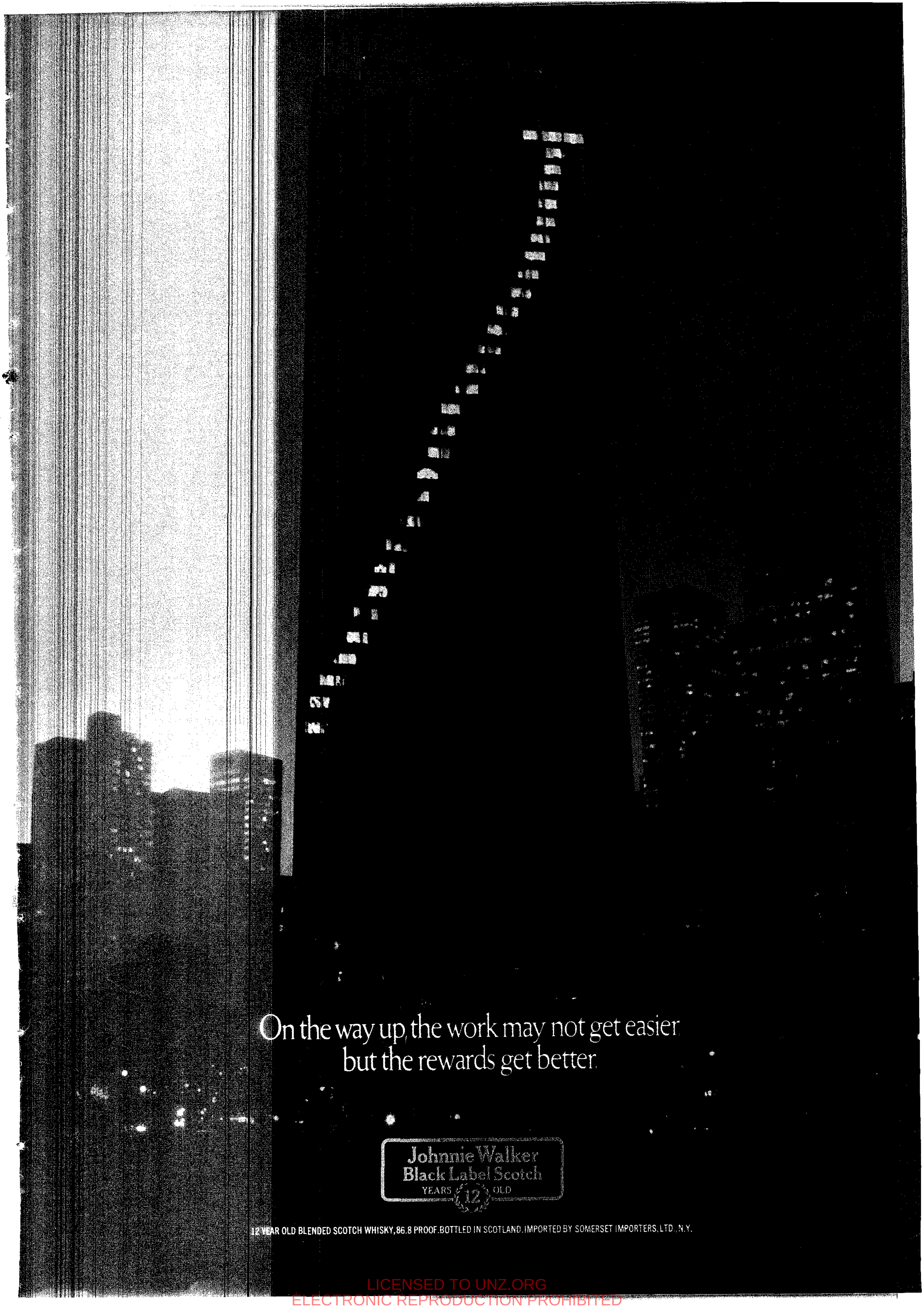
Scully in his office: "I went to the public schools in New Haven, and I spent most of my time in the New Haven Free Public Library. My route to the library took me right through the Yale area, where they were building the residential colleges in the thirties. I remember the mess as they tore things down, and the excitement and the power of the building. The library is a beautiful Cass Gilbert building—seriously threatened now—facing the New Haven Green. You were allowed to take four or five books out at a time, and I'd read them in a couple of days and go back for more. I read anything. I went to Troup Junior High School. It was Tudorish, and supposedly it had cost a million dollars. That impressed me, and to this day, when somebody says something 'cost a million dollars,' I always see Troup Junior High School. Then I went to Hillhouse High School, which was later torn down and replaced by two Yale colleges—Morse and Stiles, designed by Eero Saarinen. Hillhouse was a big, handsome Renaissance building by the firm of Brown & Von Beren; it was fundamentally a better building than Morse or Stiles. In the late sixties, I became Master of Morse College, and I realized that my bedroom was precisely where my homeroom had been in Hillhouse. At times, I thought I could hear the old voices.

"I had skipped a couple of grades in school, and in 1936 I entered Yale, at sixteen, on a full scholarship. I waited on table in Commons, and hated it. Yale was a very snobbish place then. I had no idea of what I wanted to do. I was off balance and off key most of the time, and my marks went down consistently. I spent most of my time in Sterling Library, reading P. G. Wodehouse and Stephen Leacock and Robert Benchley, and I went to the movies. There were so many theatres then that you could go to a different movie every night of the week, and I did. My growing up emotionally used up my intellectual energies, though not my curiosity, and it took the deprivation of the war years to bring them back.

"I was interested primarily in literary criticism and French. I loved medieval French. I took a course in nineteenth-century French poetry. I think I got some kind of Cartesian clarity and rigor from French. My intention is still to find the facts; the clearness of things. The man who was a major influence on me was Chauncey Brewster Tinker, an enormously popular lecturer and a very hard-nosed teacher. I wanted to model myself on him. He had a flowery and rhetorical lecture style—a finicky elegance and a persnickety wit that were great for the eighteenth-century English and the Romantic poets he taught. His lecture on the death of Shelley left not a dry eye; later, however,



"And now I'd like to sing a little song written specially for me called 'I Wanna Be President.'"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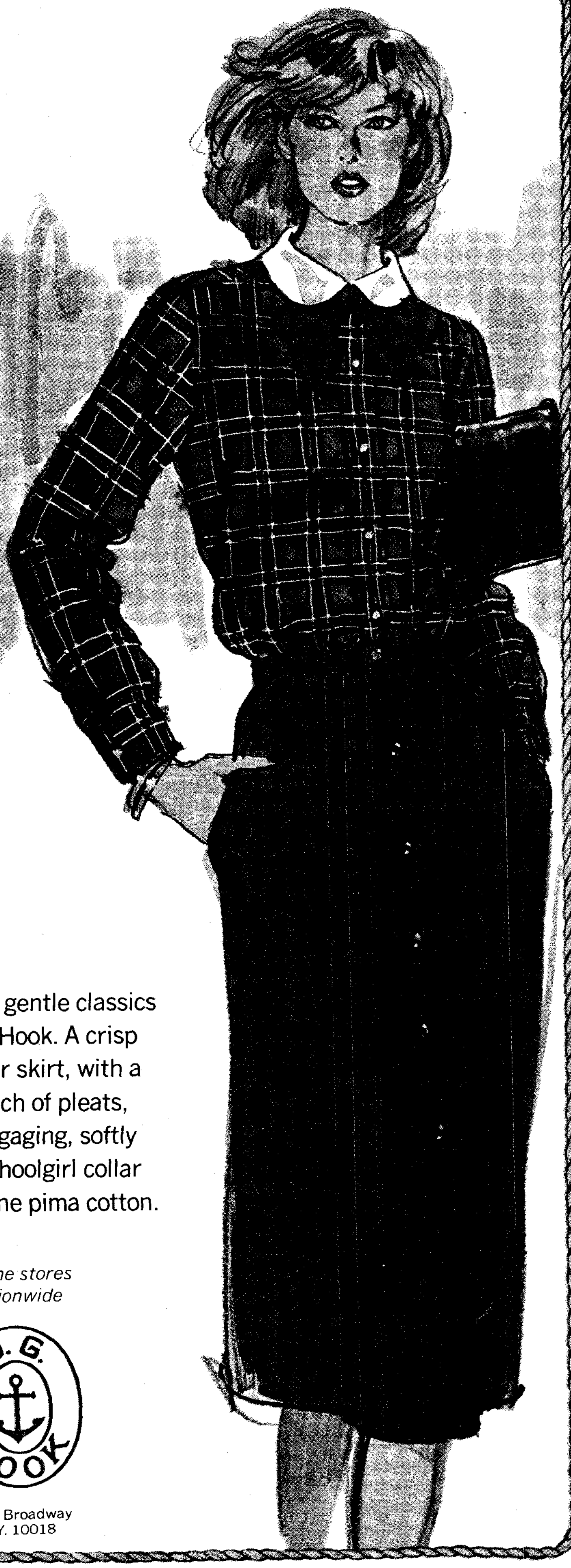

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it affected the students' risibilities. Toward the end, in the early forties, he began to lose the students; some ridiculed him, and that hurt me. He had enormous heart and power—a man of hard, clear intelligence.

"Yale had a lot of extracurricular activities—too many, maybe. But I did far too little. I played intramural football and was on the fencing team. I was passionately interested in questions of literary criticism, but I never got any discipline. My senior paper was disgraceful. I was all tangled up with the New Critics, and what they did was dry up literature for me. They were very hermetic. I'm a Freudian—I've got to know how things connect with reality. But the New Critics had reacted strongly against that approach, and they dried up the wellsprings for me. It became harder and harder for me to read. I had one course in the history of art—Giotto to the present—and that had the reality I wanted. It opened up the floodgates for me: I got solid objects for my words. I didn't understand that until much later. Thank God I eventually switched from English to art history. It was part of a larger social shift—the link from the word to the thing. Today, people are much more used to acquiring knowledge from vision."

Scully in the 1970 preface to the revised edition of "The Shingle Style and the Stick Style": "No American living in 1970 can look back upon those houses without some nostalgia, disappointment, or even sorrow. They promised a great deal for American life which has not been fulfilled. . . . Some of their architects, too, felt nostalgia for times gone by and sadness for promises unfulfilled, and they made a creative force out of those emotions. Perhaps this generation will do the same. . . . Regarded purely as architecture, those houses were surely even better than I thought they were when I wrote about them, and they have proved to be even more important in a historical sense and as the inspiration for new architecture themselves. The work of Robert Venturi, for example, began to build directly upon their example in 1960, exactly as that of Frank Lloyd Wright had done in 1889. They were the freest and, on the whole, among the most generous forms that the United States has yet produced, and they created that kind of architectural environment. In their own way they were also the gentlest forms: the most relaxed and spiritually open and, in the Shingle Style especially, the most wholly wedded to the landscape.

"Generous and gentle: they are not words which we can easily apply to ourselves in these years of blood and madness. There was evil in the nineteenth century too. All the more reason to value these houses and their architects, long dead, whose purposes were humane."

Scully in his office: "When I finished Yale, in 1940, I wanted to go to graduate school, and Professor Tinker got me into the English Department. I went to only one class and couldn't stand it, so I joined the Army Air Corps. When I washed out of pilot training, I switched to the Marine Corps. In 1946, I came back to Yale and again applied for graduate school—this time for art history—and started working toward a doctorate. I soaked it all up like a sponge. After a year and a half, I began to teach a couple of sections of History of Art 12, as it was then called—a survey course—and I taught a special course for architects. For my dissertation, I needed a subject I was equipped to do—something to put my meagre knowledge to work. At that time, nobody liked nineteenth-century architecture, but it spoke to me, because it was part of my background—I understood it. My aim was to rehabilitate it. That's what dissertations should do: bring back great areas of human experience that have been jettisoned. Everything in the past is always waiting, waiting to detonate. My father's house was a Stick Style house. Sterling Library had a good collection of the magazines and pattern books of the period, so I didn't have to go dig in the ruins of Rome. The dissertation was published as a book in 1955.

"I spent quite a bit of time in Greece in the fifties. It was the most intense and profound intellectual and spiritual experience of my life: ethical, religious, visual. I was reading a lot of Sartre then. Existentialism is very Hellenic, and it was all mixed up with a lot of Greek mythology."

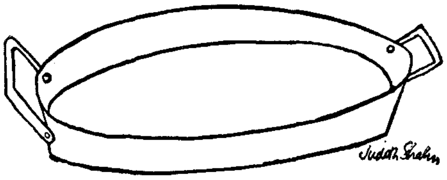
Scully in the preface to "The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods" (1962): "This book took shape from the belief that Greek temples needed to be looked at afresh in terms of their own forms and meanings and in relation to those of the landscapes in which they were set."

Scully in Chapter 1 of "The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods": "Herman Melville . . . may have perceived the essentials when he wrote his poetically questionable but conceptually exact four lines, entitled 'Greek Architecture':

Not magnitude, nor lavishness
But form, the site;
Not innovating wilfulness
But reverence for the archetype.

"The deeps which called to Melville were the measure of his own loneliness in the world, and the mighty creature, the object of his search, which had returned to them could only rise in the end to destroy a humanity which sought mastery without reverence and victory without compassion or joy. . . . The hatred of Ahab for the nature of things as they are had brought Zeus' lightning stroke upon him, but his ultimate diabolism, in drinking the death of nature out of the sockets of iron weapons, demanded a vengeance which could only be worked by an older divinity, the white power rising out of the sea. . . . Therefore when Melville, as a typically absurd and querulous modern traveler, mounted the Acropolis of Athens one day in 1857, he was able to understand all at once the miracle of reconciliation between men and nature which rose before his eyes. A white presence stood before him, high on its platform of rock above the long view to the sea. The cones and horns of the mountains lay behind it, fixed by its solemn permanence but uncompromised by it, and around it the whole horizon swung in a single arc."

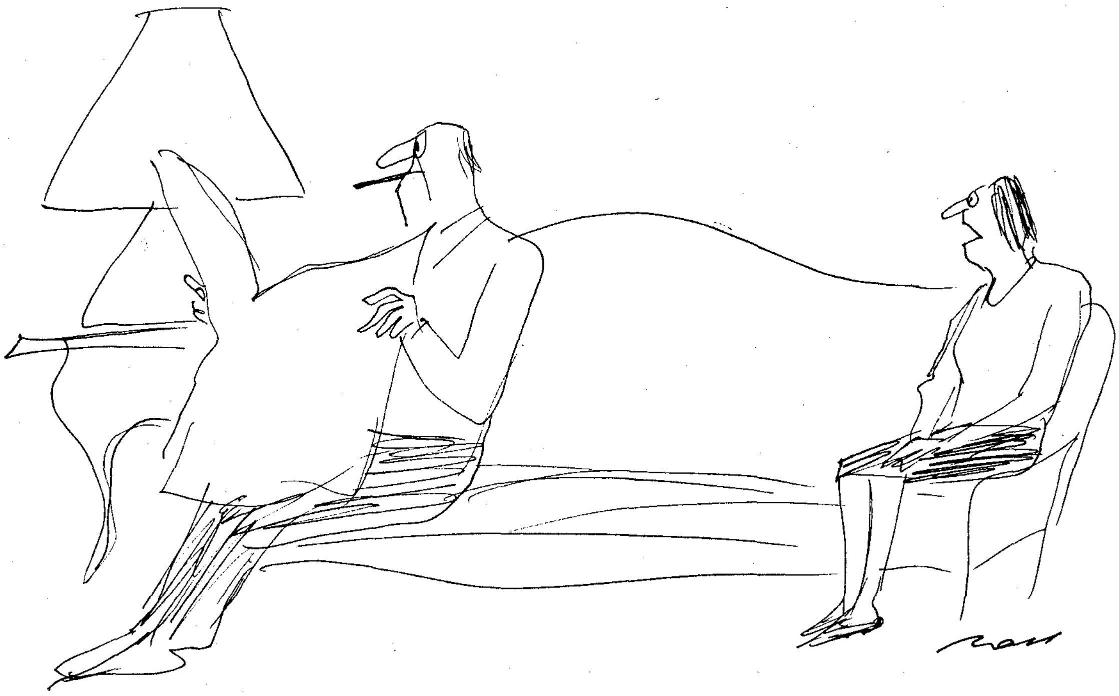
Scully in Chapter 7 of "The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods": "As we mount higher, the action of Apollo's temple in the tremendous landscape becomes always clearer and more decisive. Its geometric, abstract form stands out as an expression of human and Olympian order against the chaotic hills. It rides its own rocky ridge like a perfectly stable boat on the crest of a mountainous wave. To the east of it, beyond the dizzy gorges which give the name, Bassae, to the place, the farther mountains rise themselves, like higher, stormy seas. . . . The temple is poignantly small below the mountains, but it is harder, denser, calmer than they. Its long axis swings again toward Ithome across the distant horns, and as it does so it locks the whole landscape into place. Temple and landscape are now one architecture, which clearly expresses a double reverence in its form: both for the mighty earth, with all its power, and for man, with the god who champions his lonely acts upon it."



Scully in Chapter 10 of "The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods": "The Greek architect therefore dealt with forms both natural and constructed. With them he celebrated his three deathless themes: the sanctity of the earth, the tragic stature of mortal life upon the earth, and the whole natures of those recognitions of the facts of existence which are the gods."

Scully in his office: "After my book 'The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods' came out, I was attacked by many archeologists. I was deeply hurt by the reception it got; it was a real shock. I had never been treated as a charlatan before, and it sort of made me let go the Greek, and I regret that. Those classical archeologists were a moldy bunch. With great exceptions, they hadn't the least idea of how the mind works or how things are learned. They had no awareness that their eyes were closed by their backgrounds. They'd go around 'sherding'—looking for things on the ground—and never look up. I remember at Perachora—the Hera site—one of the archeologists standing there like a drugstore cowboy and smirking at me. 'Where's your Sacred Mountain *now*?' he said. He couldn't see it. It was right over his head. In 1964, I felt I couldn't go any further with Greek, and I'd hardly ever travelled in America, so I got in a car with one of my sons and we drove out West. We were coming down from Fort Garland, in Colorado, along the Rio Grande Valley into New Mexico, and there before us the mountains began to deploy like the mountains in Greece. It was hair-raising. We could tell where the pueblos would be just by the shape of the mountains. The difference between that and Greece was that where there would be water in Greece there was sand in New Mexico. But when we saw a mountain we could tell if it was a sacred mountain. Puye is just like Knossos. Of course, parallels like that infuriate a lot of people. When I wrote 'Pueblo,' I was resolved not to try to pull it all together that way, and as a result I didn't try to do enough. I was trying to be safe—and I'll never do that again."

Scully in Chapter 1 of "Pueblo: Mountain, Village, Dance" (1975): "The vast majority of early civilizations—Mesopotamian, Egyptian,



"Then what about the ~~nineties~~? Are we going to do something in the ~~nineties~~?"

• •

Meso-American, and so on—fairly obviously set out to imitate natural forms in their monumental buildings and to geometricize them at landscape scale, so creating conscious images of mountain, sun's rays, river, swamp, and cloud. Other references are to the heavens; patterns are tied to the sun and the stars. Through all these links and images, human ritual borrows nature's forms and adjusts them magically to human measure and human ends.

"The Greek revolts from this calculated symbiosis. Because the landscape is sacred it embodies its own divinity separate from man, who completes it . . . by placing in it a house, a *naos*, as a shelter for his own image of the god of that place. Then he surrounds it with columns, like images of standing men. . . . His temples embody not the natural, but the man-conceived divinity. They . . . are the eagles of Zeus, wingspreading, through whom mankind bursts free.

"Western civilization has lived with that fundamental concept of freedom from nature ever since. . . . The industrial and scientific revolution was primarily directed against nature's boundaries, and it has pushed them back step by step. In the process it has tended to poison and ruin the natural world for the mass gratification of human desires. . . . How can we perceive the architecture of the American Indian, who has such an entirely different view of men and nature . . . ? We have even lost the Greek's constant awareness that nature indubitably exists. We ignore it; we confront it no longer. To the Greek, the relationship was tragic; to us, trivial. . . . The American Indian world is a place where no conception whatever of any difference between men and nature can exist . . . only an ineradicable instinct that all living things are one. And all *are* living: snake, mountain, cloud, eagles, and men."

Scully in Chapter 2 of "Pueblo": "The buffalo bring the snow with their stamping. . . . January 6, 1974 [in Taos] . . . was a gray day. The mountain was monstrous, black and heavily charged with thick, dark clouds. Snow vapor poured eastward from across the plain, and when the priests began to call in the early afternoon from the summits of the houses under the stormy sky—voices heavier than in summer or only hoarse with cold—the first new snow began to spit like icy buckshot across the plaza."

Scully in Chapter 3 of "Pueblo": "When the horns of the sacred mountain rise, as they do here [at San Juan], above the sacred cone, we are at Knossos, Phaistos, Mycenae, Eleusis, and Athens. . . . Directly above Santa Clara and included in its reservation lies Puye, the most complete and expressive of all ruins in that area. This time the relationship to Knossos is exact. Each has a long rectangular courtyard with an entrance at one corner; from here the axis of view runs diagonally down the length of the court toward a stairway that opens the building mass at the other end: for Knossos on the south, for Puye on the west. Beyond on that axis rises for Knossos cleft and conical Mount Jouctas, where Zeus was buried, and for Puye the dome of Tsi'como, sacred mountain of the west, above whose summit the great rain clouds of summer gather almost every day. Upon its smooth, heart-lifting peak there is a shrine, where even Taos Indians can still be seen going with their sanctifying cornmeal. . . . Puye receives Tsi'como's full force in its courtyard exactly as the courtyard at Knossos receives that of shrined Mount Jouctas beyond it. Unlike Greek temples, which came to balance the sacred mountain mass with a man-made one, Puye and pre-Greek Knossos alike simply focus on the natural form by directing their hollow courtyards toward it, so that it is the force of nature that dominates all. So it does in the dances that are held at Puye every July. They have been commercialized to a certain extent . . . but when the horned buffalo of Santa Clara dance directly before the mountain's face, their eagle feathers flying under the dark clouds, the hairs can indeed rise along our napes, in memory of the bull-masked king and his Bronze Age Cretan dancers with the horns. We are most obviously forced here to that fundamental question of history: whether it is a matter of multiple human invention that similar images arise far apart in space and time according to common types of human need, reverence, and desire, or whether there was some vast Stone Age diffusion long ago, so that the bulls of Altamira and Lascaux are the sires of them all."

Scully in Chapter 4 of "Pueblo": "Santo Domingo's hunting dance of late February is this continent's most searching mystery play. As Greek drama grew out of the animal chorus of Dionysos, so here Thespis, in the person of the buffalo, is just on the brink of stepping forward as a tragic hero who will say no to fate and nature's law. Under the horns of Mycenae was nurtured, in the Greek imagination, a race, the Atreids, who were fated to smash every old way and all of nature's balances in their will to

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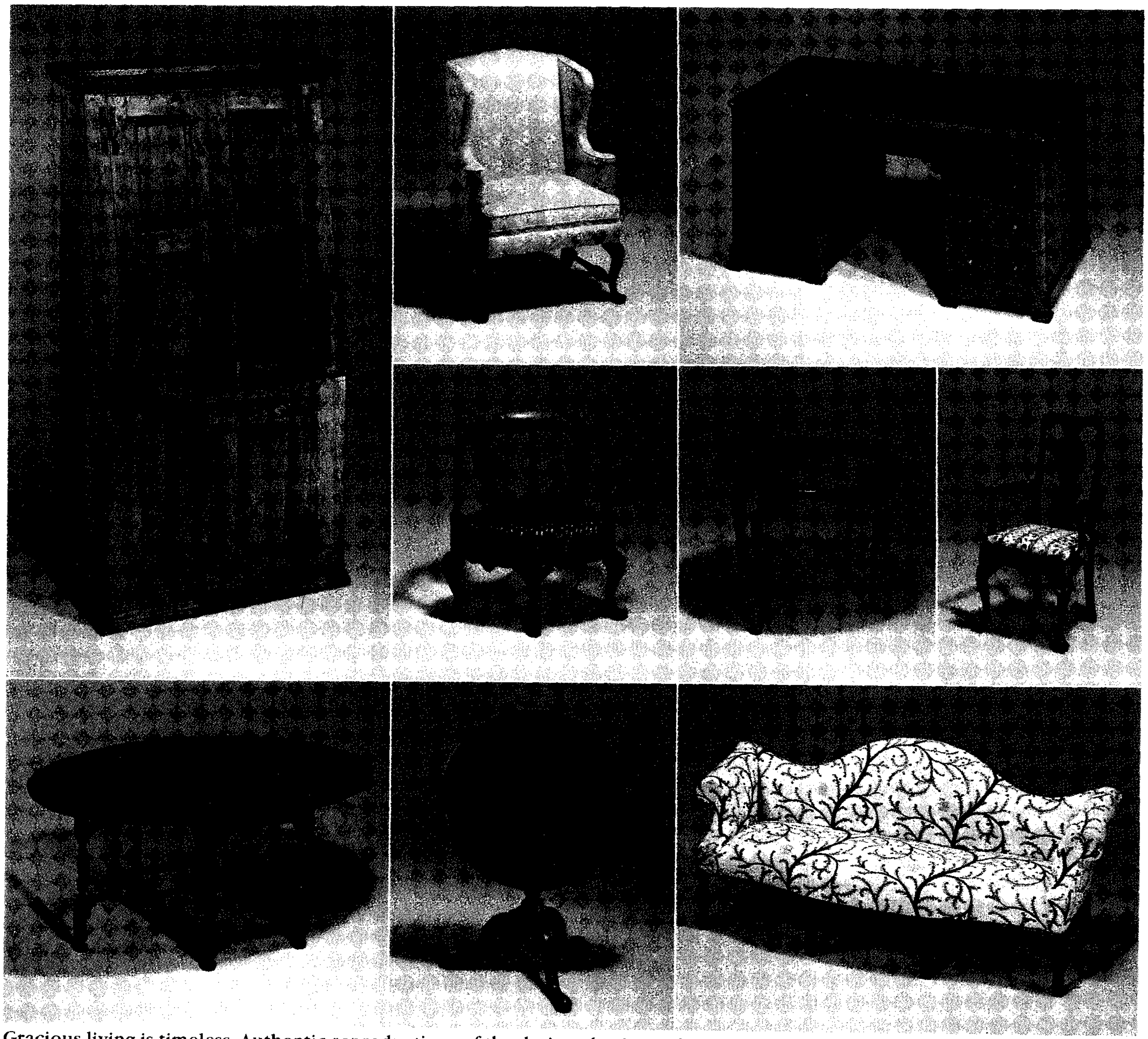

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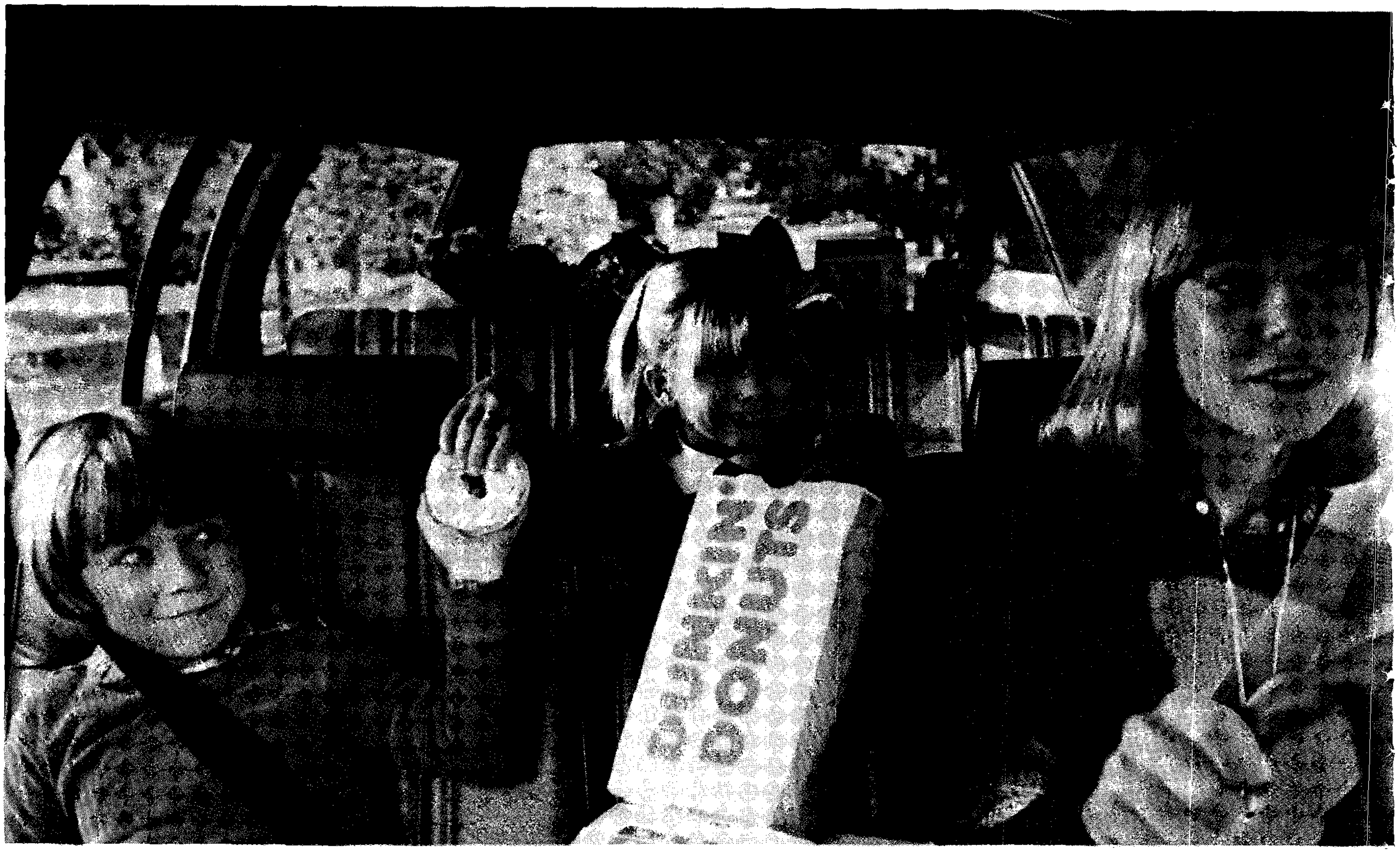

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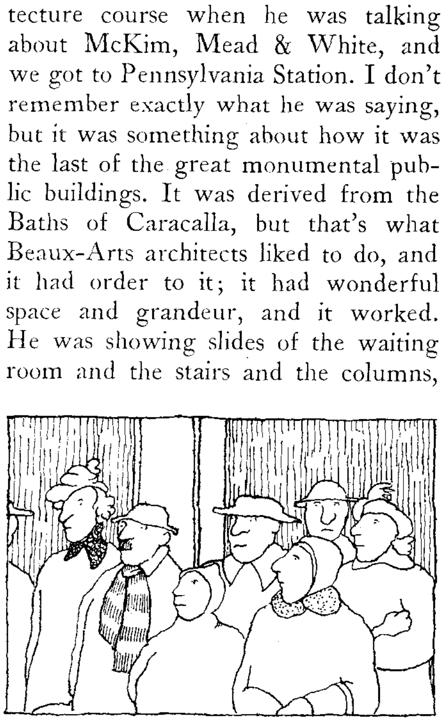
break free. Here is not a man but the dark animal, hunter and hunted, who steps forth from Dionysos' train: son of Zeus, snake-blessed, and horned. It is he who bears the burden of awakening and seeks to exercise choice and to cheat the common death that awaits us all. Why is it he? Perhaps originally because of all great living things on this continent he was the greatest, greater than man, whom he nourished. His shape is archaic, or rather, prehistoric: a mountain at the shoulder sloping down to tapering haunches beneath which the small hooves are gathered closely together. He bunches, exactly as the artists of Altamira pictured him on the bosses of their cavern's roof so many thousands of years ago. The enormous head hangs low, and below the sharp, strong horns the face is masked in thick, curled wool with circular cutouts for the round brown eyes. In his thousands his gallop shook the earth, his multitudes pouring over the land like a river or an avalanche. But the individual presence is arrestingly melancholy: one can somehow believe in a tragic awareness imprisoned within it—especially if, in the course of business, one has come upon the wholly terrible Oedipus image that Catlin saw. Now it may go further, because it was also he, at once the most numerous, the most essential, and the most kingly of us all, who also most conspicuously had his Fall and his Dorian invasion, so that upon his glory and his fate, as upon that of the Achaean lords, the deepening tragic consciousness of a later age was founded."

IN a large room in the old part of the Yale Art Gallery, connected by a bridge to Street Hall, Scully's teaching assistants—twenty-two graduate students, each of whom conducts a class of about twenty-five undergraduates from Scully's lecture class of six hundred—finish a weekly lunch meeting with Scully. The meal consists of bread, cheese, wine, and coffee, and now, sitting around the room, the T.A.s, as they are called, put down the empty plastic coffee cups, and the discussion dwindles. They begin to depart. A T.A. asks Scully for an appointment to discuss a problem, and Scully agrees on a time; then he walks down the hall with a visitor and climbs a curving stone staircase, heading back to his office. "The T.A.s were talking about their students' papers today," he says. "They said that the students' generalizations are different from their perceptions. It's an old problem. If there's one thing we can do for the students, it's to teach them to edit themselves. But it's very hard." He enters his office and sits down in front of the big window. "It's a pleasure to be with students—a miracle to see their minds working. One is so lucky to be in a place like this, with human material like that. I don't think I sentimentalize students. I'm careful not to *need* students. I would not like to subsist on their approval. I see people I don't respect getting a lot of approval from students. Students can be fooled. I try not to make their approval the cornerstone of my life. The cornerstone has to be the truth, and if the truth doesn't correspond with their approval, too bad. I love the material I teach. It's so engrossing, so rewarding, so rich and varied. There's always something else to say. Art occupies a very odd position in society, and today it's as close to a religion as we've got. It engages our richest, deepest, most loving and involved feelings. I do find it . . . noble. While it doesn't ennoble *me*—nothing does—I still feel it an ennobling experience. There is a magic in art that transcends. Art is the closest you get in the modern day to what the Pueblo was after, and the Greek was after. Many people see art as a class escape from the terrible realities, and there's some justification for that view. A lot of art historians are unconcerned with the fate of the poor, for example—they have a closed attitude, and they don't connect with the outside world. People like that don't really connect with the art, either."

A STUDENT: "I remember a time last year in Scully's architecture course when he was talking about McKim, Mead & White, and we got to Pennsylvania Station. I don't remember exactly what he was saying, but it was something about how it was the last of the great monumental public buildings. It was derived from the Baths of Caracalla, but that's what Beaux-Arts architects liked to do, and it had order to it; it had wonderful space and grandeur, and it worked. He was showing slides of the waiting room and the stairs and the columns, and suddenly there was a slide of the very columns we'd been looking at and they were smashed in half, and there was wrecking equipment all around. Everybody was absolutely stunned. It was unbelievable. For a moment, Scully's voice broke—he choked, and couldn't go on. Then, quickly, he said something about how it was 'obscene.' He sort of barked out the word 'obscene.' Then he continued with the lecture. But the class was in a state of emotional collapse."



SCULLY in "American Architecture and Urbanism": "The architect is now being employed more and more by redevelopment agencies, which bring a new collective force to bear upon him . . . wielded mostly by certain kinds of lawyers and civil administrators, full of lies and dodges, with hearts like small stones. . . . The redevelopment of New Haven, Connecticut, may appropriately be considered a fair example. . . . Redevelopment has demolished about 5,000 living units of the poor in New Haven during the past twelve years or so but has built only 1,507, of which about 793 have been luxury housing and 445 middle-income, with only 12 low-income public-housing units, and 257 for the elderly constructed during that period. . . .

"Redevelopment's Oak Street Connector shows the system at work: a slum was cleared to provide a huge connector, that good old American Open Road, designed as if for the prairie, which . . . would then compete with suburban shopping centers and, in the process, began to look rather like a suburban shopping center itself. Public transportation decayed; the automobile proliferated, so requiring more connectors . . . bursting through parks, devouring neighborhoods. . . . In these ways, the suburb is brought into the city, which is in turn scattered into the suburbs, while the dense old slum is replaced by vast open spaces defined by commercial buildings and luxury apartments. Who gains? Not the poor. . . . The poor were scattered, and their neighborhood was destroyed for profit sanctified by puritan conviction, since—as Herbert J. Gans showed in his book 'The Urban Villagers,' about the similar destruction of a neighborhood in Boston—their way of life did not fit the middle-class dream. Where did the poor go? ('To Bridgeport' is the waggish reply in New Haven.) Some, especially the Negroes, of whom more than 40 per cent of those living in the city have been affected, and to whom most of even the rattiest suburbs are

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closed, went to an area known as the 'Hill.'. . .

"But the Redevelopment Agency had long before announced its intention of redeveloping the 'Hill.' The disintegration of the district had accelerated at once, and over the long interval of waiting which ensued, because the future was now uncertain for it. . . . During that period, one is told, the incidence of recorded emotional disturbances increased threefold in the 'Hill.'. . . The Agency's plan . . . was to bulldoze the center of the area, to stick up a tower full of old folks rescued from their obliterated village, and to leave a vast empty space defined by garden apartments intended to harbor only a fraction of those whose houses were to be destroyed. There were going to be fewer people there afterward than there were before, and probably different people, so making the whole thing cleaner and neater and more like God's own suburb. Two schools . . . were to share the central desert as a playground. Purism and a distaste for life's messy multiplicity could go no further here.

"We can hardly be surprised that New Haven's own special riot during the summer of 1967 exploded in the 'Hill.'. . . The model of redevelopment adhered to continues to be a sociologically hypocritical and architecturally outdated one. . . . By the summer of 1967, [Louis] Kahn had made preliminary proposals to the Agency which retained a great number of the houses the Agency wanted to tear down. His engineers vouched for the structural solidity of every one so saved. The families who lost their houses would in many cases never be able to own a house of their own again. Hence Kahn threw out the tower and broke up the open space around it into better-scaled areas utilizing existing houses. The Agency resisted all these proposals. . . . All progress is at a standstill. . . . The brain hates to think things through afresh; sometimes it chooses death instead."

SCULLY in his office: "The whole redevelopment thing politicized me, and I was very involved in the fight. Redevelopment simply destroys. Go anywhere. Athens is an object lesson today; it's being destroyed. The criteria for saving old buildings in the middle of a city should be simply that they are *there;* this business of taste is ridiculous. The people trained in the anti-Beaux-Arts period say, 'Tear down the Beaux-Arts buildings,' and the people trained back in the Beaux-Arts period say, 'Tear down the Gothic.' If we listen to everybody, nothing will be left. . . . One of my sons is an architect, and he was one of the people who went around checking on the structural solidity of the old houses here in the Hill neighborhood for Louis Kahn. Kahn promised to save them, but when he went back to Philadelphia, Redevelopment tore them all down. My second-oldest son is a classicist at Johns Hopkins, and the third is interested in anthropology, and was in VISTA. They were all powerfully influenced by our trips to Greece and New Mexico. I have a daughter who is fourteen. I've been married twice, and right now—ironically—I'm living temporarily in one of those Redevelopment slab apartment houses I used to make fun of.

"So much of art lives in its response. T. S. Eliot says a work of art can stand anything we bring to it. Each generation views art differently. The way art operates on the human psyche is always changing. The student often thinks that he must find a single answer. I keep hammering that there is no simple truth, no simple answer. But some answers are truer than others, and you can keep probing at it. I don't believe in any aesthetic dogma. I believe in multiplicity. I don't want to confine art in anything that will limit my experience in trying to understand it. The more I can learn, the better."

SCULLY in "Modern Architecture": "On Nantucket . . . where the cool fogs off the North Atlantic drift silently around the old grey houses, Venturi creates a totally different and equally valid image of America, of the empty horizon, the lonely island, and the Viking sea. In doing so he makes direct use not only of the placement of the Greek temples at Selinunte, but also of the American tradition of wooden houses and especially and most consciously of the Shingle Style. But now the houses stand up, very tense, taut, and lonely, like individuals trying to speak to each other, Americans in their predicament here. . . . Is there progress in art? Or in the inner life of human beings? Scott Fitzgerald—foolish, snobbish, and, with Bogart, the culture hero of the decade in question—somehow knew all about it: 'So we beat on,' he wrote in Gatsby, 'boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.' "

"THE ILIAD," Homer (Lattimore): "As when at the outpouring place of a rain-glutted river the huge surf of the sea roars against the current, out-jutting beaches thunder aloud to the backwash of the salt water."

SCULLY in his office: "In 1974, I bought a boat. It's a sixteen-foot cut-down dory called a Gloucester Gull. I row almost every day through the year. The dory is very light, and no sea will ever bother you.

"I keep the boat at a dock behind Harry Johnson's house on the Branford River, a few miles east of New Haven. I row down the river through the salt marsh, then around past the Branford Yacht Club, where there are many boats when the weather's warm. It's pure Argenteuil. The light is always different there, and it's made me love Monet. Then the river opens into a big bay, full of gulls and swans and cormorants and ducks and egrets: all the wonderful birds. It's paradise out there. You're keyed into nature, and you feel you're getting somewhere. I go out into the Sound. There it's more like Winslow Homer. I'll row east toward Pine Orchard, or west toward Short Beach. I usually row about an hour and a half or two hours. I don't stop much. I rest by turning around and rowing forward. I do a lot of thinking out there, but sometimes it's just sensation.

"When the river is frozen in the winter, I carry the boat until I find open water, and then I just launch it. It's wonderful rowing through the ice floes. I go out in wild seas all winter. The wind comes from different directions, and the water is always alive, always different. I love to row through the big waves. Way out in the Sound, there's a triple rock, sort of a monster, and I often row out to that. Sometimes I shout Greek: '*Polyphloisboio thalasses!*' It's from the 'Iliad,' the best description of the sea: 'the many-voiced roaring.' And it's exactly the sound that the big waves make: '*polyphloisboio*' as they come tumbling toward the bow, and then the soft, sighing sound—'*thalasses*, *thalasses*'—as they pass under the boat."

—JAMES STEVENSON

◆

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Publishers Weekly*]

Nowadays the death of an entertainment idol seems to have less and less effect on his or her career.

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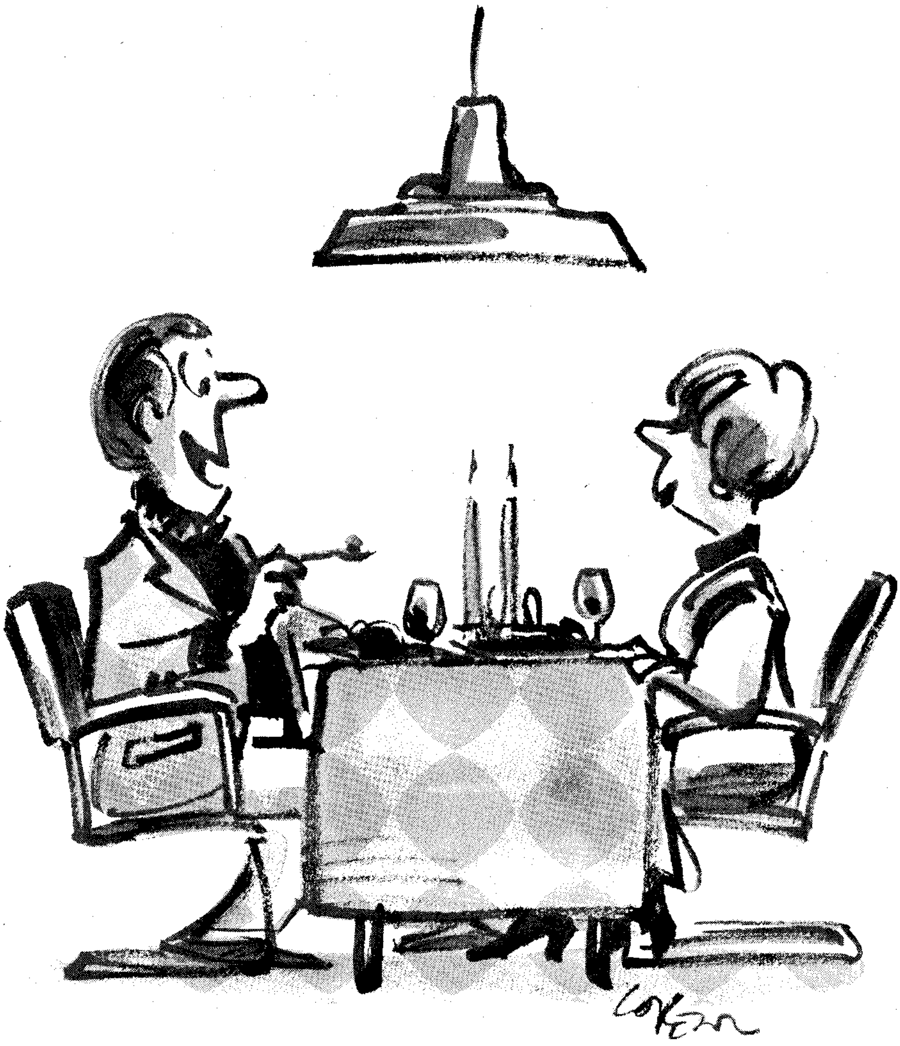
THANK GOD YOU'RE BACK

SHORTLY before ten o'clock on the morning of November 12, 1979, Louis Heren, the deputy editor of the *Times* of London, perhaps the world's most famous newspaper, arrived at his office, on the second floor of the *Times* building, an eight-story structure of conventionally modern design on Gray's Inn Road about half a mile from Fleet Street. Heren had come to the office about an hour earlier than usual. "I was just restless, I suppose," he said when I talked to him later that morning. His restlessness was understandable. He was going to work on the first edition of the *Times* to appear in almost a year—specifically, since November 30, 1978, when the owners, Times Newspapers, Ltd., suspended publication not only of the *Times* but of its sister publications, the *Sunday Times* and the three *Times* supplements—the *Literary Supplement*, the *Educational Supplement*, and the *Higher Education Supplement*—because of failure to reach agreement with the printing unions over the introduction and use of new computer typesetting equipment, over a reduction in manning levels, and over changes in the procedure for settling disputes to eliminate slowdowns and wildcat strikes that, during the first eleven months of 1978, had resulted in the loss of more than thirteen million copies of the two newspapers and the three supplements, representing a revenue loss of almost four million pounds. To the dismay of its readers and a great many of its employees, the November 30th issue of the *Times*, which featured on page 1 a four-column photograph of Richard Nixon, beaming broadly as he arrived in London en route to address the Oxford Union, was the last they saw for three hundred and forty-eight days. This was the first time, except for a month-long electricians' strike that silenced the presses in the mid-fifties, that the *Times* had ceased publication since it was founded, in 1785.

Every once in a while during the suspension, it appeared that a settlement was within sight. On those occasions, I would drop by the *Times* to get Heren's view of the possibilities. When the outlook was especially promising, as in the early spring of 1979 ("I have told my chaps they can give their adrenaline taps half a turn," he said at the time), I noticed that he affected a red woollen tie, which I came to interpret as his badge of optimism. On the morning of November 12th, with publication apparently assured, he was, not unexpectedly, wearing the red tie, along with a blue-and-white striped shirt, a dark-gray Cheviot sports jacket, gray slacks, and sports-type shoes. This is not the usual costume of *Times* editors—or, for that matter, of *Times* reporters—who favor dark pin-striped suits, conservative shirts and ties, and well-polished black shoes. Shunning the customary gear, except when representing the paper outside the office, is not the only way that Heren differs from a great many of his colleagues. "Louis is rough and tough—quite unlike the image of the typical *Times* man," the features editor, Margaret Allen, once said. Heren, who can be as smooth and considerate as the next gentleman from the *Times* when the occasion warrants, is of about average height, solidly built, with black hair—tinged with a few traces of gray—which he wears in a distinctive semi-military style, a squarish face, and dark, almond-shaped eyes. He can look rather formidable without trying. The expression is apt to evaporate an instant later when he laughs, which he does easily and often. His laugh, like his voice, is deep and resonant, and issues in bursts, as if from an automatic weapon.

Heren, who is sixty, was born and raised in the East End of London, in the parish of Shadwell, which borders the docks. (It would now probably take a Professor Higgins to detect Heren's Cockney origins from his speech. He has been amused when people in foreign countries have remarked on his "beautiful English accent.") His father worked as a machine manager in the pressroom of the *Times*. "He helped organize the unions on this paper," Heren once said, smiling. He died when Louis was four. Louis's mother kept the family, consisting of three children, together by running a coffee shop—or "caff," as Heren calls it—patronized by dockworkers. Though Shadwell was a grim place to grow up in, he has no recollection, he says, of feeling poor or underprivileged. On the contrary, he looks back upon his early years as a happy,



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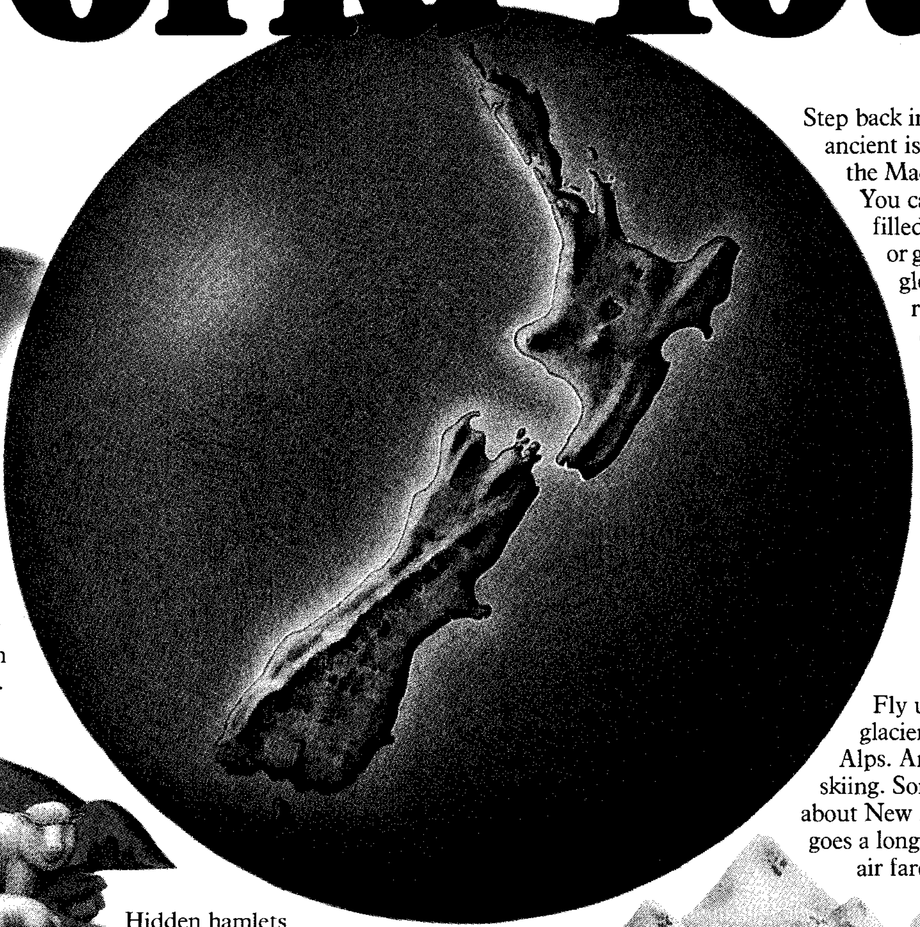

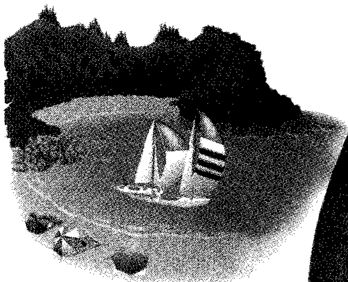

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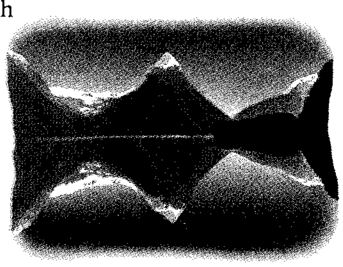

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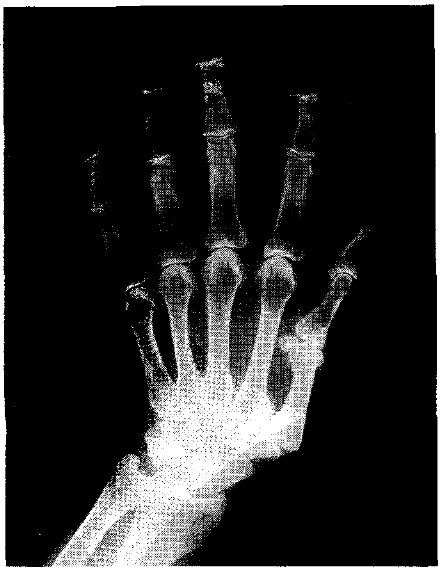
In the case of the firefighter's mask mentioned above, an almost invisibly thin film of gold in the faceplate reflects infrared light (the part of the spectrum we sense as heat), but lets the visible part pass through. This protects the firefighter's face from the burning heat while letting him see clearly. He can literally walk right into the heart of the blaze and see precisely where he's going.

Gold's exceptional ability to block infrared rays has become even more important because of the energy crisis. With fuel costs rising, air-conditioning is rapidly becoming more and more expensive, especially in the many large buildings that have a great deal of wall space devoted to windows. Ordinary glass windows are notoriously inefficient at keeping the sun's heat out of buildings during the summer. But a thin film of gold can change all that. Applied over the whole window, it will reflect up to 90% of the heat and glare of the sun, making it easier to cool the interior and substantially cutting air-conditioning costs during the hot months. It also reduces heating costs in winter by reflecting heat

fire and other tales



100,000 Americans are finding relief from rheumatoid arthritis with gold salts therapy.

back into rooms, At present, some 200 American office buildings are using gold in an effort to save energy.

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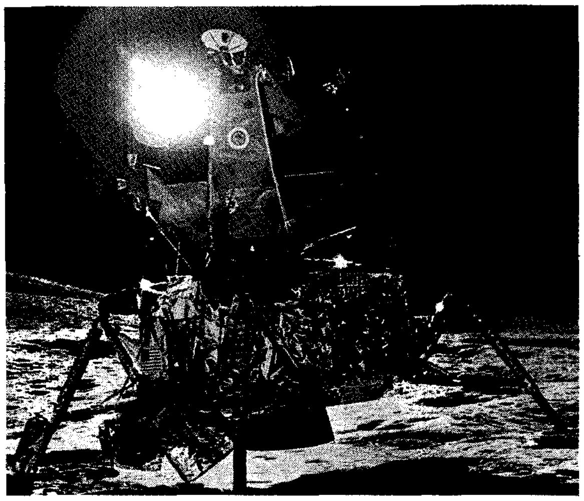
Gold has also proven beneficial in medicine. In as many as 7 out of 10 cases of rheumatoid arthritis, a series of intramuscular injections of gold salts leads to a reduction of the painful symptoms of this crippling disease. One specialist calculates that there are about 100,000 people in the United States currently on gold treatment.

The modern solid-state electronics industry is one of the largest users of gold in America today. Solid-state devices like the pocket calculator employ very low voltages and currents. For this reason, it is critically important that circuits, connectors, and contact points have low resistance to electrical current and remain free from any tarnishing film that might interrupt the flow. Gold won't corrode or oxidize and thus remains both chemically and metallurgically stable over the life of a device. It also is highly conductive. In addition, because gold is so ductile, it can be drawn into wires as thin as one one-thousandth of an inch for use in microcircuitry. One expert estimates that more than 10 billion tiny electrical contacts are made with gold every year!



Gold protected both the Lunar Landing Module and its crew on the surface of the moon.

Nowadays, gold's usefulness isn't limited to Earth. As man has left his planet to explore outer space and the solar system, gold has journeyed with him. The first American to walk in space was attached to his spacecraft by an umbilical cord coated with gold to protect it from the sun. As a high energy radiation shield, gold goes on space suits, capsules, rocket engines, helmets, visors, and tether lines to protect men and equipment from the heat of the sun, rocket blasts, and reentry. Gold's low coefficient of friction makes it useful for lubrication of sliding or rolling surfaces in the vacuum environment of space where ordinary lubricants vaporize. And gold is found throughout the electronic circuitry that guides and controls the spacecraft and its instruments.

These are only a few of the ways gold affects people's daily lives. The tales of other uses go on and on and on ...touch-tone telephones, containing 33 gold contacts; solar energy collectors and concentrators; gold-palladium spark plugs for surer starts in sub-freezing weather; transparent, conductive films to keep airplane and train windshields clear of fog, snow, ice, and glare...the list is almost endless.

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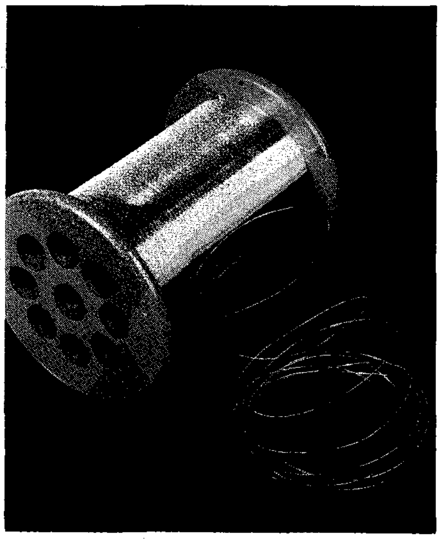

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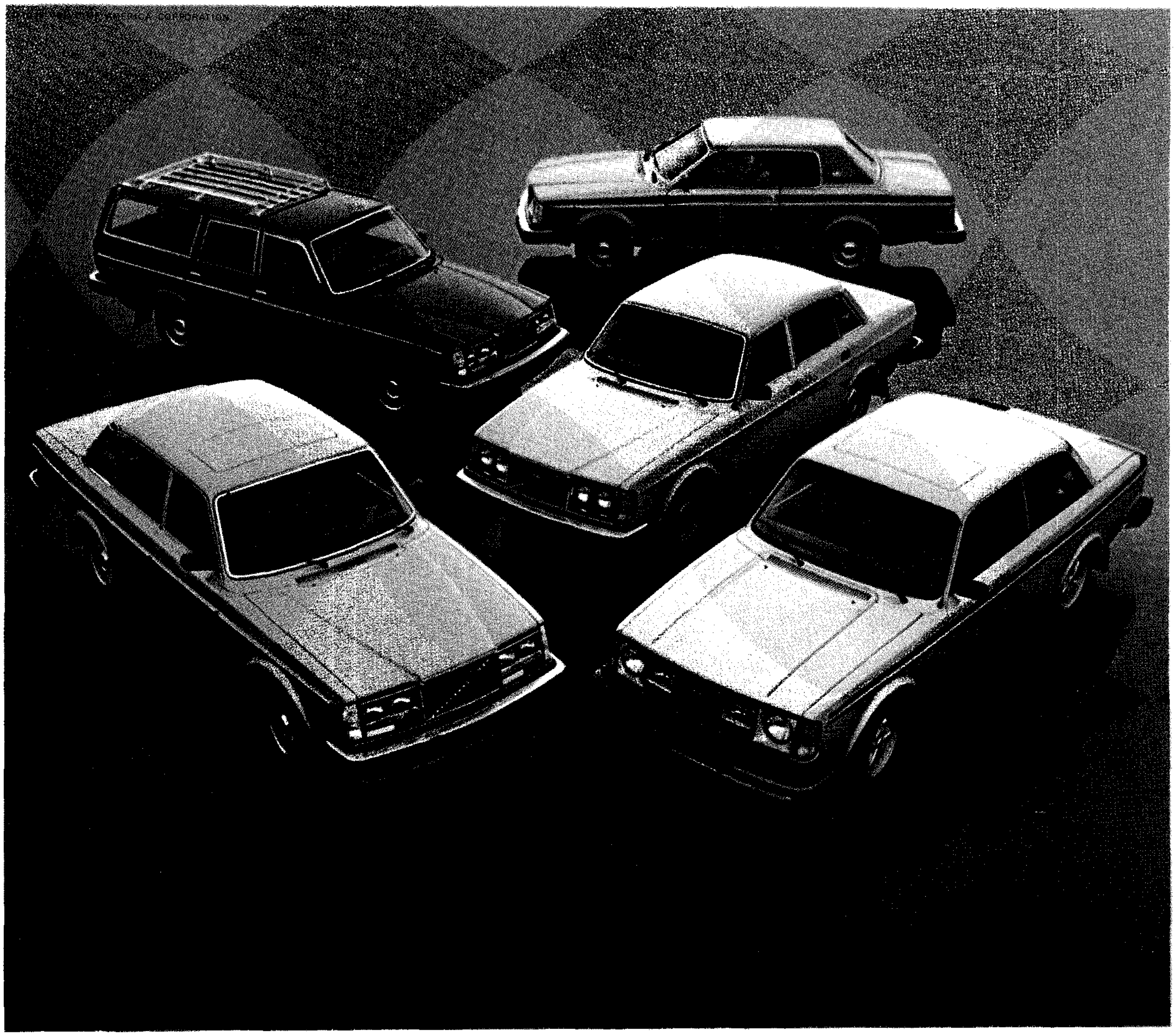
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often exuberant time. At fifteen, he quit school and got a job as a messenger on the *Times*. Except for nearly seven years' Army service during the Second World War, the paper, his marriage (his wife died in 1975), and his four children have been his life. The children were born in various parts of the world. Heren served as a foreign correspondent in Southeast Asia, India, the Middle East, and Germany, and, from 1960 to 1970, his longest overseas stint, he was chief Washington correspondent and American editor. In 1970, when he was given the opportunity to return to London to become a joint deputy editor (he became deputy editor in 1973), he seriously weighed remaining in America and becoming an American citizen. His devotion to the *Times*, as much as anything, determined his decision.

It is doubtful whether Heren, in making up his mind to return, was influenced by the possibility that he might succeed to the editorship of the *Times*. That post has been held since 1967, and will no doubt continue to be held beyond Heren's retirement, by William Rees-Mogg, who is fifty-one and, in background and temperament, very nearly Heren's complete opposite. Rees-Mogg was born in Somerset of a well-to-do county family, attended Charterhouse, and graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, where he was president of the Oxford Union. After Oxford, he went to work as a journalist on the *Financial Times*, later becoming chief editorial writer and assistant editor. He left to join the *Sunday Times* as city editor, and was serving as deputy editor there when he was appointed editor of the *Times*. He is known to Heren and the other members of the editorial staff as William. Unlike Heren—whose office, a rather small, utilitarian space that also contains his secretary's desk, is situated in the middle of the editorial floor and has windows on two sides looking out onto the department and a door that is normally open—Rees-Mogg occupies an office that has two doors, one from a hall, the other from his secretary's office, both normally closed. On one of my visits during the suspension, Heren took me in to meet Rees-Mogg. He is somewhat taller than average, slender, with gray hair and erect posture. He wears steel-rimmed glasses, well-tailored double-breasted suits, and, rather surprisingly for a *Times* man, black suède shoes. He speaks with an unmistakably upper-class accent in a slightly nasal voice, and has the aspect of a professor, perhaps of economics. (His wife says

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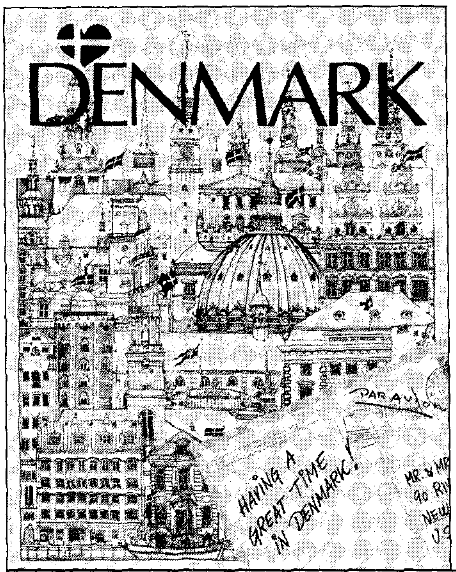
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that he is rather absent-minded, and that he thinks it lucky for other people on the road that he doesn't drive.) He is regarded by the staff as extremely formal, shy, and aloof. He is also unfailingly polite, as he was to me during our brief first meeting and in subsequent conversations. After shaking hands and making sure I had a comfortable chair, he sat down in a large bentwood rocker in the center of his office. Staff members say they have never seen him seated at his desk except when he is signing letters, nor have they ever seen him without his jacket.

ON the day the paper was to resume publication, I arrived at Heren's office at about eleven-thirty. He was talking to Luigi Barzini, who represented the *Corriere della Sera* in London during the thirties. A small, handsome, dapper, and amusing man, Barzini said that he did very little journalism nowadays but had agreed to a request from his old paper that he write an article about the return of the *Times.*

I remarked that I had seen a number of other foreign journalists, and also television crews, in the lobby—French, German, Canadian, American, Japanese.

"And why not?" Barzini said. "This is a bit of history."

For Barzini's benefit, Heren ran over some of the highlights of the suspension, which cost the owners about thirty million pounds, and of the settlement. One reason it had taken so long to come to terms, he said, was that *Times* employees are represented by seven different unions, which together have sixty-five chapels, or bargaining units, and that a separate agreement had to be made with each. As I was aware, Fleet Street was not very favorably impressed by the *Times* settlement. The *Financial Times* had said that the *Times* had spent thirty million pounds "only to prove that British newspaper managements cannot launch a frontal assault against the print unions and win." However, *Times* executives took the position that the negotiated wage increases (ranging from twenty to forty-five per cent), the extension of annual vacations (from five to six weeks), and the improvement of pensions and other benefits were worth the results: the right to make some manning reductions, the introduction of some new labor-saving technology, and the promise to end unauthorized work stoppages.

"So at last it is all over, and you'll

be putting out a paper tonight," Barzini said.

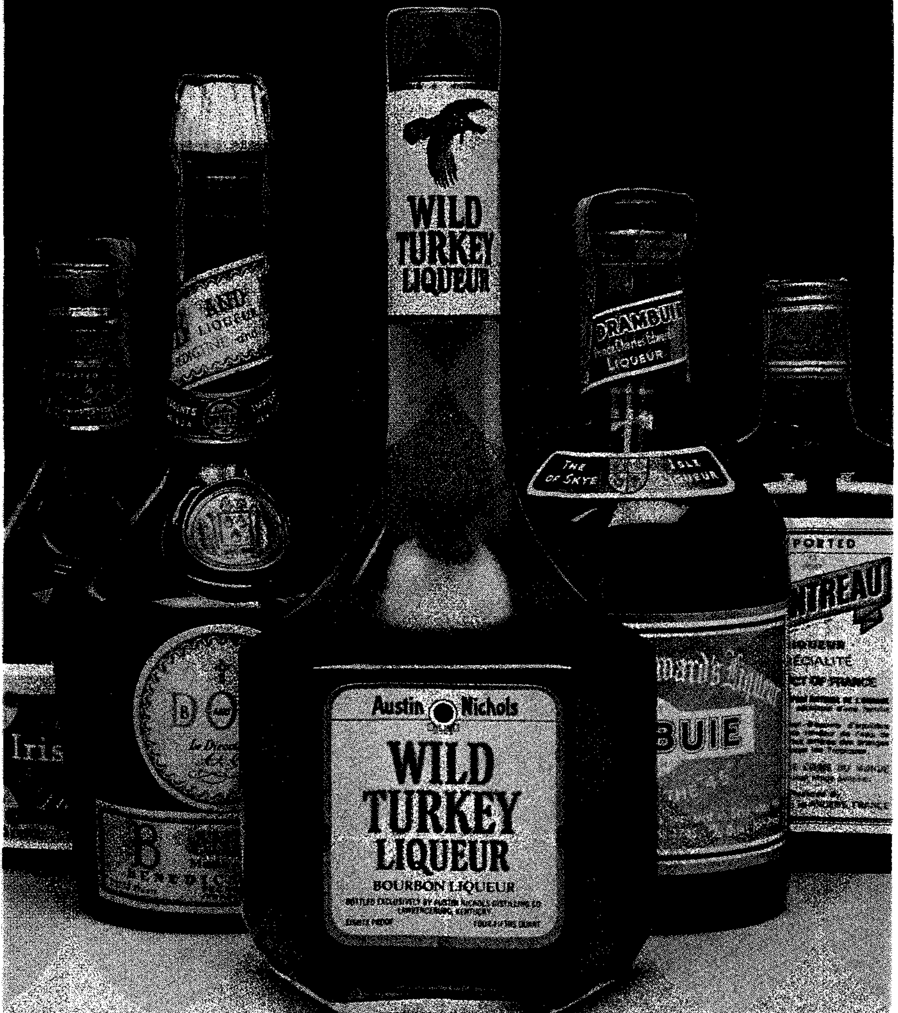
"Well, as of now we are not quite certain whether the paper *is* coming out," Heren said. "There's a dispute going on between the two main print unions over which one is to look after the control-flow button of two new machines that stack the papers after they come off the presses. The new machines are the same as the old ones, only a little more modern, but now each of the two unions, which used to share the manning, is claiming sole jurisdiction. They're meeting about it now, and we hope by tonight it will be all right, but at this very moment we just don't know."

I said that I'd thought the new disputes procedure was supposed to put an end to this sort of problem.

Heren smiled. "The new disputes procedure is to come into effect *after* we resume publication," he said. "We haven't resumed. That's the Catch-22." He glanced at his watch. "I've got to go to the twelve-o'clock editorial conference." He left, and Barzini chatted with me for a few minutes and then departed, too. I went out to have a look around the editorial floor and to talk to some of the staff about their life during the eleven months in limbo.

THERE were no signs that the paper had ever stopped production. Not all the subeditors, as copy editors are called on British newspapers, had yet come to work, but at most of the desks editors and reporters were busy typing, telephoning, or reading. "I think everybody's come to work today—even the people who are supposed to have the day off," Heren's secretary, a young woman named Cathy James, said as she stopped to exchange a word. "There's a sense of excitement. People aren't standing around talking. Everybody's working." The scene was quite different from the one I had witnessed a month earlier. Then, looking across the room from the same spot, I couldn't see a single sign of life. The lights were turned off. The heat had been turned down. But the desks were still covered with papers and books, a box of Kleenex here, various other personal items there, and the typewriters and telephones were in place, ready for use. The room gave me the feeling I've had when visiting the study of a famous dead author, and I wouldn't have been surprised if a custodian had appeared at my elbow and said, "This is just the way they left it."

The running down of the office to



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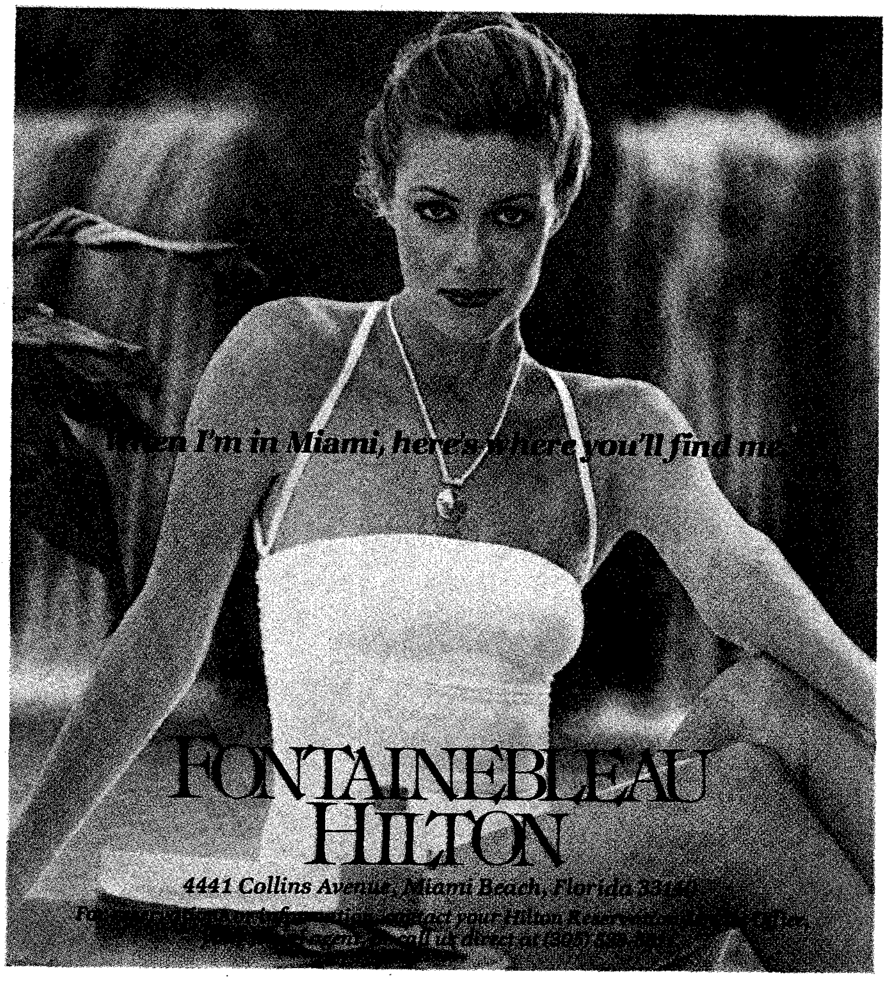

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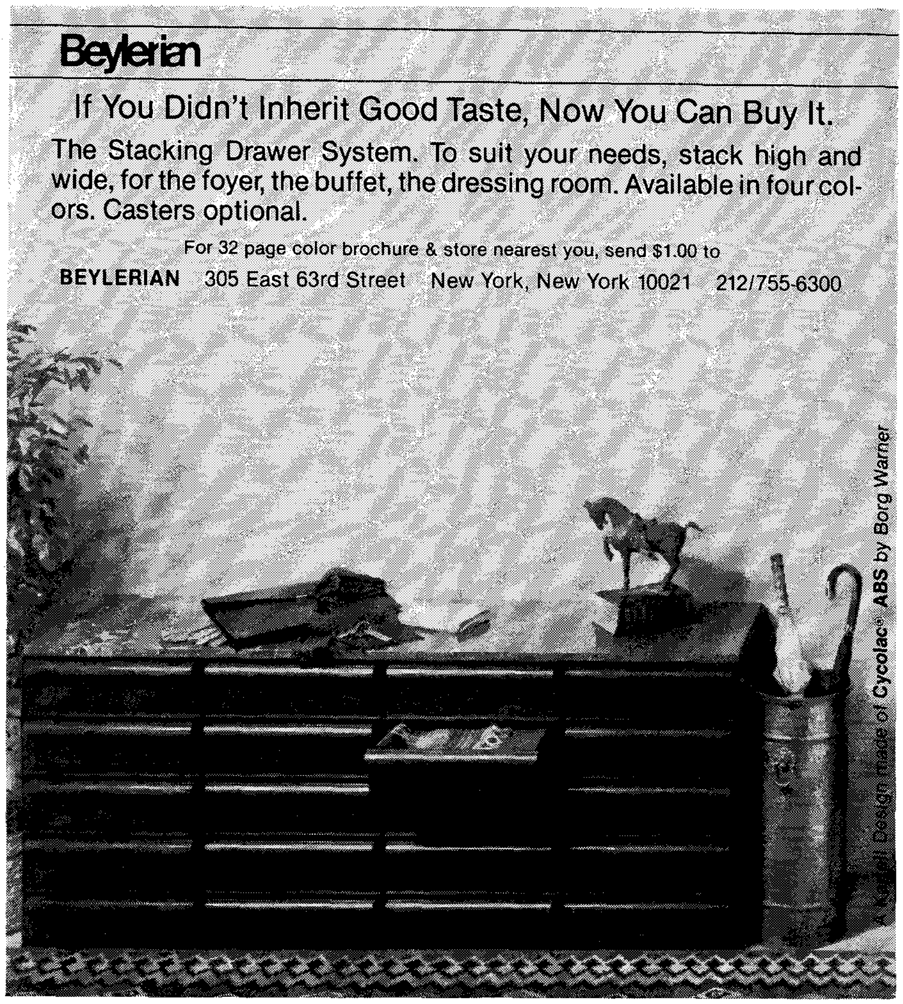
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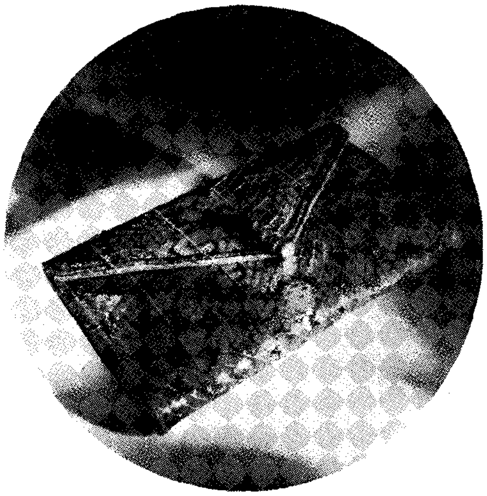
that point had been gradual, because, with the exception of Heren, who had predicted that the paper would be out for at least five months, nobody had expected the suspension to last for more than a few weeks. In fact, when I had stopped in during March—more than three months after the paper had been shut down—the editorial floor looked as it might at the very start or end of a normal working day. All the *Times* journalists, numbering about three hundred, had signed an agreement with the management early in the suspension, and were kept on the payroll at their regular salaries throughout the shutdown. Quite a few of them were in the office that March day, typing, tending the Teletype machines, or chatting. The regular twelve-o'clock editorial meeting, attended by Heren and several of the other editors, was held in Rees-Mogg's office, as usual. The two other editorial meetings, normally held later in the day, had been dropped, but the noon meeting, though often perfunctory, continued throughout the suspension. The heads of departments continued to come in regularly ("It was important to be around to try to keep our people cheerful," Miss Allen said), though they kept shorter hours than usual. During the first several weeks, most of the other journalists came to the office twice a week, but as time went on a one-day week became more or less the rule. The specialists, like the defense, diplomatic, parliamentary, and social-service correspondents, were expected to keep up with their fields, and Heren also gave several of them projects to do, on subjects requiring considerable research, such as social services in Great Britain, trade unions, and mental hospitals. With the passing months, and no end to the siege in sight, enthusiasm for undertaking long-term stories waned, and no more were assigned. However, no special curbs were put on the journalists' travel or expenses. Heren's aim from the start was, as he once said, "to do as much as we possibly could to keep the basic things together."

As part of this policy, Heren held a meeting in the office every Thursday morning during the suspension, attended by a majority of the journalists, at which he gave a report on the state of the negotiations, answered questions, and supplied any other information that he thought would make the staff feel less cut off from the paper. ("Louis did a lot to keep us together," Miss Allen told me. "The Thursday meetings were very good for morale, and he was always available if anybody was feeling a bit depressed.") In addition, Heren helped to organize courses for staff members, paid for by the company, in conversational French and Arabic, and also courses to improve the reporters' shorthand facility ("Unlike newspapermen in the United States, our people are expected to do shorthand—a minimum of a hundred words a minute"), and courses in which the subeditors and reporters worked at sharpening their writing skills. Only four people enrolled in the course in Arabic, and all subsequently dropped out; two of them went to Iran to observe, if not to converse. The biggest enrollment was for the French course, which turned out to be such a success that it is still going. Twenty-odd staff members originally signed up, and five or six have stayed on, including the consumer-affairs editor, Robin Young. "We met—and are still meeting—two or three times a week," he told me when I stopped in at his office. "The teacher is a Frenchwoman who teaches in one of the London polytechnics. She uses the Berlitz method. In the beginning, it was a bit disconcerting, because she would open the class by saying, '*Qu'est-ce que vous avez fait depuis la dernière fois?*' "

UNLIKE the other staff members I talked to, all of whom found the suspension upsetting or depressing, Young, who is forty and is one of the few *Times* journalists to wear a beard, looks back on the experience as one of pure pleasure. "I have guilt feelings, because I found it extremely enjoyable to be given money for not working," he said. "It is something I had always looked forward to. I did write some free-lance things. We weren't discouraged from free-lancing, as long as we didn't write for the opposition, meaning the *Telegraph* and the *Guardian*. So we wrote for the weeklies and the women's magazines. If I'd had to make a living free-lancing, I would have died. The office was a pretty dismal place to come to except on Thursdays, when Louis had his meetings. On other days, people sat around—in winter, it was so cold they had the collars of their overcoats turned up—with their calculators and figured out what their severance pay would be if the paper did close down. I got away from this stressful atmosphere by taking a few expense-paid trips—to the Seychelles, Italy, and America."

If Robin Young's view of the suspension as an uninterrupted picnic is a



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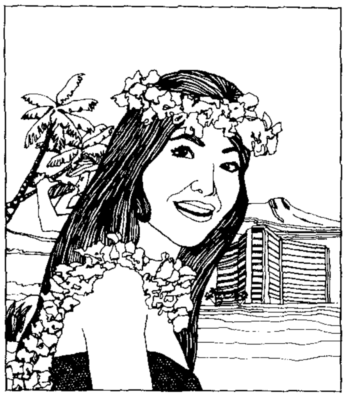

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bit colorful, the contrary point of view, as it was expressed by Bernard Levin, the premier columnist of the *Times*, may also be slightly exaggerated. However, extreme opinions are what *Times* readers expect of Levin, whom the paper describes in its advertisements as a "great institution." While small institutions at the *Times* work for the most part in the anonymous surroundings typical of newspaper offices, Levin works in an office whose door bears a sign reading, "The Editor and Mr. Bernard Levin." Diminutive in stature, darting in movement, and surprisingly young-looking at fifty-two, Levin has black hair, a pleasantly businesslike manner, and, behind horn-rimmed glasses, a questing, expectant mien, as if he were hoping for a verbal spark to set him off. I told him that a couple of people in the office had said they thought he might well have suffered most during the suspension, because not writing—and getting read—had something of the same effect as depriving him of oxygen.

Levin nodded. "That is true," he said. "There is actually a reason for it. The business I am in at the *Times* is expressing my opinion. It's not that I'm asked, 'What is your opinion of X?' It is that I express an opinion because I have formed it. In other words, when I hear some story or read some news item, I leap to my feet and say, 'My God, I want to say something about that!' All right, I didn't stop having opinions merely because the paper was shut down. So day after day I would hear or see something that would make me want to *rush* to the typewriter. But there was no use. I was very frustrated indeed."

Levin continued, "But the worst thing was the total uncertainty. If we had been told at the beginning, 'Right. This newspaper is closing down for a year,' then one might have got something done. Instead, every few weeks there was a flurry of hope, and everybody leaped to attention. Then it all faded away again. It was so unsettling that it was hard to get down to anything that needed continuity of thought. I did finish a book, but I must say I made it easy for myself, because the book is a collection of my columns selected from many years' work. It's called 'Taking Sides'—which, of course, is what I do."

In addition, Levin went on, he had done a good deal of travelling during the year—Spain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and India. "I went to India for a conference of the Indo-British Exchange, which lasted only

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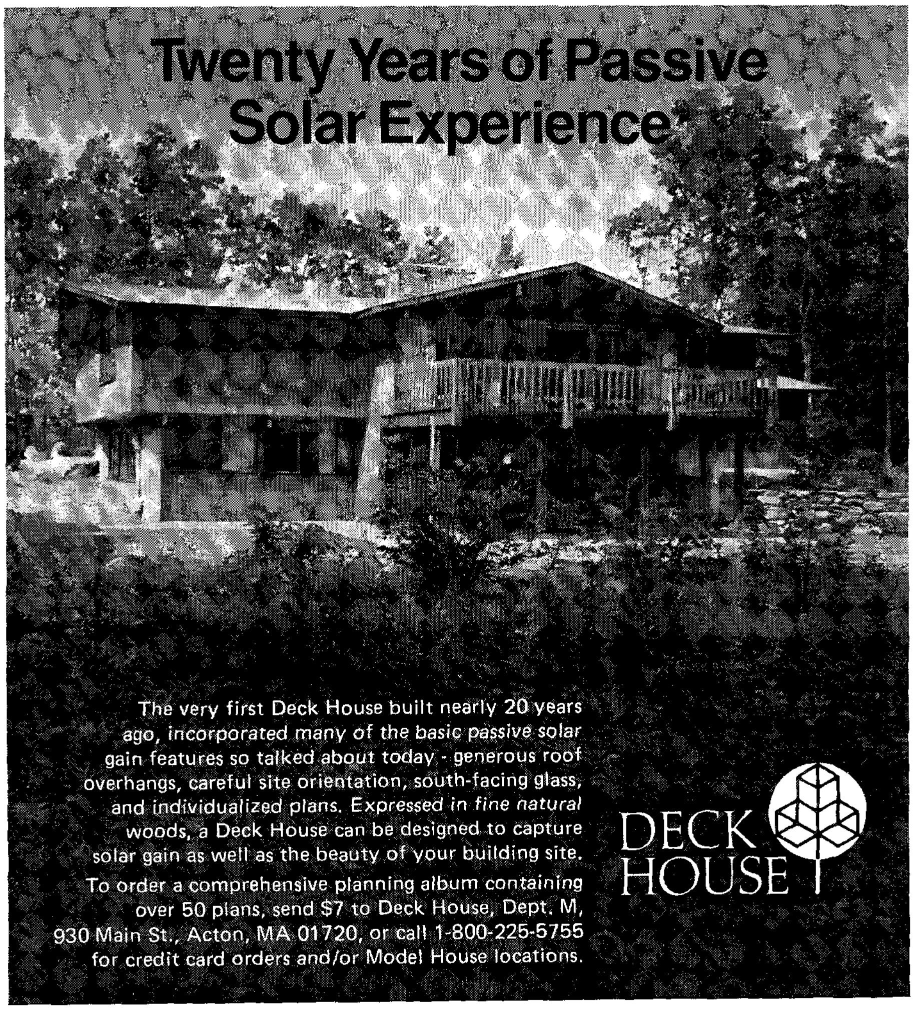

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three days," he said, "but since I didn't have a paper to hurry back to, I spent a month there. Fascinating—a marvellous country."

"You're going to write about it, of course."

"*Write* about it? I *have* written about it. I wrote on the plane coming home. It was a rather circuitous route—fourteen hours—and I simply sat there the whole time and wrote my impressions of India. However, apart from the book I have lain fallow for a year. I think I gained a great deal from it, but I didn't actually enjoy it, because I am not a journalist by accident. I need that daily stimulus of the clock going round. When it was withdrawn totally—no, I didn't have a good time. It was not only a very frustrating time but, in a curious way, an exhausting one."

HARDLY any of the staff escaped a disorganization of their lives caused by the removal of the discipline of the daily deadline. "We were all living without a clock," Peter Davalle, an outgoing, gray-haired man who edits the radio-and-television department, told me. "The clocks at home don't count. The only one that does is the clock here in the office. Weekly, of course, the office became more gruesome, dark, quiet, chilly, empty. People were feeling disconsolate, aimless. Conversations would start and stop within two minutes. I decided that someone had to do something about keeping up morale, so I became an impresario. I arranged excursions—usually lasting a full day—to television, radio, and film studios and so on. Outside my office, I put up a notice board headed with the magic words 'Morale Boosters,' and posted invitations to these parties. The response was terrific—sometimes seventy or eighty people would go on one of the junkets. We had wonderful times. We met everybody, and they laid on receptions for us—very elaborate. It was great."

Davalle's avocation, I learned, is impersonating Dickens. For years, in his spare time, in complete costume and makeup ("as accurate as they can be") and assisted by his wife and a friend, also in costume, he has given readings from Dickens in theatres, universities, stately homes, and public halls. "One day during the siege," he recalled, "I said to myself, 'I'm going to bring this dead office to life. I'm going to put on a Dickensian evening right here.' So we rearranged all the desks and chairs on the editorial floor,

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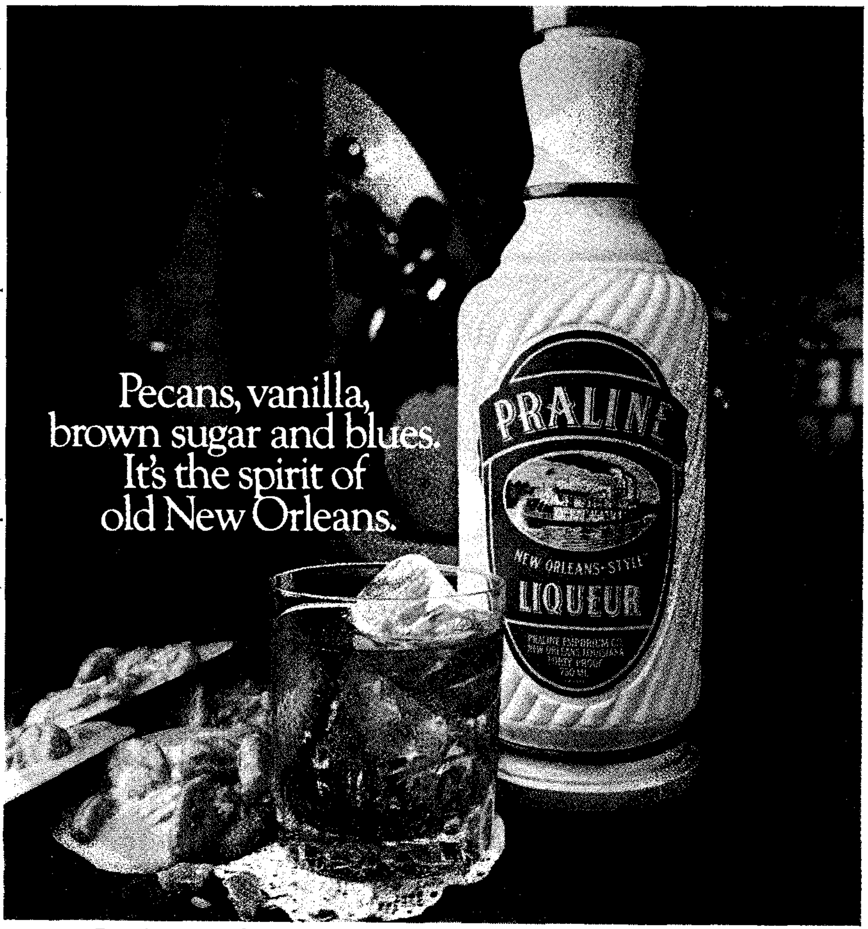
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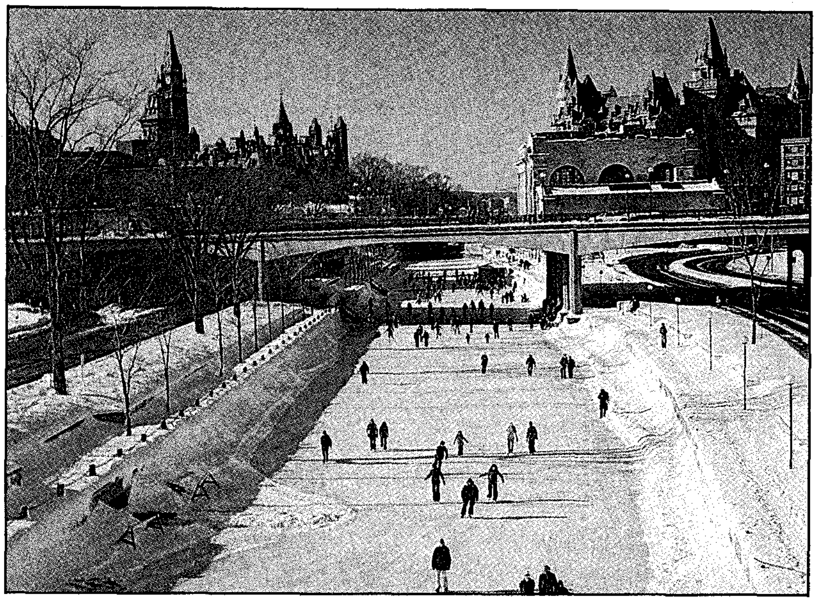

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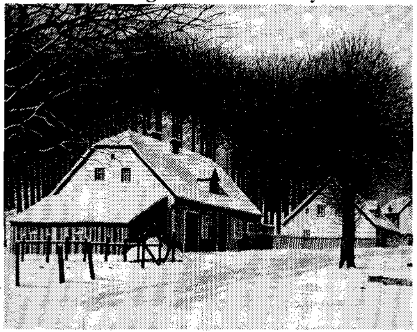

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built a stage, and turned the place into a theatre. We had oil lamps and candles, just as we do on other stages. It was a great night. The editor was there, Louis was there, the foreign editor—about ninety altogether. Fleet Street had never seen anything like it—and probably never will again."

One of Davalle's colleagues, John Greig, who is the editor of special reports and a dedicated bridge player, also did his bit as a morale booster, by giving a course in bridge. "I put up a little notice saying that anyone who wanted to learn bridge was welcome to come along," he told me. "As it turned out, we introduced eight people to the mysteries of the game, meeting here in my office and progressing from the basics to more advanced play. I think we succeeded in getting all of them up to a reasonable standard. In fact, they became so keen about the game that we're going to continue to meet."

Many of the more active members of the staff played a lot of squash, and others organized a cricket team, which played matches with teams from *Punch* and from the *Sunday Times*. "One result is that we got to know our colleagues both on the *Times* and on the *Sunday Times* rather better than we would have normally," Philip Howard, a member of the *Times* team, told me. "There have always been, I suspect, quite irrational suspicions and jealousy between the two groups of people, and I think the cricket helped to diminish that somewhat." Howard, who was once described by Heren as "an Old Etonian and a brilliant classical scholar," is forty-one, tall, handsome, and charming, and, in addition to being a reliable cricket player, is probably the most accomplished stylist on the paper. A month before the *Times* resumed publication, he was appointed its literary editor, the previous editor having left to join a publishing firm. Before receiving this accolade, Howard had been a general reporter ("I was a very old reporter, but I was content with my lot, because I like reporting") and the author of several books, which he unassumingly refers to as "pedantic little books about the quirks and oddities of the English language." Also, he is no doubt the only member of the *Times* staff who worked during the suspension as a butler. "When my wife can get away from the children, she and some friends do free-lance catering for receptions. They always need a butler, so I took over the job. I don't look upon it as an alternative career, but it was instructive. One thing I learned is that professionals in that line of work always carry nutcrackers in their pockets. There's no better implement when you have to open a lot of champagne bottles with tight corks in a hurry. I also learned that receptions are usually more fun downstairs than upstairs. The pay isn't terribly good—two quid an hour, plus whatever the guests are having for dinner, and stuff to take home. We once lived for a week on halves of guinea fowls. Apart from that job, I wrote for any publication that asked me, from *Homes & Gardens* to *Arab World*. I saw a good bit more of my children. I read all of Henry James. And early in the closure I took a commission to write a book. That was a mistake. Instead of being an ideal time for writing a book, as I had thought it would be, the closure was a very bad time indeed. In fact, the book I was trying to write made me so miserable that after six months I jacked it in."

HOWARD was not alone in setting out early on the book-writing trail—or, for that matter, in running into trouble. Within a month of the start of the suspension, some forty *Times* and *Sunday Times* journalists, including Margaret Allen, had signed book contracts. "I contracted to write an exposé of the cosmetics industry, and everything started out fine," she told me. "I sat down and in a couple of hours wrote a synopsis of about three thousand words. My agent liked it, the publisher liked it, and I went off to America to do research. I worked hard, and it went well. This was in the early days of the suspension, when we all thought the paper would be back in a short time. I even thought I might be called home from America. But when weeks went by and nothing happened, I settled into a sort of apathy. It's something I think we all had to contend with. When the paper's coming out and I'm writing a book at the same time, I get up at six and work until nine. I get to the office about forty-five minutes later, work until six-thirty, and have a long evening at home or go out somewhere. When we weren't publishing, I didn't get up until half past nine, and I felt worn out before doing anything." Besides having little incentive to write, she continued, she found herself not going out socially as much, reading less, and looking at television more. She came into the office regularly to deal with her mail and keep up with other things, but left early and took the

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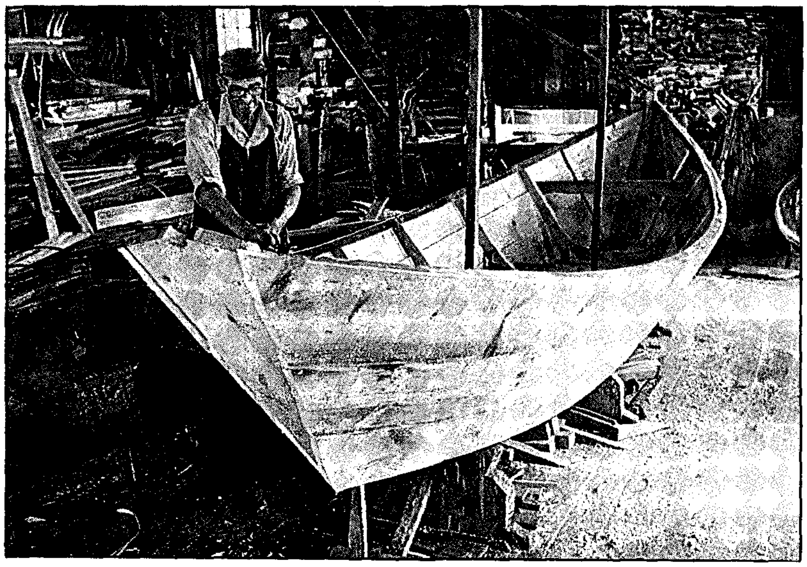
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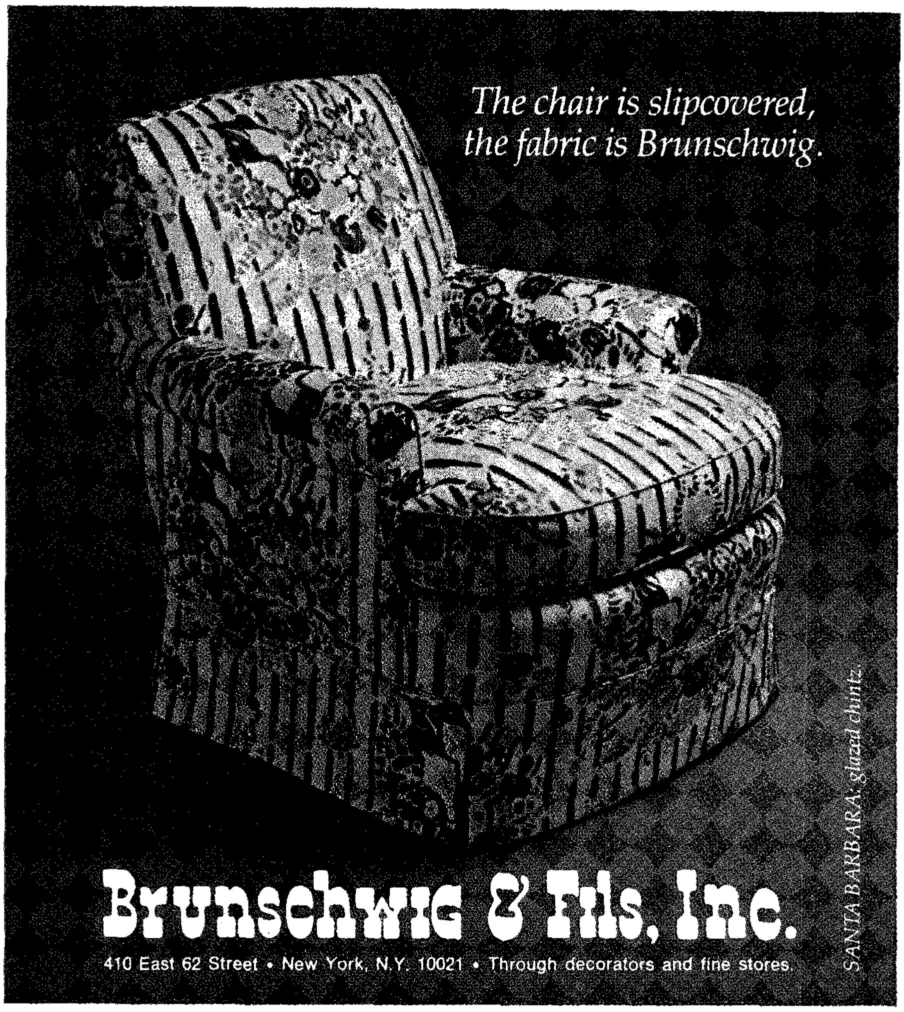
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weekends off. "I suppose this would be considered a luxury—but I'm afraid I didn't appreciate it. I usually went to sleep. Four o'clock in the afternoon—zonk. In fact, it seems as if I'd spent the last year sleeping. I didn't finish my book, I didn't learn to speak Italian, and I didn't learn to drive—those are my achievements during the past year."

Despite the epidemic of apathy, about twenty *Times* and *Sunday Times* journalists did soldier on and finish books. The books range from a lighthearted study of the English class system, straightforwardly titled "Class," to a variety of works on other popular English subjects, such as "History of the Motor Car," "The British Countryside," and "Internment in World War II." Peter Davalle compiled an anthology of fractured renderings of English by foreigners titled "Roast Duke, or Summon the Varlet;" and a half dozen other journalists got books under way, including Michael Leapman, the New York correspondent of the *Times*, who is working on a guidebook to New York, and Eric Jacobs, the labor editor of the *Sunday Times*, who is writing a history of the suspension. Heren's contribution to the spate of suspension-born works is a book tentatively and rather explicitly titled "Down the Drain: What Went Wrong with Britain Since the Second World War."

The problem that faced all the journalists, including those who kept more or less busy working on books and magazine articles, was adapting to a routine that involved spending much more time than usual at home. "We were isolated from our contacts, and that's when you start to shrivel," Peter Davalle said. "Once a journalist starts to shrivel, it can become a very bad process, and it carries over into his home." The strains put on many marriages did not, apparently, result in any divorces, though some divorces may have been averted by uxorial restraint of a high degree. Prudence Glynn, the fashion editor, said that when she was about to go to Paris to see one of the collections she asked Harry Kerr, the photographer who normally accompanies her on such assignments, if he would be going along. Kerr seemed rather reluctant to make the trip, probably because he couldn't see much future in taking photographs that would never be published, so Miss Glynn prepared to go alone. The minute Kerr's wife heard this, she called Miss Glynn and said, "For God's sake, take him! He's already tiled the kitchen three times.” Journalists with working wives may have found things particularly difficult. “My wife works in a hospital in the mornings,” Derek Darby, the chief features subeditor, told me. “At the start of the suspension, I used to sit around and wait for her to come home. Then we would go shopping. The shopkeepers got to know me—the butcher and the greengrocer. I began to feel as if I were on the dole. I did keep my hand in with some design and layout, not so much for the money as to get out of the house and to keep going journalistically. I also got heavily involved in do-it-yourself projects around the house. I suppose I did something like five years of decorating during the eleven months. What I enjoyed most and am proudest of—because I am not a builder—is the handsome patio I built in the garden. My wife and I often had lunch out there in the summer. Every once in a while, she says how much she’s going to miss those lovely lunches in the garden, and I must say I will, too.”

A LITTLE before one o’clock, I went back to Heren’s office. He had invited me to have lunch with him and two of his colleagues. While he and I were waiting for them, I asked him how he had been affected by the disappearance of the *Times* deadline, which had been a fixed point in his life for nearly forty years. “It just breaks up your whole rhythm,” he said. “You’re conditioned to produce or to write for a newspaper six days a week, and suddenly the routine stops. It’s the Pavlovian-dog effect in reverse—the bell doesn’t ring. When we’re working normally, my schedule is constant. Being one of Nature’s peasants, I get up when the sun comes out. Then I eat breakfast and read all the papers. A journalist can do that very quickly. Then I go for a long walk and do some thinking. Quite often, when I get back to the house I call up the news editor and say, ‘Let’s get cracking’ on this or that. I drive to work—it’s only about a ten-minute trip. I live in Hampstead, and since I start to the office about a quarter to eleven, I miss the rush-hour traffic. Then the usual day. By half past seven, the paper is well away. I drive home, have a couple of Martinis to unwind, and settle down and have supper with whoever is at home. The early edition is delivered to me at home a little after ten o’clock. I read it, and then I may be on the phone to the paper for half an hour or so, talking about changes and so on, or I may

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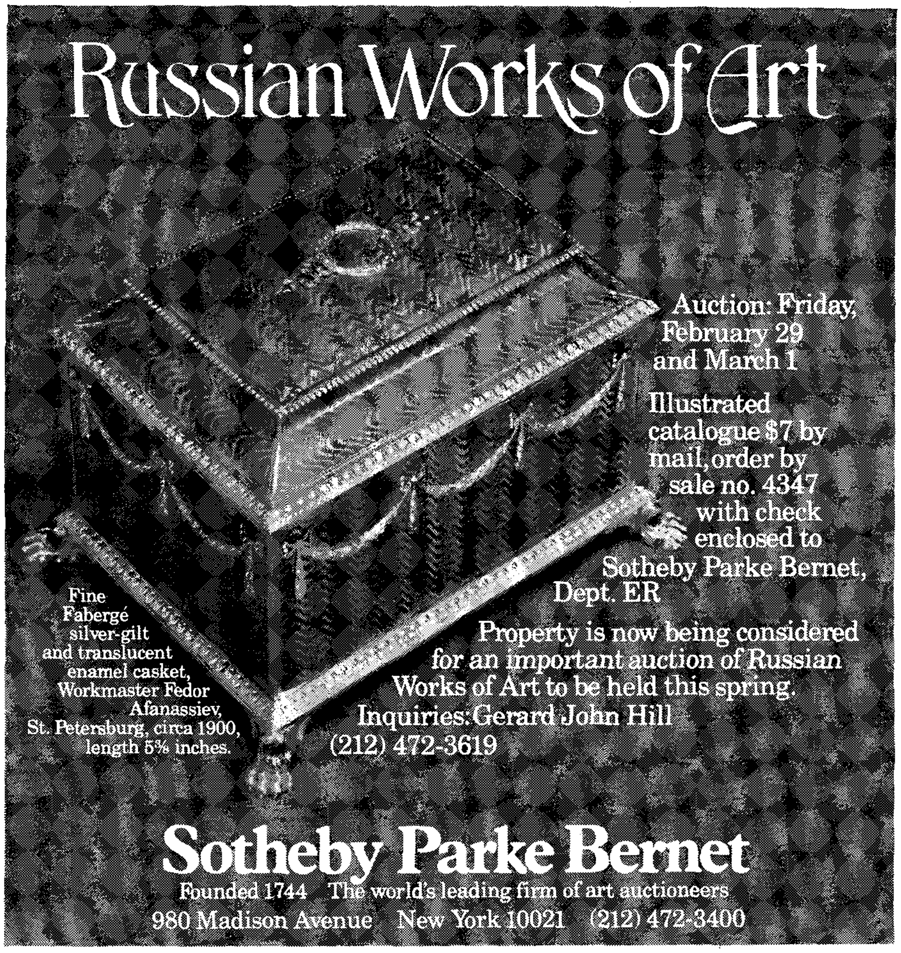

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come in and work for an hour or so. During the suspension, when I looked back on that schedule, going from about seven in the morning until eleven-thirty at night—heavens, that's like a man in bondage."

During his months as a free man, Heren continued, he went to the theatre more often than he normally does, and he had more time to get out of the office and talk to people in government and in other fields. In addition, he did a good deal of public-relations work for the paper by giving talks, lectures, and after-dinner speeches. He continued to read all the London newspapers, and spent more time than when in servitude on his other regular reading, which includes parts of the Sunday New York *Times*—the Week in Review section, the *Book Review*, and the *Magazine*—*Commentary*, *The Nation*, *Die Welt*, *Le Monde*, *Gourmet*, and *The New Yorker*. He came to the office five days a week, as a rule, and performed certain recurring tasks, such as attending the noon editorial meetings and conducting the Thursday staff meetings, as well as various new ones, such as taking part in the planning of an international edition of the *Times*, which was scheduled for launching in the spring of 1979. It was to be a sixteen-page paper called the *Times Weekly International Edition*, printed in Germany and distributed in countries other than Great Britain. Because of sabotage and threats of further violence by Communist and other left-wing German groups against the printing plant engaged to print the paper, the international edition was abandoned after one issue. "When that failed," Heren said, "this whole place was deflated as never before."

At such low periods, Heren went on, he was apt to find himself rather heavily engaged in practicing a new aspect of his profession, which he described as that of "a kind of unpaid, untrained psychiatrist-in-residence." He said, "A lot of chaps had occasional bouts of depression, and they would drop in here. I don't have a couch, but they would sit in a chair and we would talk. There was quite a bit of this, but only one serious case that I know of. He's a very good journalist, absolutely dependable, an excellent writer, very sensitive. He came into my office one day with a steely look in his eye and started to recount various things that had no connection but seemed to add up in this chap's mind to the idea that there was some kind of sinister conspiracy against the *Times* in

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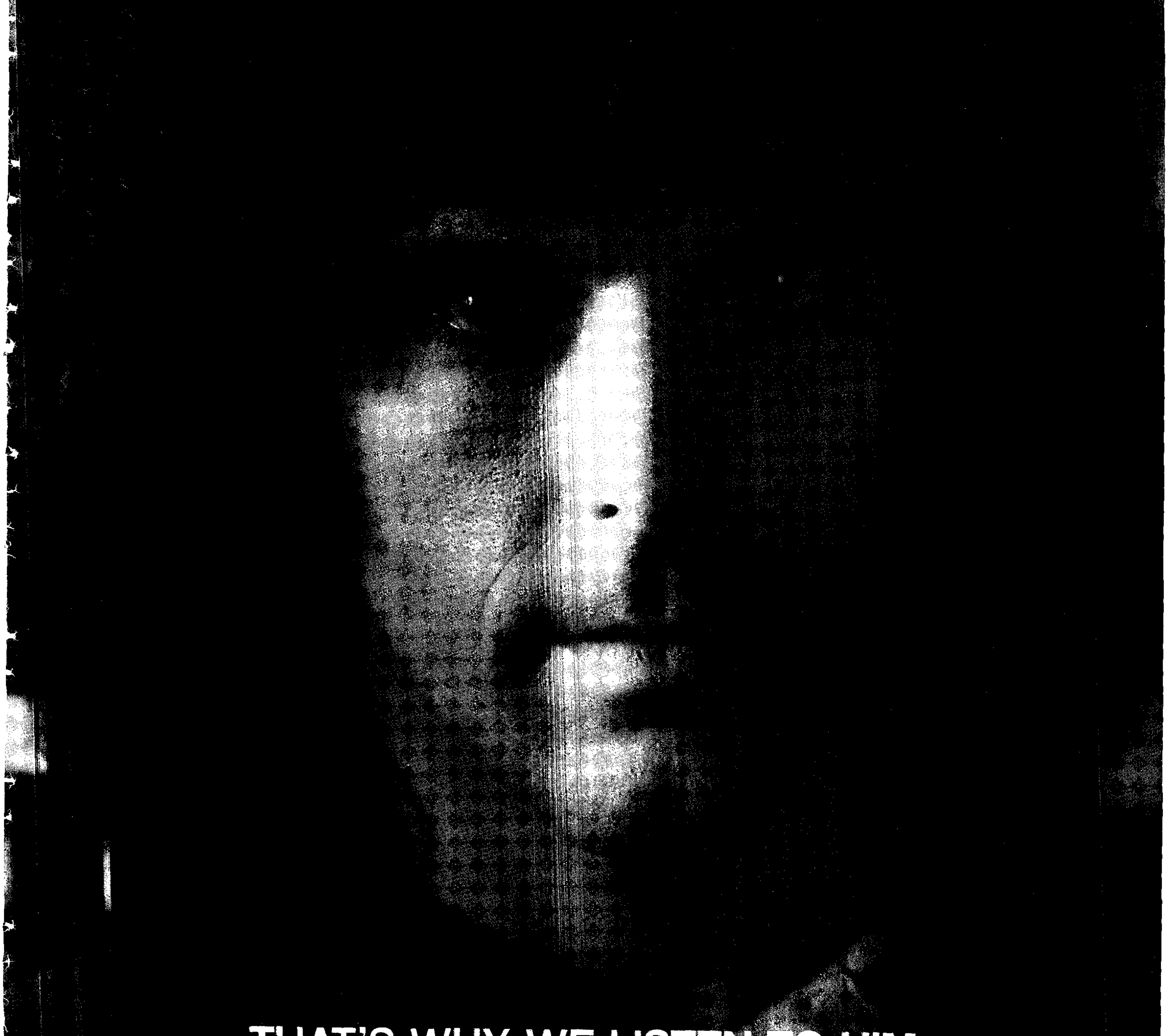

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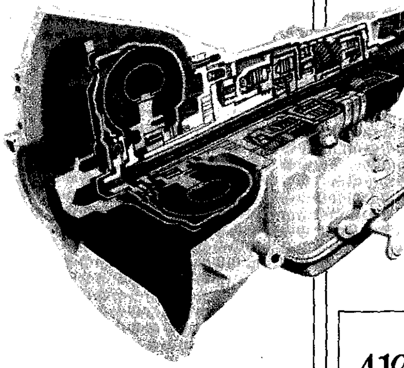

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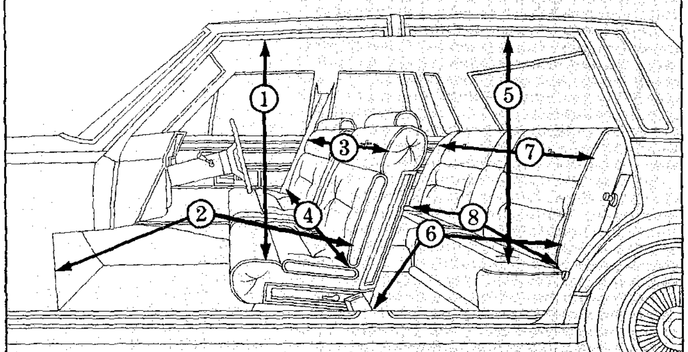

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general and himself in particular. He was in here for two and a half hours. I tried to assure him in every way I could that there were no conspiracies, but he was not swayed. He said, 'I'm the reporter. I'm giving you the facts. It's for you to decide.' The company has a psychiatrist who also contributes to the paper, and I arranged for him to see our man. Eventually, the trouble was straightened out, and I'm glad to say he's back at work."

Heren's colleagues who were joining us for lunch arrived, and I was introduced to Michael Hamlyn, the night executive editor, and Ernest Russell, the production editor. Hamlyn comes from the North of England, and Russell is a Scot. Like Heren, both are seasoned newspapermen, relaxed and companionable. We drove to the restaurant, which Heren described as a very good but modest Greek *taverna*, in his car, a 1977 English Ford. At the restaurant, called Andy's Kebab House, Heren said that since this was probably the last chance there would be to eat before ten or eleven o'clock that night, everybody should eat well. He ordered a round of ouzo, two bottles of wine, and a meal that turned out to be a succession of courses amounting to a feast. The conversation at lunch ranged over a variety of subjects, including the aborted international edition of the *Times* (it might well have succeeded if it had been printed in America instead of in Germany), the number of journalists who left the paper during the suspension to take other jobs (about a dozen), and the immense public interest in the plight of the *Times* throughout the suspension.

"It wasn't just the English who missed the paper," Hamlyn said. "The editor of the *Telegraph* made a grand tour of Russia while we were closed, and the first question he was asked by the Foreign Minister was when the *Times* might be back on sale."

Over coffee, I recalled reading an article that Hamlyn had written three months after the *Times* closed down, in which he said, among other things, that he had considered starting the course to become a London taxi-driver but had found that idleness was addictive and had instead found himself spending more time reading, playing snooker at his club, getting involved in his children's schoolwork, and going to the cinema and the theatre. He also said in the article that he had started writing four books but had never got beyond page 28 with any one of

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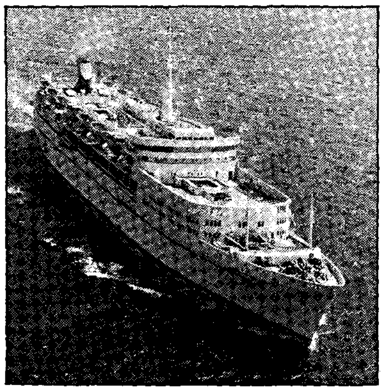

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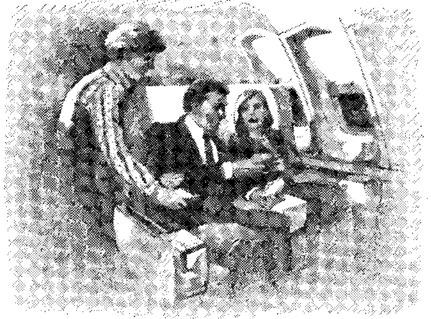

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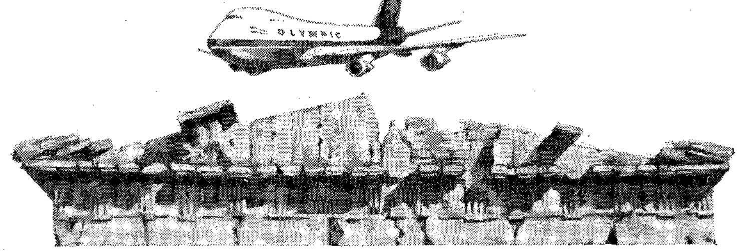

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them. I asked him if he ever did finish one.

"As a matter of fact, I did," he said. "I wrote a guidebook called 'You and Me in London,' and I got about halfway through another book. I also wrote a couple of articles, and made a few trips to the Continent and one to America."

When we left for lunch, the unions had still not reached agreement about the operation of the stacking machines. I asked Russell what he thought the prospects were for a settlement.

"It's possible that we won't have a paper tonight after all," he said. "After the experience of the last eleven months, I'd say it's quite possible. Still, I'm *fairly* confident that there will be a settlement in time for us to print."

"They'll probably settle it in the usual way," Hamlyn added. "They'll pay off one side with fivers and the other side with the hiring of three extra men."

WE arrived back at the *Times* a little after three. The stacking-machine dispute was still unresolved, but operations on the editorial floor seemed to be proceeding in high gear. Heren was soon as busy as the rest of the staff, working at his desk or out on the floor, talking to editors, subeditors, and reporters. Everyone in the office appeared to be in good spirits, including Colin Watson, who edits the obituaries. ("Nobody is officially dead until he's clocked out in the *Times*," Heren had told me during the suspension. "The story is that elderly people all over the country are praying they can hold out until we're back, because, as one of them said, 'I couldn't rest peacefully if I died in the *Telegraph*.' ") Watson, a rather small, neat, quiet-spoken man, who wears the traditional *Times* dark suit, and his deputy, Peter Davies, who is younger and is given to more casual attire, work in a large room crammed with reference books, stacks of newspaper clippings, and other tools of their specialized trade. Some of the *Times* obituaries are prepared in the office, but the majority, including those of the higher ecclesiastics and of people who achieved eminence in arcane fields, such as the vegetation of the Outer Himalayas, are written on a free-lance basis by experts in the areas concerned. "Early in the suspension, the paper decided to have an obituary supplement when we came back, so we just tried to keep up with the constant flow of work," Watson told me. "I came in every morning, and Peter worked in the afternoon. For us, it was

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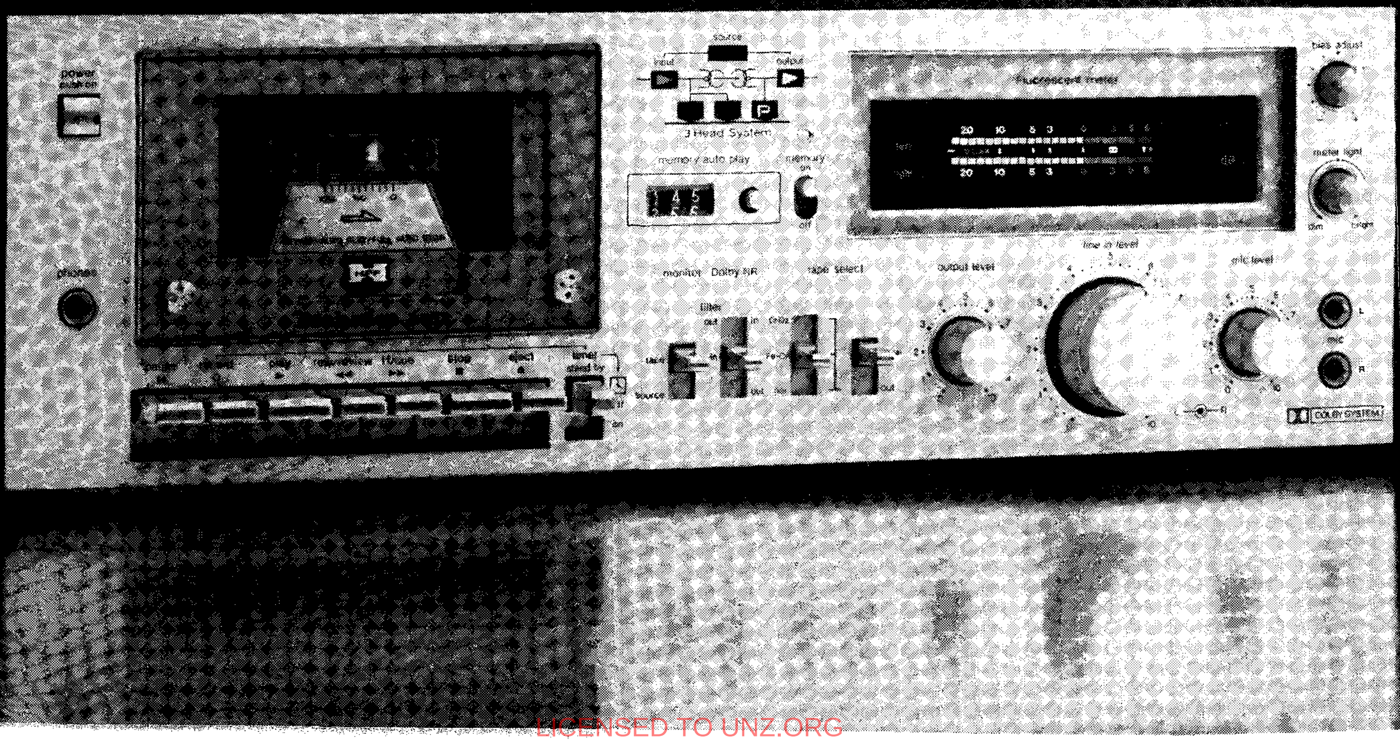
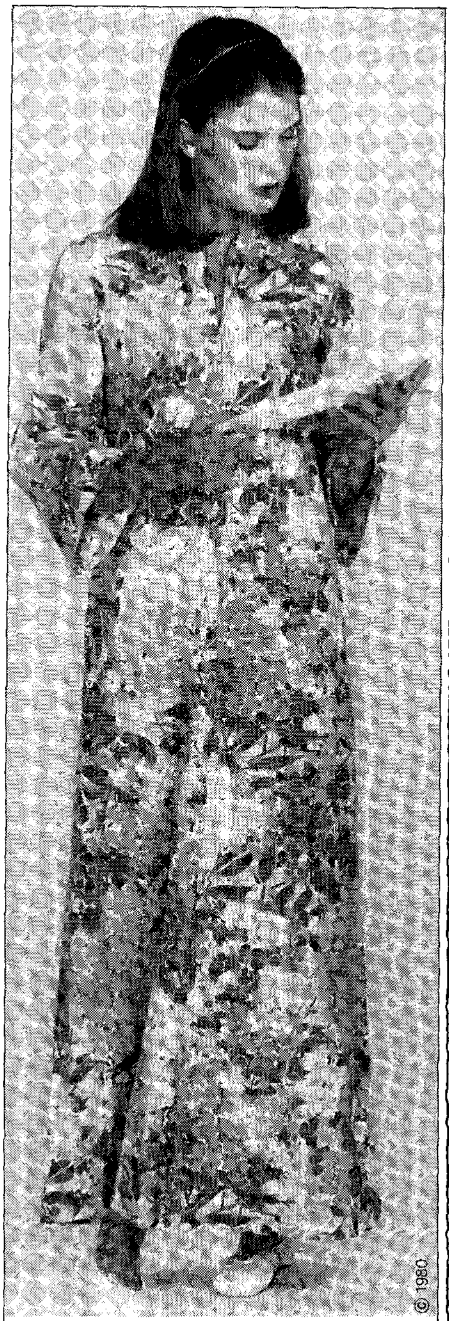


really very much business as usual." In the end, Watson continued, the *Times* decided to have not just one obituary supplement but four, to be published serially. The man who delivered the obituary proofs—twenty-six pages in all—to Watson's office arrived wearing a black armband.

Probably on the theory that there is nothing to be gained by attempting the impossible, none of the other London newspapers attempted to improve their obituary departments as a means of filling the void created by the absence of the *Times*, nor did any of them expand their letters-to-the-editor departments, to replace another particular glory of the *Times*. When the paper is publishing, the letters department receives between two and three hundred letters every day, I was told by the editor of the department, a scholarly-looking man named Geoffrey Woolley, who wears the conventional house garb. (Woolley, who retired a month ago, edited the department for twenty-seven years.) "Letters continued to come in throughout the suspension," Woolley told me on the day the paper was preparing to resume publication. "Only a fraction of the usual number, of course, but as many as twenty-five in a single day even after we'd been closed for half a year. Most of the letter writers said how much they missed the paper and how eagerly they awaited its return. Quite a few contained money, from pound notes to checks for sizable sums—just tangible expressions of good will, I guess. We returned the contribution with thanks if we had the writer's name and address. If the funds came in anonymously, we gave them to a printers' charity or some similar organization. Other letters suggested ideas for improving the paper, such as printing an easy daily crossword puzzle as well as the difficult one. Of course, all the letters were answered. We've always taken the position that anybody who goes to the trouble and expense of writing deserves a reply. Also, it forestalls the familiar telephone call: 'You received my letter—what are you going to do about it?'" Except for a fortnight's holiday, Woolley continued, he came into the office almost as regularly as ever. "Some people found they were able to change gears and do different things, but I couldn't. I came in a little later than usual, and worked only four or five hours, but I was more tired than if I'd worked all day." Woolley was also drawn to the office because he loves getting letters. Even when he had a day off in normal times, he kept wondering what he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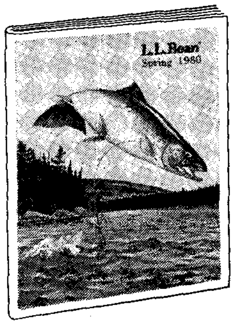

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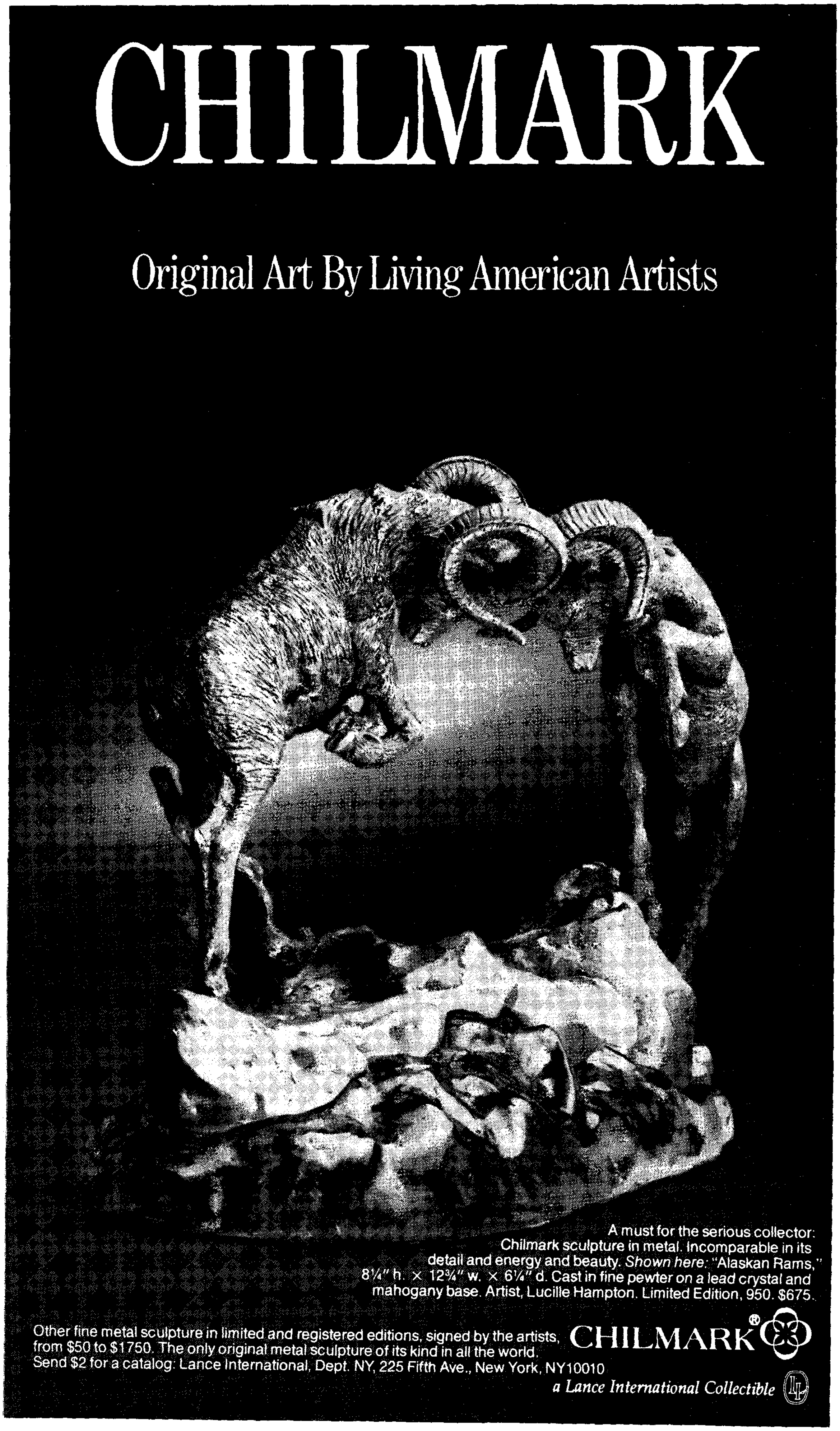

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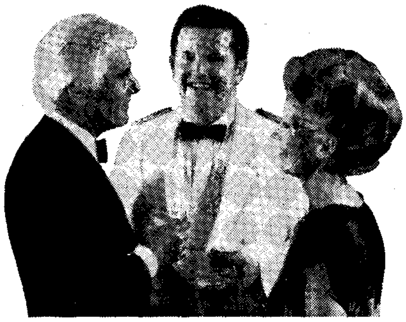

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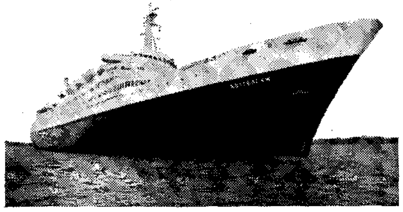

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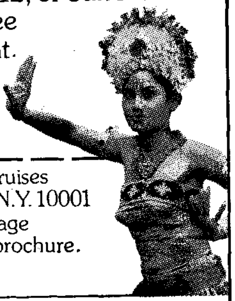

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was missing by not reading that day's mail. "It was very frustrating. Day after day, there were important happenings that would have brought in wonderful letters. Since the announcement of the paper's return, the volume of letters has markedly increased. About a hundred came in today. The overwhelming opinion of the letters is 'Thank God you're back.' It's a sentiment I share."

THE third member of a *Times* triumvirate of features that proved irreplaceable was the crossword puzzle, which had been a daily fixture of the paper since 1930. "I think the puzzlers suffered most," Miss Allen, whose department has responsibility for the crossword, said. "Many people can't cope with the day unless they start out with that intellectual stimulation. In fact, quite a lot of people buy the paper only for the crossword. One man who wrote in during the suspension said that he and his wife always used to do the crossword together in the evening—without it, they spent their time quarrelling. The puzzlers were lost, because they could find no substitute. They didn't think the *Guardian's* crossword was sufficiently literary, and the *Telegraph's* was too easy. Dozens called up to ask if a book of *Times* crosswords had been published. There was such a book, but the remaining copies sold out in no time after the paper closed. Banks, insurance companies, and all kinds of other entrepreneurs were after me to work out an arrangement so they could send out the crossword while the paper was suspended. I fended them off, but we did run the *Times* National Crossword Championship, which has been an annual event for the past ten years. We run the championship in coöperation with the company that sells Cutty Sark whisky. We provide the materials; they handle the administration. As usual, several thousand people joined the competition. The finalists had to solve four *Times* crosswords, the winner being the one who did them the fastest. The champion was Roy Dean, a diplomat. He did the four in an average of eight and three-quarters minutes each. That was six seconds faster than the runner-up—Dr. John Sykes, a lexicographer, who usually wins. The champion gets a silver trophy, a weekend for two in Paris, a color television set, and a half gallon of whisky."

I asked who creates the *Times* crosswords.

"The man who produces them is a

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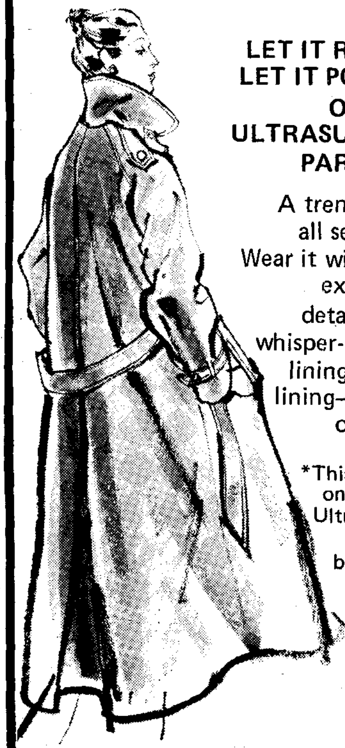

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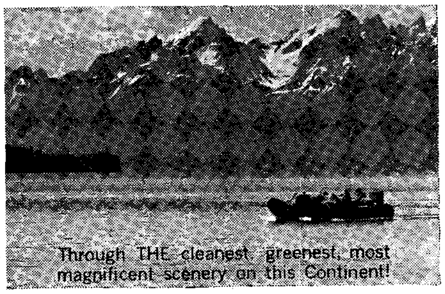
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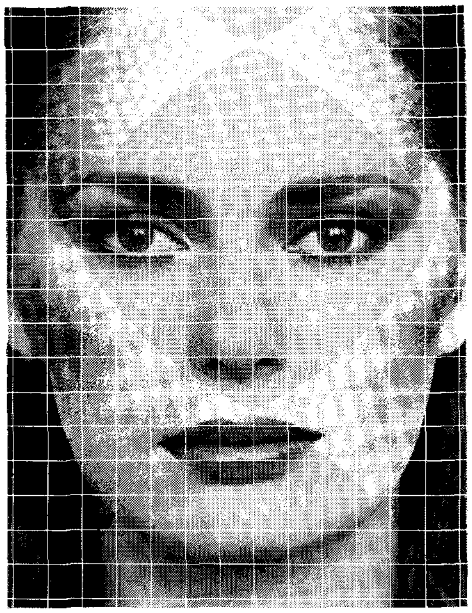

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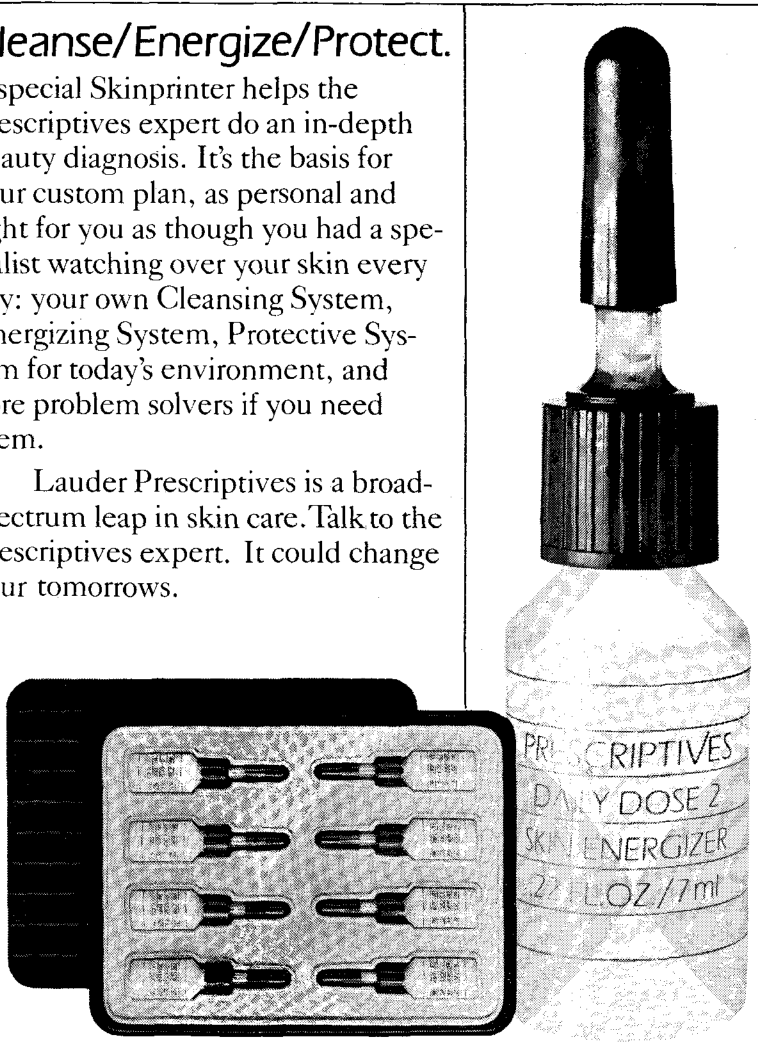

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retired solicitor named Edmund Akenhead. He is a genuine eccentric. He lives in Wiltshire, seldom comes into the office, plays the banjo, and is a member of the Magic Circle"—a society of magicians. "He himself creates only about one crossword a week. He has a team of eleven people—he calls them compilers—who create the others. The oldest member of the team is eighty-five, and the average age is sixty-eight. It's that low only because one member is thirty-nine. The man who created the first *Times* crossword is still alive and is still a member of Edmund's team. He's seventy-nine, and he submits about two a month. The people on the team send their puzzles to Edmund, and he edits them. He changes the clue if he doesn't think it's satisfactory, or he changes a word in the puzzle if he thinks it unsuitable. He's been in charge of the puzzles for fifteen years, and he's made only one mistake—if it was a mistake. A clue read ' "Like the toad, ugly and ——" (*AYLI*),' and the answer was given as 'venemous.' There was a brouhaha about that you wouldn't believe. We had thousands of letters. Then, after we had published a grovelling apology by Edmund—he was so overcome he hardly knew what to do—somebody wrote in and said that actually his spelling was the archaic spelling used in the First Folio, and he shouldn't have apologized, because he was just cleverer than anybody else. During the suspension, he spent most of his time writing me long letters, but he's back at work now producing puzzles. I really prefer to deal with him by letter, because he's incredibly vague, and conversations, especially on the telephone, are something special. I find myself talking away, and there is this absolute silence on the other end. I'm saying, 'Edmund, are you there? Hello, are you there, Edmund?' Finally, he says, 'Akenhead here.' He's a very sweet, very charming man. He just spends all his time thinking. If you say good morning to him, he thinks it's a clue, and works it out."

As I was leaving Miss Allen's office, a few minutes after seven, I met Heren. "I've just had a call from upstairs," he said. "The dispute has been settled. We'll have a paper tonight after all. There's nothing more I can do at the moment, so I'm going home for an hour. I'll see you when I get back."

I decided I could also use a breather, and since it was a mild and clear night, rare for November, I went for a walk. Somewhere on Theobald's Road, I

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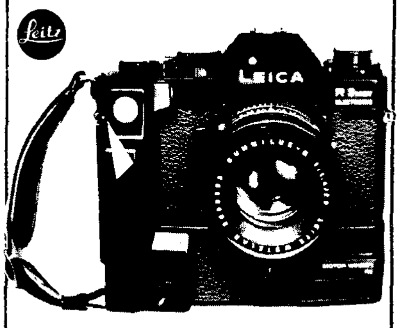

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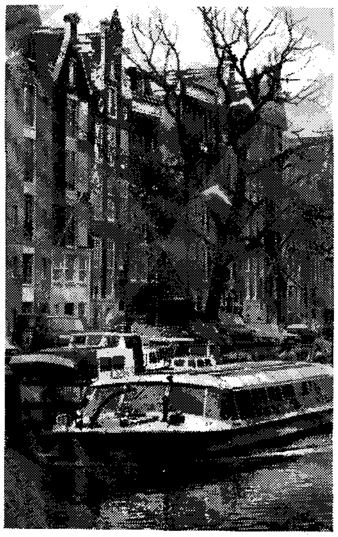

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stopped in at a small Italian restaurant and had a pizza and a couple of glasses of wine. It was the lightest, tastiest pizza I have ever eaten.

By eight-thirty-five, when I returned to the *Times* building, television crews had finished setting up cameras and powerful lights on the street, opposite the door from which trucks carrying bundles of the first edition would emerge. Clusters of British and foreign reporters and photographers were talking among themselves on the street and in the lobby of the building. In addition, a small crowd of long-deprived readers of the paper had gathered to wait to buy their copies.

"I've been suffering withdrawal symptoms, like a smoker," a well-dressed woman in the crowd said.

A young man in a business suit said that he had a very practical reason for being there. "Ten of us in the office each put in a fiver and set up a competition," he told me. "The prize goes to the first one to submit tomorrow's crossword, complete and correct, after the office opens tomorrow morning. There were no caveats about when we begin, so I have all night to do it."

I wished him luck and went inside. Upstairs, on the editorial floor, only a scattering of people were about. Most of the pages had gone to press, and Hamlyn and his assistants were editing the few remaining ones. Ernest Russell, whose desk is nearby, asked if I would like to accompany him over to the composing room to see the last stages of going to press. "Instead of our normal run of about three hundred and twenty thousand copies," he said on the way, "we're going to try for four hundred and fifty thousand. We might do it."

The composing room, which is large and low-ceilinged, was full of people and noise. "It's a bit unusual here tonight," Russell said. "We've got a maximum staff all around, and we're right on top of it. I see that page one is almost finished. By the way, I'm sure Louis has told you that the management are laying on a party tonight for the staff at the Welsh Club, across the street. I trust you'll be there."

I said I planned to be. I also said that Robin Young had told me he and some of his friends didn't think that the Welsh Club was quite posh enough for the occasion, especially since the *Sunday Times* planned to celebrate its resumption of publication with a staff party at Langans Brasserie, a trendy West End establishment.

"Oh, yes," Russell said, smiling. "Those people at the Sunday paper

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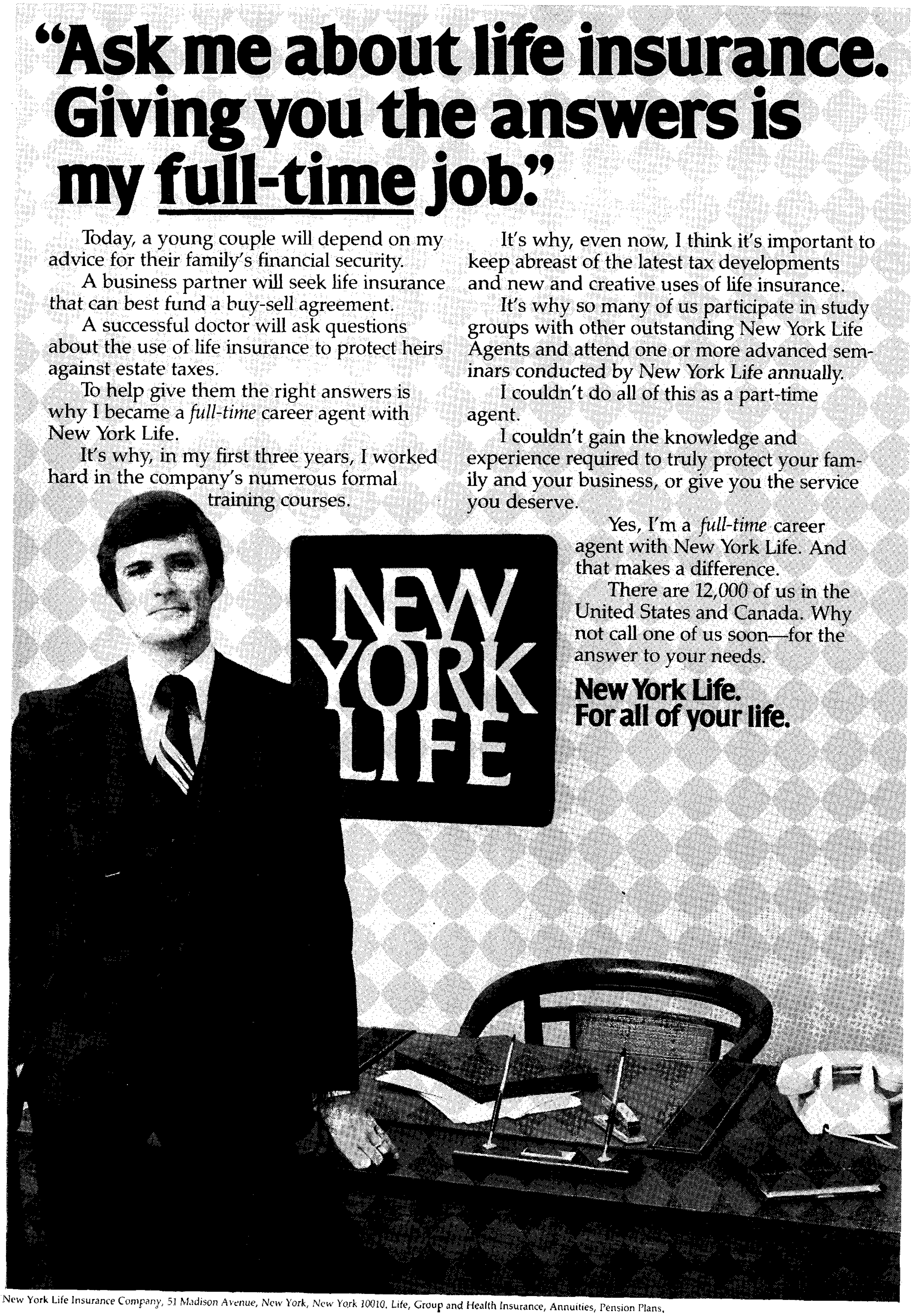

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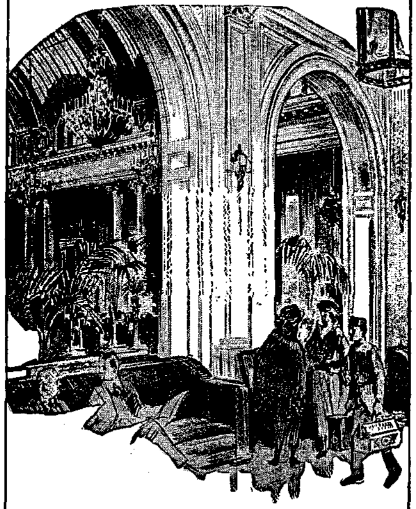

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always do show off. We take our pleasures a little more coolly at the *Times*."

At eight minutes past nine, when all but a couple of pages had closed, a door on the far side of the room opened and through it marched a tall bagpiper in full regalia, playing a rousing tune. He was greeted with lusty and prolonged cheers. "That's Rod Macfadyen," Russell said. "He's a compositor, a Scot, and a piper. When a printer retires, or on some other special occasion, Rod puts on his regalia and gives us a blow." After five minutes of parading around the room, his piping accompanied by listeners' handclapping, Macfadyen made a triumphant exit to whistles and resounding applause.

Shortly afterward, a proof of page 1 arrived. Heren and the other editorial people who had come over gathered around to give it a quiet, appraising look. Sharing the front page with stories about President Carter's stopping oil imports from Iran and a speech that Mrs. Thatcher had made early in the evening at the Lord Mayor's banquet was one that reported the granting of diplomatic rights to the Pope's official representative in London as the first step in the establishment of full diplomatic relations between the Court of St. James's and the Vatican, which healed the breach that occurred between Henry VIII and the Holy See. The story was headlined "VATICAN AND HENRY VIII BRIDGE THEIR OFFICIAL RIFT."

Ten minutes later, a whistle blew—the signal that the last of the thirty-two pages had been completed. "This has been very smooth," Russell said. "I hope the rest of it goes as well."

In the editorial offices, to which Russell and I now returned, staff members were standing around chatting while waiting for copies of the paper. At ten o'clock, there was a general drift toward a corner of the room to look at a news broadcast, just beginning, on television. The third item was about the *Times*. After showing the crowd assembled on the street below, the camera focussed on a proof of page 1 while the narrator noted some of the stories. "Here in the right-hand column," he said, directing attention to the Henry VIII-Vatican story, "is a typical *Times* story—quite obscure." The man who wrote the story, standing near the set, raised both arms to acknowledge cheers from his colleagues.

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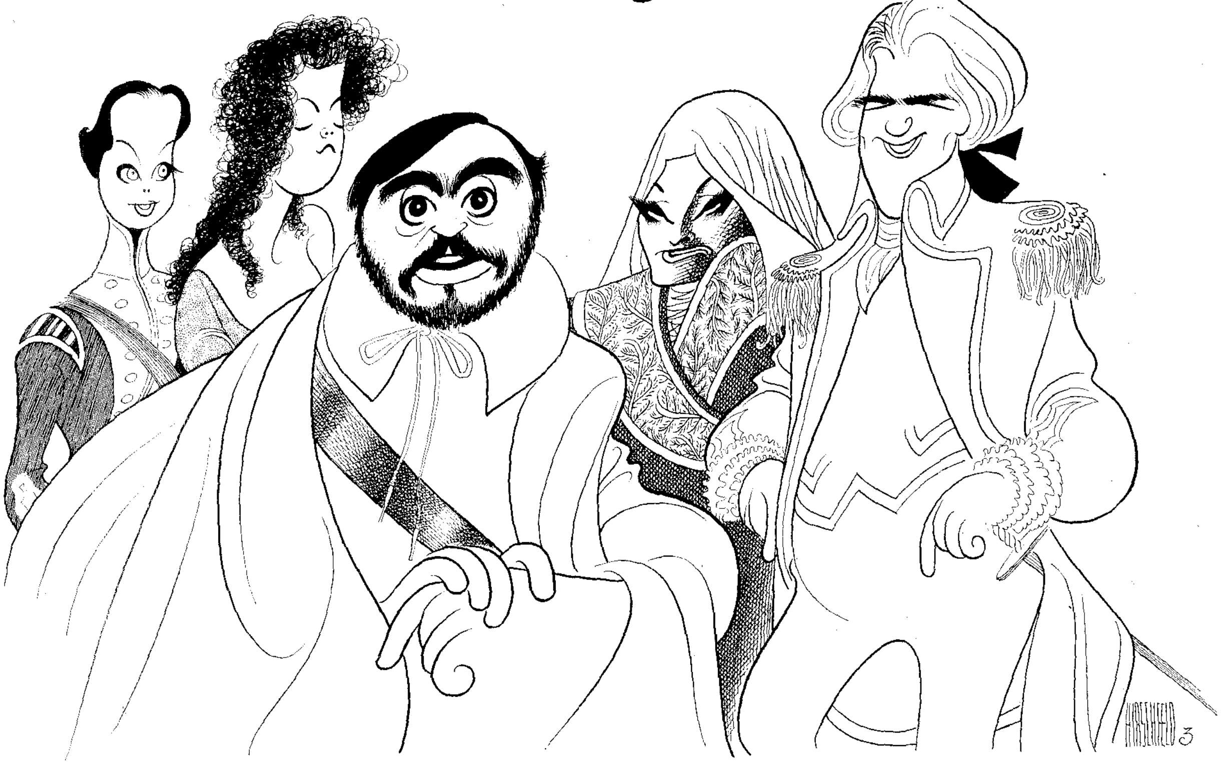

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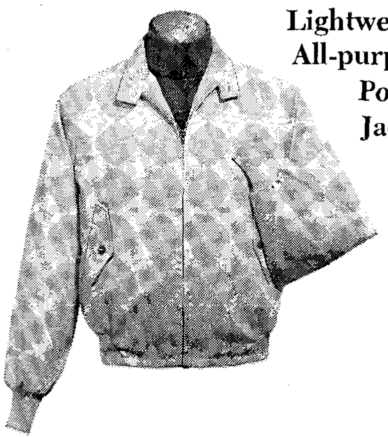

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trolley loaded with copies of the first edition was wheeled into the room. Everybody hurried to help himself and have a quick look-through. The familiar combination of superior news reporting and esoteric features had not changed. International stories were balanced by reports of national and local events, some under typically arresting *Times* headlines, such as "POOR LOCAL RESPONSE TO ELGAR STATUE CALL." Bernard Levin closed the eleven-month gap between his columns with one starting, "Moreover . . ." The crossword, No. 15,071, celebrated the paper's return with 1 Across: "Henceforth, we hope, like ever-rolling streams." (Answer: "Times.") The letters department included one from Lord Goodman, welcoming the return of the paper and signed "Yours affectionately," and one reporting that the two most popular Christian names given to children whose births were announced in the *Times* during the previous year were Elizabeth and James. There was also a letter in praise of the English oak.

Tucking a copy of the paper under my arm, I walked with Heren to the Welsh Club, an unprepossessing old building. We went up a flight of wooden stairs and into a barnlike room with a bar in one corner. "We were late starting to print tonight," Heren said, over a drink, "because the unions decided to hold chapel meetings to inform their members of the decision on who pushes the start button of the stacking machines." He shook his head. Whether because of what the latest union dispute might portend or because of the anticlimactic effect of the end of the siege, he didn't seem to be in a celebratory mood. He exchanged a word with a few of his colleagues, finished his drink, bade me good night, and left for home.

I left soon afterward. On the way out, I met Miss Allen, who was going back to the *Times* to telephone for a taxi. I joined her. As we crossed the street, she looked up at the building. "We don't go in for hearts and flowers at the *Times*," she said, "but it *is* wonderful to see that building lighted up again." —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

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[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

"The president has been riding the waves of his current saber rattling, but his balloon is about to be deflated," Brown said, expressing his high hopes for success in the New Hampshire primary.

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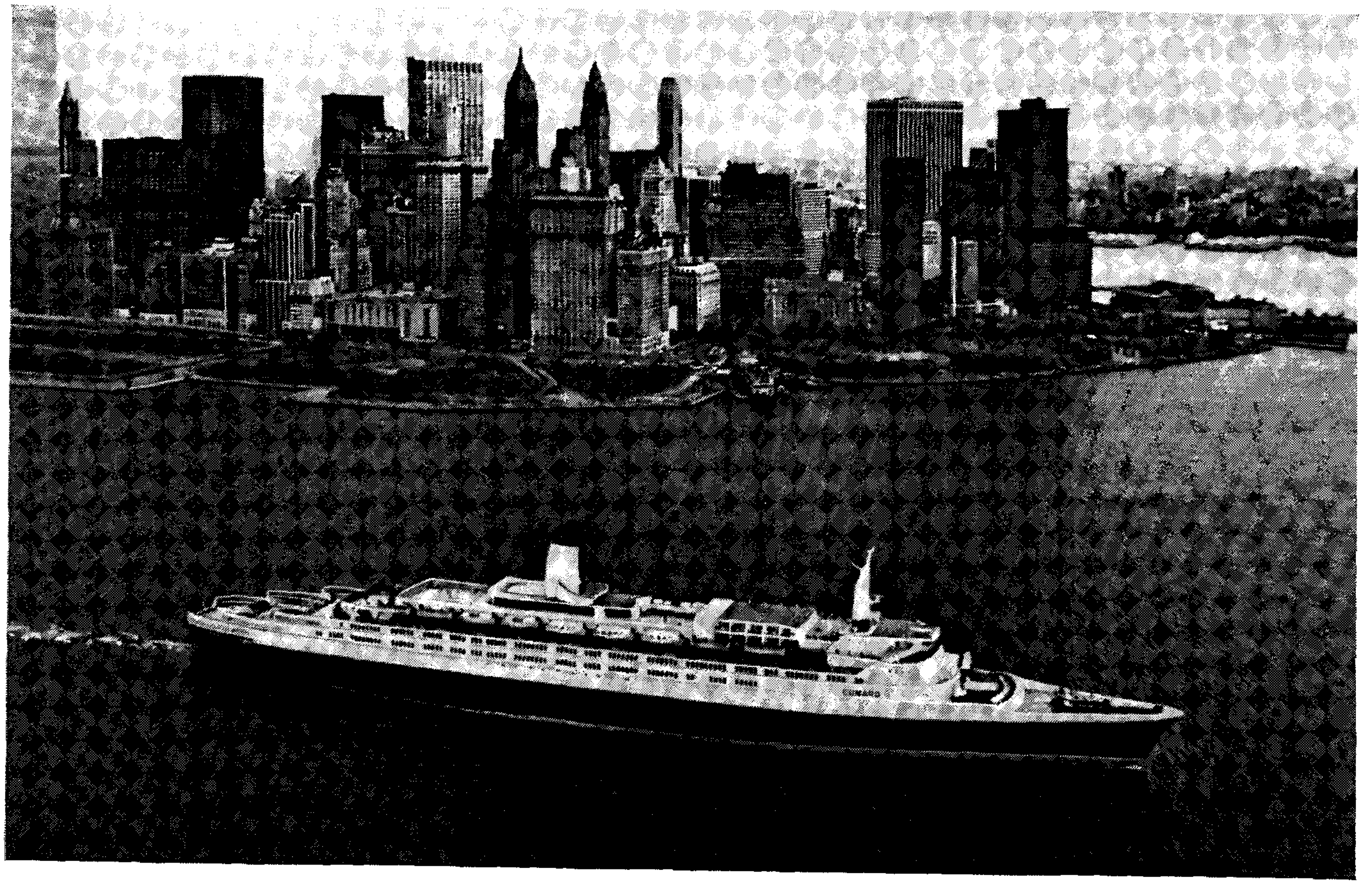

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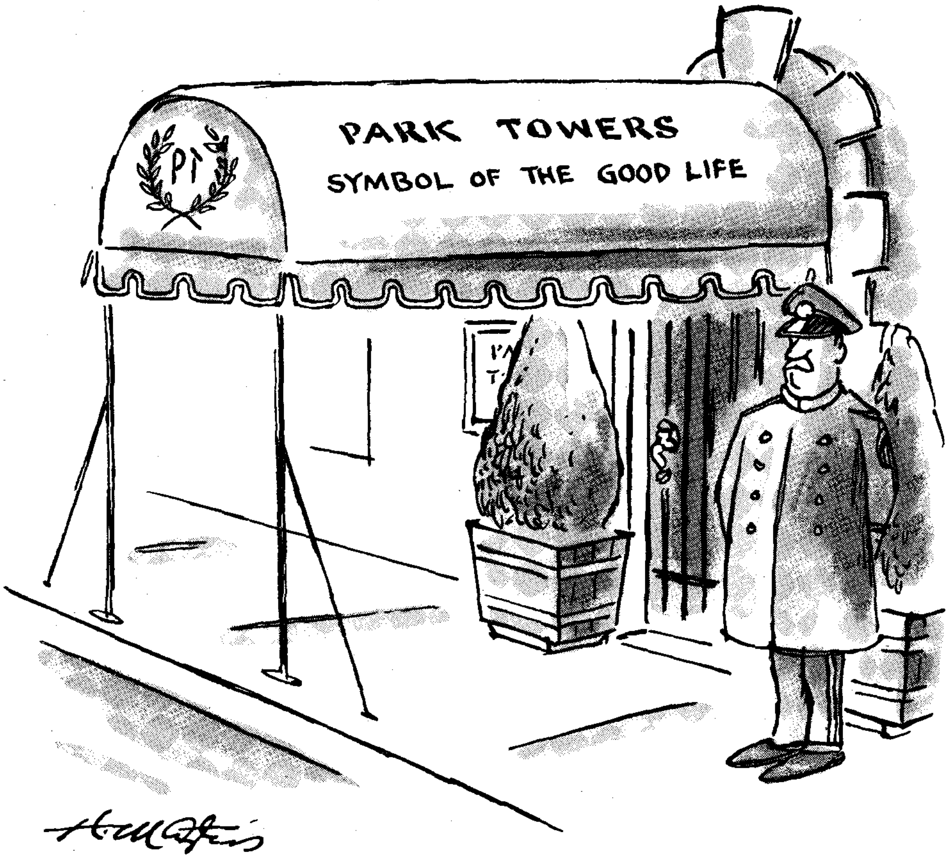
THE THEATRE

Oddities

THE most praiseworthy thing about last week's "Harold and Maude" was the speed with which it closed: it came into and went out of the Martin Beck like a guilty housebreaker vaulting a back fence. The most mysterious thing about the play was why it ever arrived in town at all. It was a model of mediocrity in every particular—theme, subject matter, construction, and language. The author, Colin Higgins, wrote it first in the form of a screenplay that served as his master's thesis at the film school of the University of California at Los Angeles. It may have helped to win him a degree, but it was trash then, and it has remained trash throughout its subsequent ten-year history—as a movie, as a novelization of the movie, and as a play. Harold is a lonely young man who seeks to attract the attention (to say nothing of the love) of his imperious flibbertigibbet of a mother by means of a series of practical jokes based on his apparent death. The mother finds Harold's jokes tiresome; he is a problem to be disposed of, and predictably she turns for assistance to psychoanalysis and sex, the latter being embodied by three young women whom a computer has selected on the strength of their radically various attributes. The young women prove unappealing to Harold; instead, he falls in love with a fey old woman named Maude, who is just about to celebrate her eightieth birthday—an occasion that she is determined to make the day of her death as well. (Harold plays at suicide; Maude, sixty years further along in life, believes in it.) Maude occupies a house filled with objects that she has light-fingeredly acquired and that are no doubt intended to symbolize the witty indiscriminateness of her taste. She spends much of her time in an adjacent sunny garden, which is an earthly paradise; all things flourish in the presence of Maude's mindless benignity, and so, it appears, will Harold, if she will but give him the chance to do so.

Now, Maude is one of those characters drawn not from real life, or even from literature of the first rank, but from secondary and tertiary dramatic sources of irremediable facetiousness—in this case, perhaps in part from Mary Chase's "Mrs. McThing" and in part from Kaufman and Hart's "You Can't Take It with You." A sister to Mr. Sycamore, in the name of truthtelling Maude utters not a word that rings true; she is an anarchist who tries to make us laugh and thus reduces anarchy to the sweet harmlessness of so much divinity fudge. Even suicide in Maude's hands takes on a chirrupy cuteness; her death is a mere strolling into the garden, a comfy assumption into sunlight.


PARK TOWERS
SYMBOL OF THE GOOD LIFE
PT

Janet Gaynor, making her Broadway début at the age of seventy-three, was admirably straightforward within the narrow limits of her role as Maude. Personally and professionally, she conveys an authentic relish for life, and I hope to see her onstage here again, undaunted by this misadventure. Keith McDermott played the hapless Harold, and Ruth Ford played his mother, speaking at the top of her voice in the hope, always sure to be dashed, that audiences would mistake volume for content. The scenery was by Tony Straiges, the costumes were by Florence Klotz, the lighting was by Neil Peter Jampolis, the incidental music was by David Amram, and the direction was by Robert Lewis. So many talents crowded together on the head of a pin, and all in vain!

SPEAKING of talents and pins, I am at a loss to understand what the Chelsea Theatre Center hoped to offer audiences in its production of "Monsieur Amilcar," an adaptation, by George Gonneau and Norman Rose, of a play by the contemporary French dramatist Yves Jamiaque. The program notes that this is the first time a play by Jamiaque has been performed in the United States, and I cannot resist the temptation to murmur that I am not surprised. The setting of the play is Paris, and the time is said to be the present, but we are really back in the world of all those mass-produced French farces of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and nothing except the unexpected and brutal ending of the play—a farce that ends in tragedy is no farce, and no fair—would come as a surprise to our great-grandparents. In our first glimpse of the eponymous hero, he appears to be a typically debonair boulevardier, who improbably invites three total strangers to come to his apartment at six o'clock the following evening. The first of the three is a down-at-heel artist, the second is a prostitute, and the third is an actress. They all refuse his invitation and, curiosity having overcome prudence, arrive next day on his doorstep. It turns out that he wishes them to serve, from six every evening until nine in the morning, as surrogates for the old family friend, the daughter, and the wife that he doesn't possess. He

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Leon Levin makes fashion a sport

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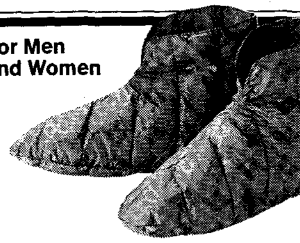

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will pay them handsomely and will require nothing of them except play-acting—the wife, for example, will be a wife in name only. The contract between him and them will be abrogated only if they should happen to develop true feelings of affection for him. And his reason for this strange provision is that he considers himself incapable of being loved—anyone who claimed to love him would be, by definition, deceiving him, and the one thing he cannot bear is deception. He speaks of having once been cuckolded, but (unless the adaptation has omitted something) we have little reason to believe that he has ever been married, much less cuckolded. Far from being a debonair boulevardier, he is an anguished emotional zombie, and it is the playwright's purpose to examine at length the minutiae of Amilcar's egregious lack of self-esteem.

The high degree of literary artifice employed by French farce and the style of acting capable of breathing life into such artifice are both wholly foreign to the New York theatre, and I'm sorry to say that the production at the Chelsea has been unable to domesticate them. The members of the cast (Sheila K. Adams, Judith Barcroft, Patricia Falkenhain, Larry Keith, Mark Keyloun, and K. Lype O'Dell) are obviously much closer in temperament and training to Times Square than to the Champs-Élysées, and the more they pretend to be French the more their accents and bodily gestures reveal them to be all-American—indeed, all-Amurrican. An overly fanciful set, designed by Michael Sharp, has not helped them in their failed attempt to achieve verisimilitude. The costumes are by Elizabeth P. Palmer, the lighting is by Robby Monk, the lively and charming incidental music is by John McKinney, and the direction is by Robert Kalfin. "K" is the fifth-least common letter in the English alphabet, and my noticing the odd fact that there are nine "k"s in the names mentioned in this paragraph is not so much a sign of strict attention to the play as of a therapeutic inattention.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

5. The party is over and you are ready for bed. Relax your body and mind by standing up straight, with your arms at your sides. Now raise your ankles with your hands. Hold this position for three counts. Slowly unwind your torso to starting position. Repeat four times.—*Beverly Barr in the Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette.*

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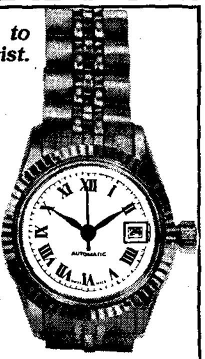

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THE AIR

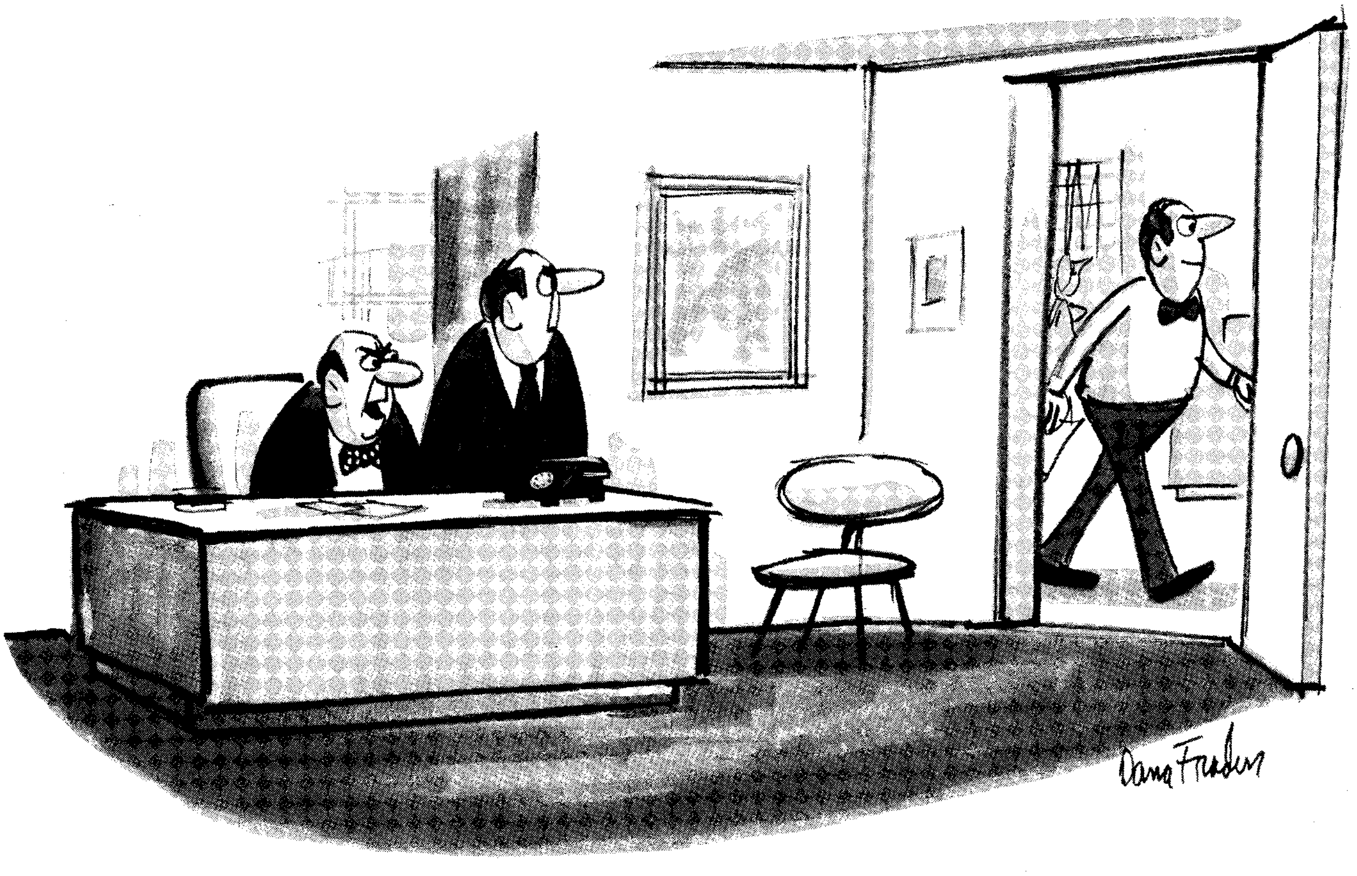
The State of the Art

THIS being a Presidential-election year, with the sounds of amateur punditry and armchair second-guessing already beginning to rise like the chattering of field mice above the land, it seemed as good a time as any to pay a call on David Haskell Sawyer, who is a member of that small and relatively new profession of political media consultants: those men and women (though in fact mostly men) who handle the media campaigns that appear to be a virtual requisite for election to local, state, or national office. Sawyer is forty-three years old, of middle height, with trim, Ivy League good looks, thinning hair, and a sincere and sometimes intense way of speaking. His office, in the West Fifties, is in the modern style, with one wall given over to elaborate sound and video equipment, and shelves on which are arrayed what seem to be at least several hundred cassettes of videotape. There is a desk, a couch, several chairs, and, in a corner of the room, a wooden stand that holds a large white display board on which is printed, in bold letters, "The Attitudinal Communications Process," and then, in smaller type, "Problem Identification," "Problem Definition," "Options Analysis," and "Goals Reanalysis."

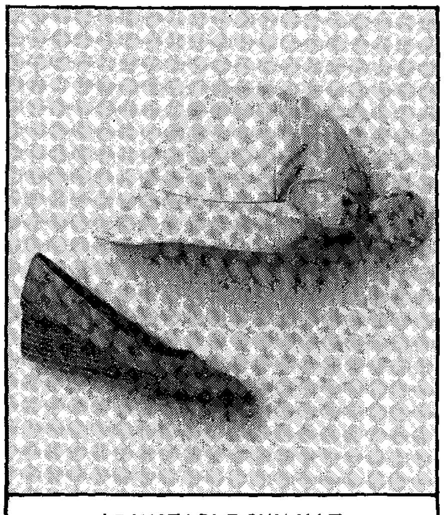
"I think of our business here as political communication," Sawyer said. "I don't say that because it's a fancy phrase but because political advertising doesn't quite cover it. When we take on a candidate, we handle all media aspects of the campaign: print, radio, TV—the works. So far, we're going to be doing three senatorial campaigns this fall: Chris Dodd, in Connecticut; Tom Eagleton, in Missouri; and Warren Magnuson, in Washington. We're not involved in any of the Presidential campaigns. A few months ago, we had some serious conversations with Teddy Kennedy and his people, but we backed off. It seemed to us that they wanted to approach the campaign in too fragmented a fashion. You know, with one guy handling print and another guy radio and another guy doing the TV coverage. That's the way they did things in the old days, back in '68, but it isn't really workable anymore."

I asked Sawyer in what other ways political media consulting had changed since the old days of 1968. I remembered, I said, going out to California that year in order to write a magazine piece about the kinds of political advertising employed by Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy in the ill-fated Democratic primary, and being greatly impressed by the sophisticated quality of the TV advertising produced by the Kennedy staff—especially an ad put together by John Frankenheimer and Bill Wilson that featured a speeding train and raggy banjo music and rails pointing into the distance.

"Frankly, 1968 was still the dark ages of political communication," said Sawyer. "It was a beginning, but techniques weren't very advanced. I mean, that railroad-track ad didn't really tell you much beyond the fact that Bobby was a candidate. The rest of it, if you recall, was stock footage taken from old campaign stops, except for the banjo music, which made you think of 'Bonnie and Clyde' more than the primary. The real progress, I believe, has been in the area of polling. I'm very excited by polling. It's a terrific tool, because it lets you know what the voters are thinking. When it's done right, it can give you something very new in the electoral process: a two-way communication between the candidate and the voter. Of course, polling has been around for a while, but in recent years there has been a steady advance in terms of the skills involved, especially



"Lord knows we've given McCauley enough rope. Why hasn't he hung himself?"



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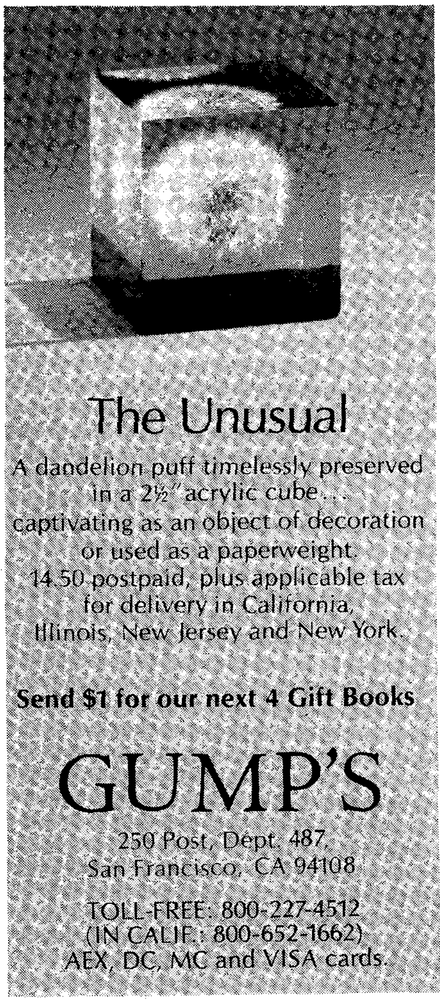

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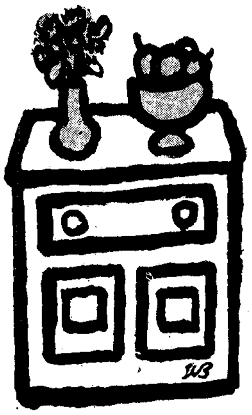
in the field of attitudinal polling—that is, not only in the matter of probing deeper but in the matter of anticipating shifts in political attitudes. Twenty years ago, Lou Harris put political polling on the map with his work for John Kennedy's Presidential campaign. Harris was the guy who figured out the extent of Kennedy's Catholic problem. Nowadays, he doesn't do polling for candidates; he mostly works on major corporate surveys. But his methods seem outdated compared with what's being done by the new group of younger, more innovative pollers—guys like Pat Caddell, Peter Hart, Bob Teeter, Bill Hamilton, Lance Tarrance. Their probing is so much more sophisticated. Now, they'd tell you not only the rough extent of somebody's Catholic problem but precisely what kind of people make up this problem, and *why*—what trade-offs are involved. In other words, one voter might be adamantly against a Catholic candidate, while another might feel O.K. about him if there were a certain trade-off involved—if the candidate took care of him in some other area. The new polls are subtle enough to get into the whole trade-off question."

Was attitudinal polling, then, the key to a successful campaign?

"I can't imagine how you could win a modern election without the help of attitudinal polling," said Sawyer. "But the most crucial element in a campaign, it seems to me, is establishing a level of trust. That's why I always thought that Joe McGinniss's book 'The Selling of the President, 1968' was so misleading. It was an entertaining and seductive story, but I think McGinniss was dead wrong in his central premise—that a bunch of clever Madison Avenue guys figured out how to hide the real Nixon and then packaged a campaign version of the candidate like a bar of soap and sold it to the public. Of course, that's what the Nixon people *tried* to do. Haldeman borrowed all those public-relations techniques for setting up artificial forums—you know, where the people were carefully preselected and the questions they were going to ask were decided in advance, and then Nixon would appear, answering questions in his best statesmanlike manner, as if he had dropped in on a little, informal New England town meeting. The Nixon people did their best to conceal their candidate. But look what happened."



"He won," I said.

"Yes, he won," said Sawyer. "But that's not the moral of the story. What happened is that Hubert Humphrey came staggering out of that terrible Democratic Convention in Chicago with a flawed nomination, with his own party divided and in shambles, with a nearly empty campaign treasury, and he did really the only thing that he could have done: he put himself on the line. Wherever there was an audience, wherever there was a microphone or a camera, he stood up and said, 'Here I am; this is what I feel.' It was a classic Hubie performance—excess and rhetoric, but always feelings. And in six weeks Nixon lost fifteen and a half points! That's the real significance of the 1968 campaign. If it had lasted one more week, and if Hubie hadn't run out of media money at the end, I think Nixon would have lost the election. As it was, he won by only one-half of one per cent."

I asked Sawyer what he thought of Senator Edward Kennedy's media campaign so far.

"I think that Teddy's big problem, right through the Iowa caucuses, was that he just wouldn't deal with the questions that were in people's minds—questions about himself," Sawyer said. "To a great extent, I think, he was plain overbriefed. For instance, as in the disastrous Roger Mudd interview on CBS—though there were two or three other important interviews that were just as bad. You had the feeling that he'd spent six to eight hours before each interview closeted with his staff rehearsing answers to every conceivable issue question, so that by the time he went before the cameras he was tighter than a clam. The main emotion he communicated from the screen was tightness—a feeling of somebody closed up and trying so hard not to make mistakes that people were bound to start wondering what it was he was trying not to make mistakes about. Which naturally led the audience to thoughts of Chappaquiddick—which was a negative communication, because the public's problem with Chappaquiddick wasn't so much the event itself as the atmosphere of coverup that was allowed to surround the event. To be tight and guarded when talking about Chappaquiddick

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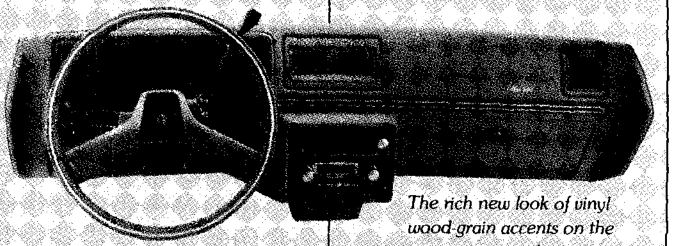

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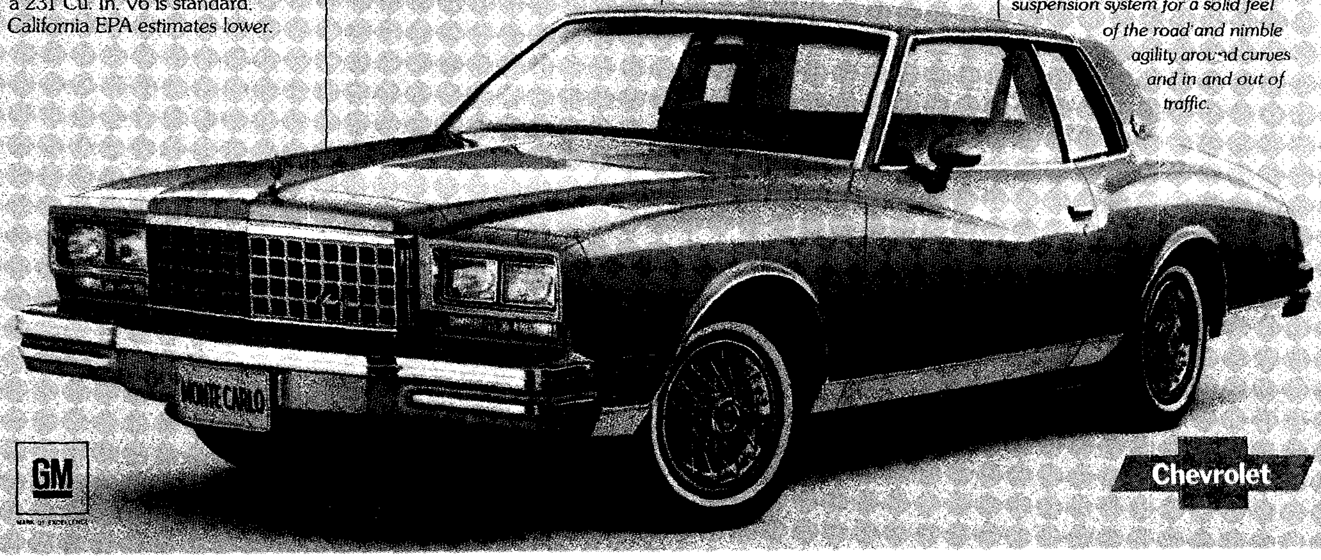

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was a disaster. It perpetuated the idea of coverup. I mean, people were thinking about it—people in Iowa, people everywhere—so when you saw this guy on television with his mouth all tight, and his face cold, and his eyes distant, and talking some nineteen-sixties language about the promise of the future, or whatever, well, you automatically wondered, What's he hiding? The same thing was true of Kennedy's responses to questions about his marriage. If only he had said, 'Look, it's been very difficult, we've had some very difficult times,' at least half the voting public would have identified with his problems. Difficult marriages are what an awful lot of people know something about. But instead he kept his mouth tight and his guard up. 'Joan and I are just fine,' he'd say. 'She's behind me on the campaign. We're working together.' People would just look at that face on the TV screen and think, Bull. What's he hiding?"

"What about the speech at Georgetown University?" I asked. "And those TV ads in New England where he says how sorry he is about Mary Jo Kopechne?"

"Those ads are good, because they show him beginning to be himself, beginning to talk about his feelings. They show him in a sincere mode. The Georgetown speech was the speech he ought to have made when he announced his candidacy. When Teddy announced, you had the feeling he hadn't conceptualized the campaign. He didn't seem to really know why he was running, except that he rather vaguely wanted the Presidency, or thought he ought to want it. In fact, most of what he had to say in the first phase of the campaign was little more than warmed-over rhetoric from the nineteen-sixties—you know, the future of America, concern for the elderly, the vigor of the next generation—with some hastily conceived attacks on the Shah of Iran and Carter's grain embargo thrown in for good measure. That kind of New Frontier stuff must have been very appealing to the veteran New Frontiersmen on his staff, but it doesn't really relate to what people are thinking today. And it certainly didn't relate to the main requirement of the campaign—of any modern campaign: that it be a process of enabling the public to get to know the candidate. At Georgetown, however, I think he finally put together a presentation that he can live with and build on. He finally found a message to communicate—though there's a problem in

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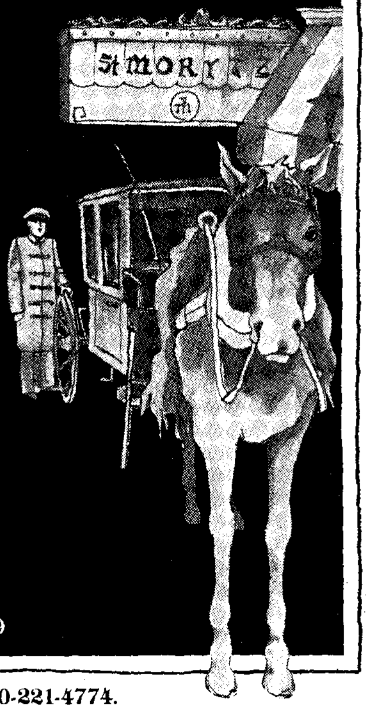

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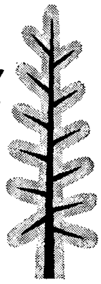

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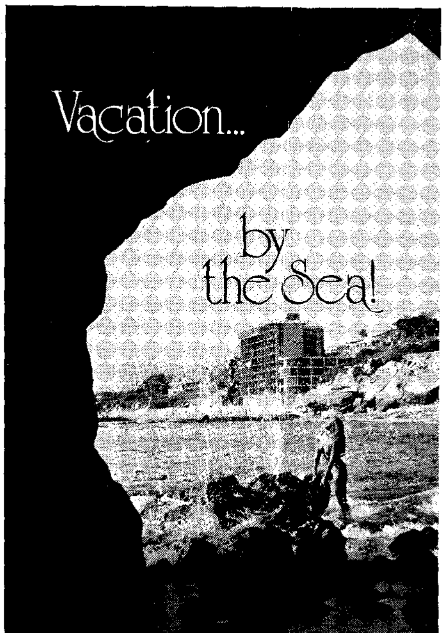
the speech, aside from its coming a little late, which is that it's essentially a strategy for winning the Democratic primaries. In other words, with Carter running strong as Commander-in-Chief on the international scene but vulnerable on the domestic front, Kennedy sensibly decided to attack on the domestic front, by appealing to his own basic Democratic constituency, which is somewhat left-leaning, oriented to minorities, and so forth. The trouble here is that it puts Kennedy in severe jeopardy in terms of a general election. It gives the Republicans a very easy target to jump on, and it seems to me that not the least of Kennedy's problems have been his poor percentage comparisons with Reagan. Mind you, it's not that the country has really given up on liberalism but that liberalism—and the whole American dream, for that matter—needs to be redefined for the nineteen-eighties. And Teddy doesn't seem to have had the time, or maybe the inclination, to redefine it yet."

"When you were talking about new techniques in media campaigning, you mentioned advances in polling," I said. "What else is there?"

"We use focus groups a lot," said Sawyer. "This is a technique—borrowed from advertising—where you preselect fifteen or twenty people, on a psychodemographic basis, and get them all together in a room for a period of time and then ask them to speak their minds on a specific subject. We employ the technique differently from most advertising agencies, which are a lot more interested in persuading people to switch product loyalties, because in a political campaign it's practically impossible to persuade people who are dead set against a certain politician to vote for him. You can't advertise a politician as if he were Anacin. You know, the box and the name, the box and the name—all that repetition. People's feelings about politicians are too complex. But you can work *with* those feelings if you can find out what they are. For instance, when we started handling Kevin White's campaign for reëlection as mayor of Boston in 1979, we found out from our focus groups that many people had very definite unfavorable responses to White's personality. White was perceived as arrogant, abrasive, and not really caring very much about people, while his opponent, Joe Timilty, was perceived much more favorably—as a nice guy, with a new face but a soft image. At the start of the campaign, White's recognition factor was very high—close to a hundred



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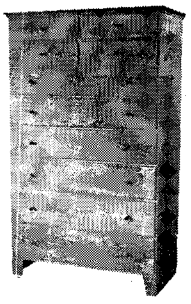

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per cent—but he had only forty per cent of the vote, while Timilty's recognition factor was only sixty per cent but he had a good thirty per cent of the vote. Right away, we figured that there was no way we were going to be able to hide White. He was a tough, aggressive, arm-twisting kind of mayor, and you can't hide a guy like that. Also, it was clear that a lot of voters just didn't like him, and that if the election was going to be decided on the issue of whether Kevin White was a nice guy or not he was going to be beaten. So we decided that we wouldn't try to pretend that White was somebody he wasn't, because nobody would believe us, and that we would try to have the election decided on the issue of effectiveness, because this was where White was strong. The first phase of our campaign, then, was designed to raise the issue of our *opponent's* effectiveness."

Sawyer walked over and pulled out a cassette from the cassette library on his shelves and put it in the video-playback machine. What soon flickered onto the screen was an image of a pinball machine, very close up—a baseball pinball machine, so close up that the little figures of the baseball players seemed almost lifelike. A ball pops down the chute; the batter swings and misses. Another ball; another miss. One more swing and miss, and an off-screen voice says firmly, "In fact, of forty-one bills Joe Timilty proposed in 1978, thirty-nine times he struck out. That's a ninety-five-per-cent failure rate." Then the voice asks quietly, "Joe Timilty for *mayor*?"

Sawyer continued, "A lot of people were surprised that we started with a negative campaign, but the fact was that we had to work our way up to the effectiveness issue. At any rate, the negative ads did what they were supposed to. David Garth was handling the Timilty campaign—Dave is one of the best in the profession—and he had started out with a lot of positive stuff on Timilty. But when he saw that we were going negative on Timilty, he went negative on White, which is what we'd hoped he'd do, because his best bet all along was to concentrate on building up Timilty's effectiveness credibility and he couldn't do that while he was attacking White. Besides, White was hard to attack, since he wasn't hiding. So when Timilty's people went negative on White, right away we went into Phase 2. Our focus groups had told us that people tended not to like White personally, though they thought he had effectiveness credi-

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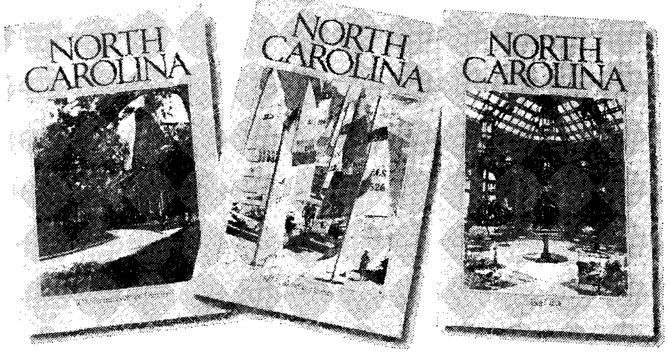

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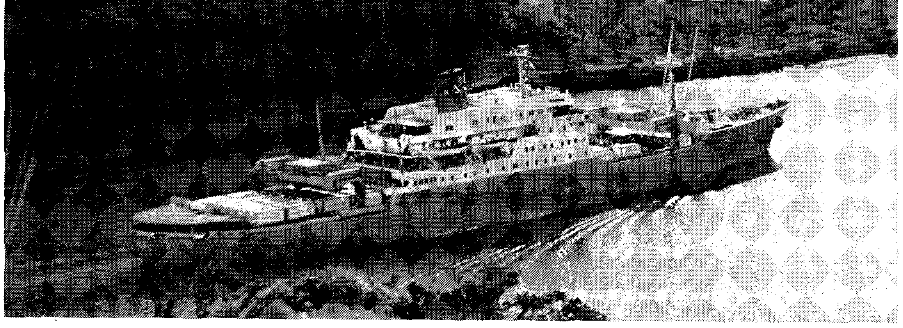

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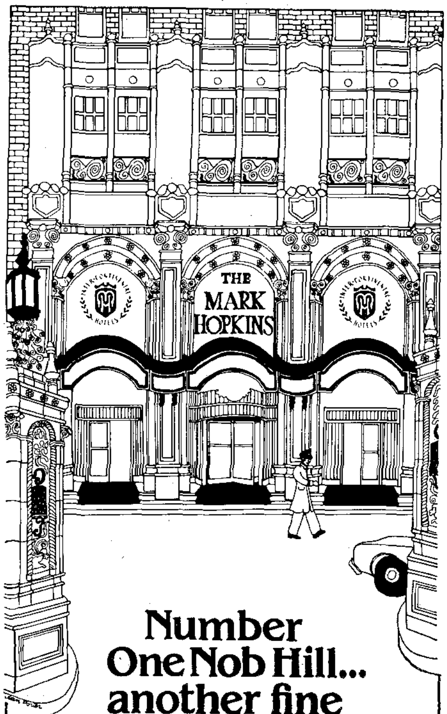

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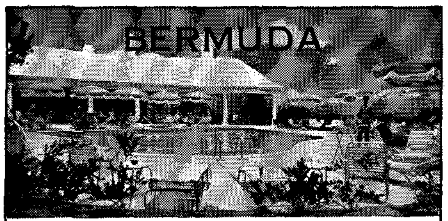

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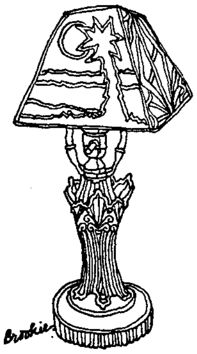
bility, so we took the tack that you don't have to like him in order to vote for him. In other words, don't vote another guy in just because you don't like this guy, with the implication of look what happened when you did that and got Jimmy Carter—because in the fall of '79 everybody was down on Jimmy Carter. What we did was to work out a series of ads that showed White as the kind of guy everybody knew he was but showing him as *mayor*."

Sawyer put in another cassette, and now on the TV screen appeared Kevin White—white-haired, Irish, and vaguely ornery—chatting with a visitor in his office while a voice-over narrator says, "It's a tough job, but that's your job when you're the mayor;" then an ad showing White alone at his desk, while the narration describes him as "a loner in love with the city;" then an ad showing White looking out his window, while the voice-over says, "Kevin White—he seems to know *which hands to hold, which arms to* twist. He's a complicated man, well suited to this complex city."



Sawyer went on, "Toward the end of the campaign, while we were stressing the effectiveness issue, we went into a final focus group, and what we found there was that people kept saying, 'Look, we know about his accomplishments, we think his accomplishments are terrific. But we still don't like him, because we don't think he cares about the city.' Which meant, of course, 'We don't think he cares about *us*.' There was obviously some truth in that perception. White had been mayor for twelve years; sometimes now he acted a little bored, a little arrogant. Naturally, he wanted to win the election, but people needed to be reassured that he really wanted the job. They wanted to actually hear him say that he wanted to be *their* mayor. So we got him to say it. We made up this ad that showed White moving around the city *talking* to different people, and then we stopped him on one of the bridges."

Sawyer punched the forward button on the video-playback machine, and then it showed a picture of Kevin White leaning against the rail of a Boston bridge, with the city's rooftops be*hind him*—the whole scene bathed in a kind of pinkish haze, perhaps from sunset, or smog, or both. "I like the job," says Kevin White, rapping the words out, but softly. Then he grins. "Tell you the truth, I *love* it."

Sawyer stopped the machine. "That's what I mean about connecting to what people already feel," he said. "In the end, we won by ten per cent of the vote."

I'd been wondering about the trend toward what advertising people call "emotionality" in commercials—all those happy, jokey, singsongy ads for beer, soft drinks, long-distance telephoning, and so forth. I asked Sawyer if it was possible to sell a politician on TV the way they sell a bottle of Coke.

"Isn't that new Coke commercial terrific?" said Sawyer. "The one with Mean Joe Greene and the little kid. That's Scott Miller's work. He's at McCann, Erickson, but he has also done some things for us from time to time. Look, there's a difference between manipulation and emotionality. I think that maybe one could sell a very simple product—say, a kind of soap—by means of packaging and repetition. You know, massive time buys. But I really *don't believe that the American voter* can be manipulated. Take what happened in the senatorial campaign between Richard Roudebush and Vance Hartke in Indiana in 1970. Roudebush's people put out this phony ad trying to associate Hartke, who was antiwar, with a guy dressed up to represent a sinister Vietcong soldier, and the whole thing backfired. Nobody believed Roudebush afterward. His campaign went downhill, and Hartke won. Or take what happened when Richard Ottinger made all those really massive time buys in the 1970 New York senatorial race—and he lost to Jim Buckley. You have to remember that the American voter has become pretty sophisticated in media terms—in being able to evaluate media language. But emotionality is a whole different thing. Emotionality is when you speak directly to people's emotions—to emotions that are already there. That's the key: the emotions are *already there*. Now, here's an example of a controversial political ad that packed a whole lot of emotion." Sawyer got up and slipped in another cassette. "This is from Lyndon Johnson's campaign against Goldwater in 1964. It's not one of ours— Hell, I wasn't doing political work back then. It was done by Tony Schwartz, who's another top guy in the business."

On the screen appeared the figure of a little girl standing in a field. The little girl is plucking petals off a daisy, counting aloud in her lilting, childish voice: "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . ." The little girl remains frozen in the frame while a man's voice takes over, now counting backward in the unmistakable rhythm of a rocket launch: "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero." There is a zoom in on the little girl, and the screen is suddenly filled with the soundless spectacle of an A-bomb explosion, and with the cloud billowing and billowing until a brief caption line appears: "Vote for President Johnson on November 3."

Sawyer stopped the machine. "That was considered very vicious back in '64," he said. "In fact, the Goldwater people complained so loudly that the ad was taken off the air. It was a tough ad, all right, but I don't think you can fault it for its emotionality. I mean, people really cared about war and peace in those days; they really worried about the bomb. Tony's ad spoke to those feelings. It's not unlike the Mean Joe Greene ad in that respect, because what is Coke selling, after all, except feelings? Think of all the Coke ads you see—those groups of people in funny kinds of situations, in smily kinds of situations. Viewers watch those ads and they get drawn into smiling, too. Mind you, the desire to smile is there already. What the Coke ads do is that they put the viewer through the emotion, and then people identify the emotional connection with Coke. That's why they're such great ads. Of course, you can't do that sort of thing with most politicians, because politicians are complex—more complex than a bottle of Coke, anyway—and people's feelings about them are complex. When you're trying to communicate a politician, you need more than a smile or a simple emotion."

Sawyer had remarked that he wasn't working in politics back in 1964. I asked him when and how he had started.

"I guess you could say I angled into it," he said. "My first interest was the theatre. I ran a drama group back at Princeton. I came to New York and studied acting and directing, but then I got turned on by film. I became an assistant editor and then an editor for Leacock & Pennebaker when they were with Drew Associates. In those days, you could just about walk in off the street and if you had any brains they made you an assistant editor. Fifteen years ago, I started my own company to make documentaries—which was fun but pretty slim pickings. Then,

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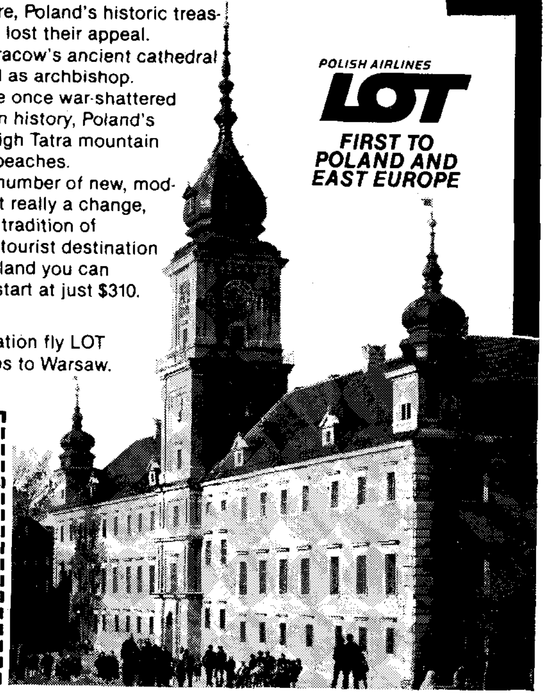

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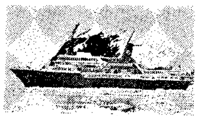

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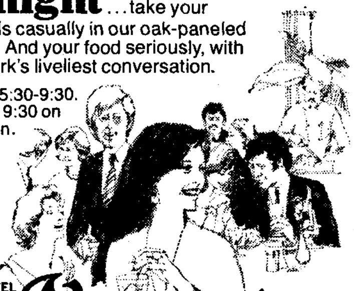

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ten years ago, Bill Wilson, who'd been working on Bobby Kennedy's campaign in 1968, asked me to help out on Governor Frank Licht's campaign in Rhode Island. That's when I began doing politics. I've done all sorts of campaigns since then: Governor Jay Rockefeller's, in West Virginia; Governor Jim Hunt's, in North Carolina; Governor Julian Carroll's, in Kentucky; Charles Ravenel's gubernatorial campaign, in South Carolina; the Presidential races in Costa Rica and Venezuela."

I said I wondered what, from a professional point of view, was the best political media campaign he had observed.

"I'd have to say Nixon's 1972 campaign. From a state-of-the-art point of view, that was perhaps the most sophisticated media campaign ever run. It wasn't just the money, though that certainly helped. It was the way they went from positive to negative—positive on the leadership issue, negative on McGovern's credibility. From the start, his people picked up on McGovern's problem of trust and credibility, and they built it right into the campaign as if it were an issue. Well, it *was* an issue! I remember they did this ad that showed a profile of McGovern's face, and then they shifted it back and forth, back and forth—like a weathervane. It was an effective method of demonstrating indecisiveness—going negative on the leadership issue—and we used the technique later on Joe Timilty in the Kevin White campaign. The Nixon 1972 campaign was probably the best I've seen, and the McGovern 1972 campaign was probably the worst. McGovern had two separate and very sizable problems that were allowed to come together, and they eventually destroyed him. First, he had a credibility problem. For example, there was the matter of the one-thousand-dollar tax rebate. He proposed it and then he took it back. Then, there was the trouble with his Vice-Presidential nominee, Eagleton. First he backed him and then he didn't. It wasn't that McGovern was dishonest but that he was perceived as lacking credibility. The second major problem he had was that he had won the Democratic primaries by appealing to a definitely left-leaning constituency. After he had won the nomination, he needed to reach a wider constituency if he was going to make any strides on a national level. But in making the transition—or in trying to make it—he became perceived as someone who didn't know what

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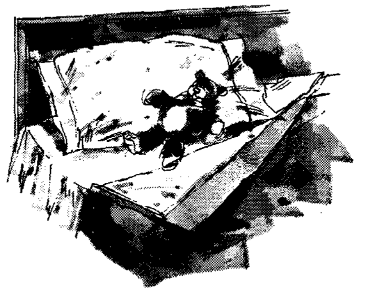

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he stood for. The credibility issue undermined his efforts to achieve a wider constituency. I remember people used to say that McGovern was so criticized because he tried to force an unwilling public to think about Vietnam. But I don't believe that his raising of the Vietnam issue was what made people so angry at him. Vietnam by then was a legitimate concern to a large number of voters. There was a lot of emotion tied up in the Vietnam issue. Charlie Guggenheim was running McGovern's media campaign, and the irony of the situation was that by the time Charlie got McGovern on the air talking about Vietnam and war-related issues, trying to broaden the base of his constituency, hardly anyone believed what he was saying about *anything*. He'd blown his credibility. Actually, Jimmy Carter had the same kind of constituency problem in 1976. He tried going national with the same kind of campaign that he'd used in the primaries—all those peanut-farmer spots—and in six weeks of national campaigning he lost thirty-two points. Gerald Ford had a very strong, very effective campaign, designed by Bailey Deardourff ('President Ford—He's Making Us Proud Again'), which went negative against Carter on the trust issue, and he nearly pulled it off. Carter won by only two per cent."

I asked Sawyer whose campaign Charlie Guggenheim was handling now.

"Teddy Kennedy's," said Sawyer. "Look, Charlie is a pro. He's a bit old-fashioned. I think he spent too much time in Iowa on those old-time question-and-answer sessions. But Teddy's moving in the right direction now. He's talking feelings. He's communicating more emotionality. A lot can happen between now and Illinois. In the end, though, there are issues and issues—really pressing issues, like inflation and national defense—but what really counts in a campaign today is trust. Or maybe I should say: a perception of trust." —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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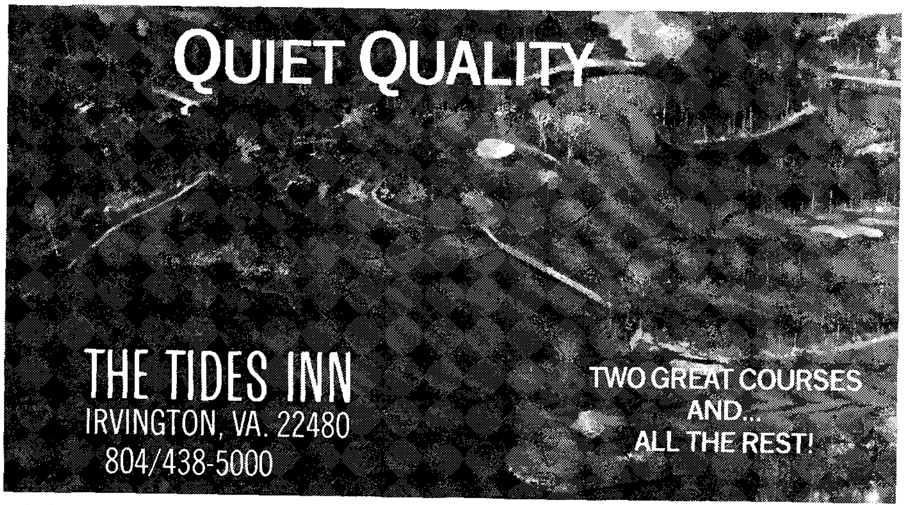

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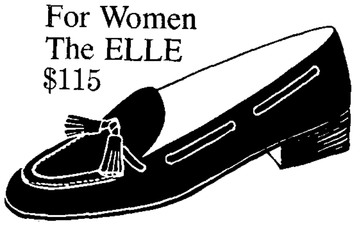

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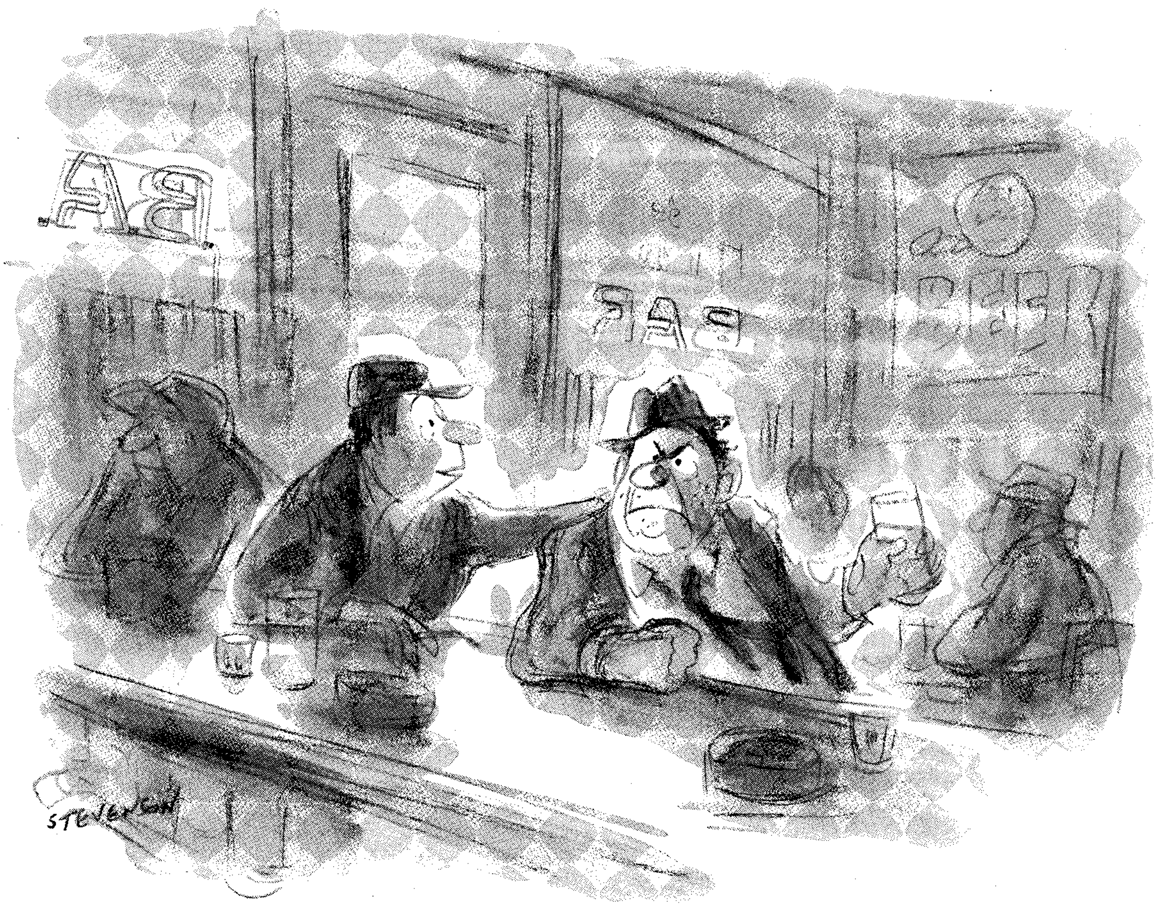
MUSICAL EVENTS

An Opera That Matters

THE four operas that Verdi composed after "Les Vêpres Siciliennes"—"Simon Boccanegra," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Forza del Destino," and "Don Carlos"—are dramas about duty and responsibility. Three of them—"Forza" is the exception—have as protagonist a ruler who must weigh conflicting claims of public duty and personal inclination. This is a nobler, subtler, more earnest development of the old, familiar operatic plight represented at its simplest by the prince who loves the daughter of his father's or his country's implacable foe. In Verdi, it is a tragic theme. A recurrent, austere moral of his works is that duty often compels an upright man to decisions that destroy his hopes of personal happiness.

The theme of a ruler's responsibility is stated at the start of "Ballo." The men of Colonial Massachusetts sing of their loyalty to their governor, Richard, Count of Warwick (while a few conspirators who do not admire him sing of their hate). The governor enters and in ringing tones declares that "power is not beautiful unless it dries subjects' tears and aims at uncorrupted glory." A few measures later—with a sudden leap of harmony, and a switch from clear, bright keys into troubled chromatics—the counter-theme is introduced, as the name Amelia leaps from an official guest list that Warwick is scanning. Amelia is the wife of his secretary, closest friend, and loyalest supporter, and Warwick loves her. The secretary enters. In Italian, his name is Renato; old translations Anglicized him as Reinhard, but that sounds too Teutonic; since he's described as a Creole, one might settle for René. In a famous aria, René at once restates the theme of a ruler's responsibility: "To your life . . . the destiny of thousands and thousands of other lives is linked." The Lord Chief Justice joins them, presenting for Warwick's signature a sentence of exile on an undesirable black fortune-teller, and we see the governor in action: listening to both sides of the case (the sparky young ensign Oscar defends the woman and her ways), deciding to examine the evidence for himself. Verdi designated this first stretch of music, comprising a chorus, three arias (Warwick's "sortita," René's "cantabile," and Oscar's "ballata"), and an ensemble finale, as a single number, "Introduzione." In the scenic synopsis of the program for the Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Ballo," which opened last week, it is rightly entitled "The Governor." It presents a vivid, individualized portrait of the Count, a ruler well aware of his public duties but also volatile and various: passionately in love with Amelia, high-spirited, eager to combine entertainment with office, suddenly moody. Othello may be more powerful, but "Riccardo, Conte di Warwich" has always been recognized as the fullest and most detailed character study in Verdi's tenor gallery. Moreover, in this introduction the tragedy is already implicit, given Warwick's character, René's single-hearted devotion to his best qualities, Oscar's encouragement of his frivolous side, and the gathering conspiracy.

In Warwick, duty triumphs at last. (In the inner struggle, Warwick, one might say, conquers Richard.) He decides to renounce his love, to send René and Amelia to England. Signing the order for their departure, he cries, "Ah! I have signed my sacrifice." But it is too late to set right the harm he has done. Duty has already triumphed in Amelia: when first we meet her, she has resolved at whatever cost to tear Richard from her heart and be a faithful wife. The ostensible "villain" of the piece is René, who allows passion to master him, joins the conspirators, and murders his friend. But it is easy to understand his impetuous criminal rage; since his life has been built on blind trust, love, and admiration, when he believes that the wife he loves and the friend for whom he has risked that life have together betrayed him, and when he has been publicly ridiculed, his fury is equally blind. His is the greatest betrayal in an opera that shows many kinds of trust and betrayal. Emotionally, if not in deed, Amelia has betrayed her husband,



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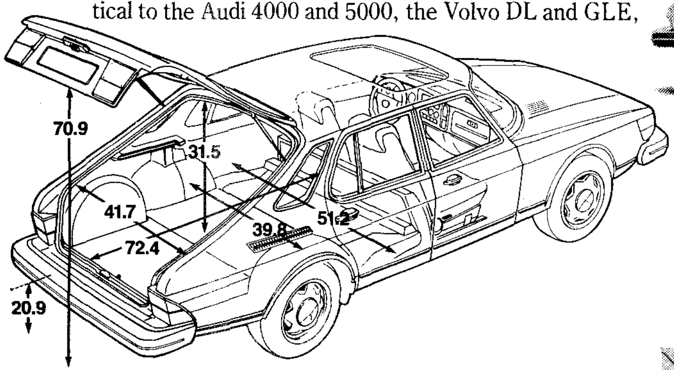

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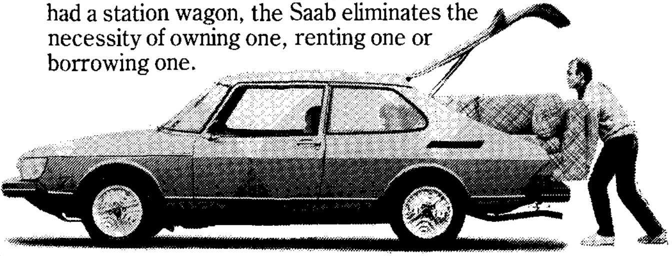

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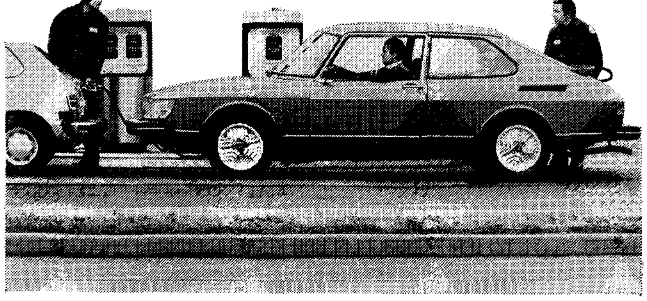

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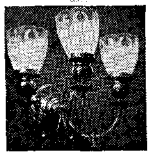

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and Richard his friend. (In the Act II trio, Richard reflects that he would boldly confront the traitors gathering around him were he not a traitor himself.) Even Oscar, in the last act, is tricked into a betrayal of his master. Frivolity and vanity lead him to it, and it is innocently, even benevolently, committed, but its consequences are fatal. A similar irony inflects every turn of the plot. The action by which Amelia strives to conquer her illicit love provides René with the "evidence" that she is unfaithful to him. Julian Budden, in the second volume of "The Operas of Verdi," supplies a convincing demonstration that common sense and sharp observation were all that Ulrica, the fortune-teller, needed to achieve her uncannily accurate predictions.

IF I begin a review by telling the story of a well-known opera, it is because before the new Met production (my tenth) I had never seen the story of "Ballo" told on the stage in quite that way, never before seen "Ballo" treated quite so seriously as a drama of real and recognizable human behavior. The director is Elijah Moshinsky, an Australian, who has the post of principal guest producer at Covent Garden. He made his Covent Garden début with a tough, vivid, intense staging of "Peter Grimes" five years ago. After that "Grimes," I asked him where he had got his training. "By writing a thesis on Alexander Herzen, for Isaiah Berlin," he said. Herzen, like Verdi, was Paris-based in 1848, the year in which Europe's history took a new turn. I've not found any direct contact between the two men, and can't remember whether there are any of Herzen's books on the well-stocked shelves of Sant'Agata, Verdi's villa. But both were close observers of human character. Both were concerned with the way individual temperament could affect the fate of nations. (The passages in Herzen's memoirs about his encounters with Mazzini and Garibaldi are useful reading for any Verdian.) And both of them in their fictions—Herzen's stories, Verdi's operas—pressed the theme of individual responsibility. So Herzen can open a way to "Ballo," and the new Met production, for all its evident imperfections, is something that shows Verdi's opera to be (in Shaw's words for "The Ring") a work "frightfully real, frightfully present, frightfully modern." The Met directorate may not have deliberately intended, at a moment in America's history when potential rulers' actions in a time of personal stress must color the voters' decision whether or not they are fit to rule, to throw its voice into the public debate, but willy-nilly it has done so. Serious opera has always been a political art, and it was not for nothing that Bourbon censorship forbade the performance of "Ballo." Of course, in 1857 Verdi intended no narrowly specific allegory. But the composer when rejecting the idea of a medieval setting for his drama insisted that it embodied modern kinds of thinking, and in ways unacceptable to Naples' rulers its action came close to modern life. A few years earlier, Verdi's own sovereign, Charles III of Parma, had been assassinated while stopping to admire a ballerina on a balcony. On the day Verdi arrived in Naples to put "Ballo" into rehearsal, Felice Orsini tried to assassinate Napoleon III on his way to the theatre; when the news reached Naples, a production of "Ballo" in any form that the composer might recognize was doomed. More generally, the character of the protagonist may have set Italians thinking about the character of the man soon to become their king—Victor Emmanuel, the many-mistressed *re galantuomo.*

Some other points may be relevant. In 1859, the year "Ballo" reached the stage, in Rome, Verdi did two unexpected things. He sought the acquaintance of Cavour, the great statesman who, in Giuseppina Verdi's words, "had conserved (*unique privilege!*) a heart in the midst of diplomacy and politics;" and he made an honest woman of Giuseppina, with whom he had been living in what the world deemed sin for some fourteen years. In 1861, at Cavour's persuasion, he became a member of the newly formed Italian parliament, and he embarked on an opera, "Forza," concerned with the vanity of trying to achieve personal peace by disengaging oneself from the world. In the final speech of his next opera, "Don Carlos," where his librettists had made the Emperor say that the sorrows of the world come to an end in the cloister Verdi himself changed "viennent expirer" to "nous suivent encore." It can hardly be denied, I think, that, just as the subject matter of "Stiffelio" and "La Traviata" reflects Verdi's personal preoccupations at the time of their writing, so "Ballo" marks the start of a new, thoughtful concern for the public responsibilities of an individual, whether he be statesman or opera-maker. (Gustavus III of Sweden, the protagonist of "Ballo" in its original form, happened to be both.)

Yet it *has* been denied. The Italian critic Massimo Mila has written, "Even more than 'La Traviata,' 'Un Ballo in Maschera' is a pure, exclusive poem of love. In 'La Traviata,' the love song is mixed with a strong vein of social protest. . . . None of this exists in 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' which is truly the swirling, tragic poem of an impossible and desperate love. . . . 'Un Ballo in Maschera' is Verdi's 'Tristan und Isolde.' " Mr. Budden has suggested another parallel: "Throughout, danger appears not only when least expected but in an utterly unexpected form. . . . In a word, 'Un Ballo in Maschera' is Verdi's 'Don Giovanni.' " The leading Italian critic of Verdi's day, Filippo Filippi, ended his celebrated account of "Ballo" with the declaration that opera lovers of every kind could find what they wanted in this work—tunes, formal shapeliness, "pure music," drama, well-defined characters, unusual forms, interplay of orchestra and stage: "Help yourselves; there is plenty for all your needs."

IN the new Met production, I don't find everything I want. The opera is treated seriously, and that is good. The individual characterizations are clearly studied and sharply defined; the situations are effectively executed. It is evident that Mr. Moshinsky has profitably consulted the "official production book" published in 1859, not in order to stage a move-by-move re-creation but to know the kinds of action that Verdi had in mind when he composed his score, and the dispositions in real space of the various voices. The plot makes sense, and this is a "Ballo" about things that matter. But it is a director's and designers' "Ballo;" the musical interpretation, led by Giuseppe Patanè, is commonplace, not marked by any similar thoughtfulness. The show is not the *Gesamtkunstwerk* of Verdi's intention. Onstage, the main thing wrong is the scenery—which will be the constant element, alas, when casts and conductor change. The decision to set the action in eighteenth-century Boston seems to me a brilliantly right solution to the recurrent problem of where and when. Verdi began his opera in the royal Swedish setting of the Scribe libretto "Gustave III," on which his own is based. Knowing that regicide could not be represented on the Naples stage, he completed it in a setting of seventeenth-century Stettin, with an imaginary Duke of Pomerania, not the historical Gustavus III of Sweden, as its protagonist. For Rome, he changed the scene to seventeenth-century Boston. In Paris in

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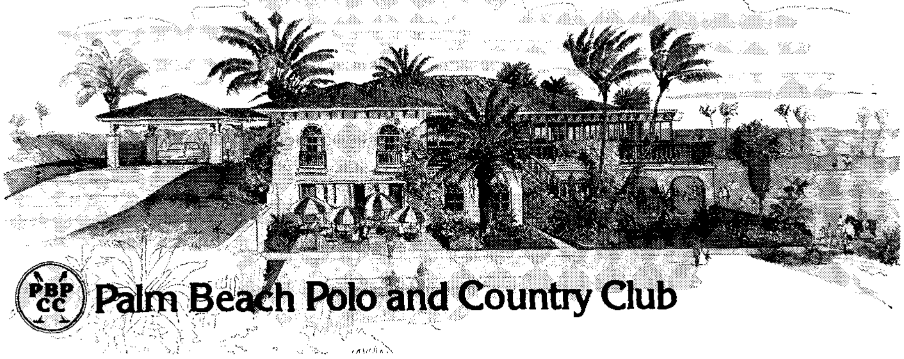

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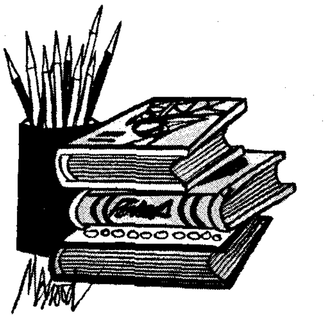
1861, "Ballo" was set in Florence; in London that year, it was set in Naples. In our day, it has often been set in Stockholm. It would be wrong to conclude that it could happen *anywhere*. The composer laid down certain conditions for its migration. The nature of the drama and the distinct "color" of his score predicated a Northern, not a Latin, court. The protagonist had to be someone in a position of political importance, at a time when much depended on his conduct and decisions. (In "Gustave III," one of the conspirators' grievances is that their ruler frivols with masked balls when a war with Russia is impending.) The society had to be one of a certain elegance; the Dark Ages were out, and the Middle Ages would not match the music. Eighteenth-century Boston on the eve of the Revolution fits Verdi's bill at all points. Great issues were stirring. The Bostonians, as the traveller Daniel Neal recorded, were "as polite as in most of the cities and towns in England," and "their houses, their furniture, their tables, their dress and conversation . . . as splendid and showy." Hawthorne, in "Legends of the Province House," described a spectacular masked ball in the governor's mansion: "It was the policy of Sir William Howe to hide the distress and danger of the period . . . under an ostentation of festivity." The Boston painter John Singleton Copley could—and at the Met did—provide the inspiration for the scenes, the costumes, and the lighting. As E. P. Richardson says in his "Painting in America," Copley "created the most brilliant and convincing expression of the aristocratic ideal that American eighteenth-century painting was to produce," and—the words apply equally well to Verdi—taking up the forms of his predecessors, he "poured into them an imaginative power to observe and to experience reality that filled them with the glow, vitality, and mystery of life."



So far, so good. The Met costumes, designed by Peter J. Hall, are fine. It is in the realization of the Boston setting, designed by Peter Wexler, that things go wrong. Mr. Moshinsky has a "method." He stages operas in a plain, severe box, endeavoring to throw all emphasis onto the actors. For "Grimes," the box was the shifting grays of North Sea skies. For Covent Garden's "Lohengrin," it was white, enclosing jewelled costumes. For "Ballo," it is brown. It is meant to suggest wood but looks like nasty imitation wood. The sides and back don't meet the floor; they are suspended above a black-curtained gap, high enough to permit entrances. When Renzo Mongiardino designed a basic wooden box for the Scala "Ballo" of 1972-73, he put doors and windows in it and arranged for it to vary in size from scene to scene; a spectacular transformation introduced the last scene as the plain panels swung round to reveal elaborate carving. The Met box, huge, stark, and ugly, hangs unchanging over every scene. In Act II, some steel scaffolding is added, which houses the action rather well but looks unsuitable. In the first scene of Act III, Amelia and René are dwarfed by an enormous family portrait, in the style of Copley but blown up on a monster scale. Larger-than-life representations, whether paintings or sculpture, always diminish living actors; the device can be potently used, but I don't see its purpose here. Act II apart, each scene by itself is striking and effective. But the cumulative result of this assertively "minimalist" scenery is that it draws attention to itself more insistently, more obtrusively, than even the most elaborately realistic décor does. Moreover—the complaint must be made of all the Met's recent Verdi productions—the unit set does away with the contrast between shallow scenes and deep which is built into the very structure, musical and dramatic, of most nineteenth-century operas. (When Claudio Abbado conducted the Scala "Ballo," in 1977, he wrote in the program book that the stage plans of the 1859 production book had clarified for him the successive "sound pictures" that Verdi had in mind.) The sets are stark but the costumes are lavish; and, with his profusion of redcoats, red ensigns, and Union Jacks, Mr. Moshinsky may even have pinned down "Ballo" too tightly to one particular place and time.

Paradoxically, then, the décor does the opposite of what its creators must have intended. It claims too much attention. In time, however, one may stop noticing it and look only at the actors. With them, Mr. Moshinsky has had his success. For many years, I had not seen and heard Luciano Pavarotti give a performance that could be taken seriously. The nearest he came

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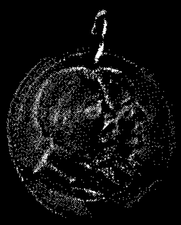
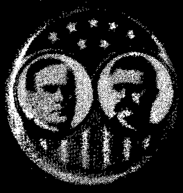
Garfield—1880


Cleveland—1884

Harrison—1888

Cleveland—1892

McKinley—1896


McKinley—1900

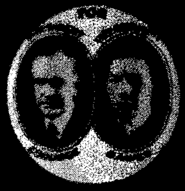
Roosevelt—1904

Taft—1908

Wilson—1912

WIN WITH
WILSON
Wilson—1916

FOR PRESIDENT
WARREN G. HARDING
Harding—1920


Coolidge—1924

Hoover—1928

Roosevelt—1932

Roosevelt—1936

Roosevelt—1940

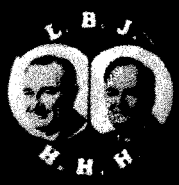
Roosevelt—1944

Truman—1948

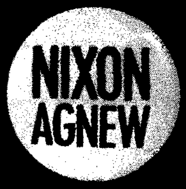
WOMEN
WANT
IKE
Eisenhower—1952

I LIKE
IKE
EVEN BETTER
Eisenhower—1956

Kennedy—1960



Johnson—1964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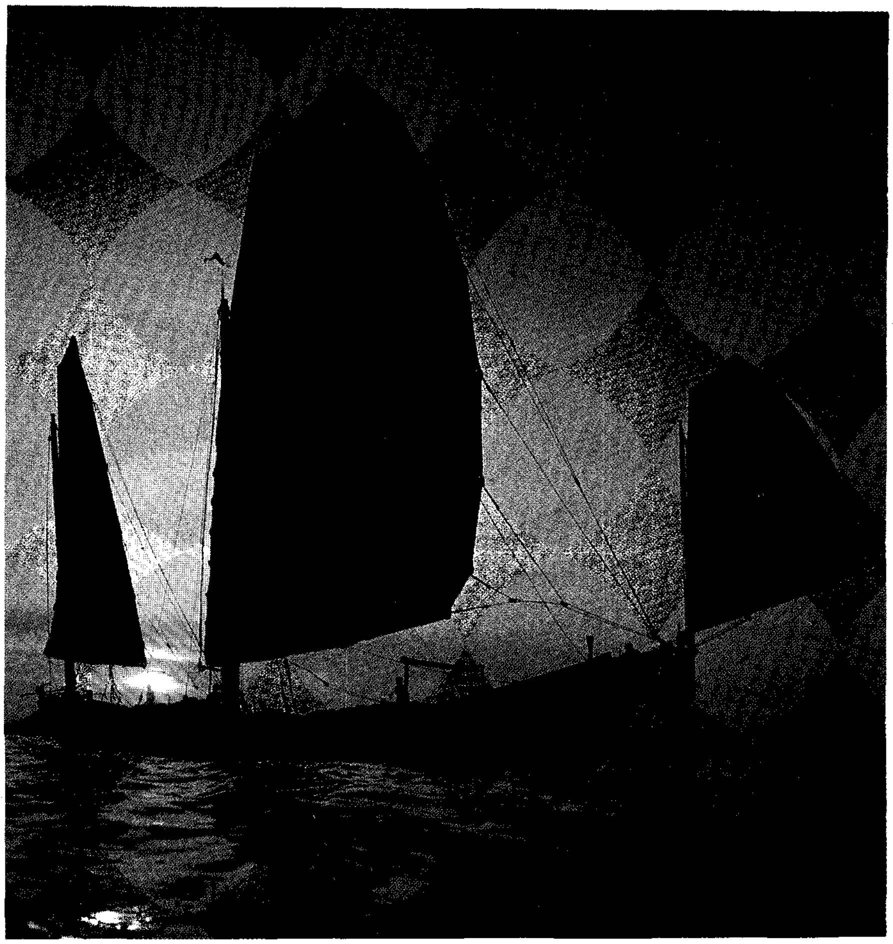

The Chinese junk has scarcely changed in design for a thousand years.

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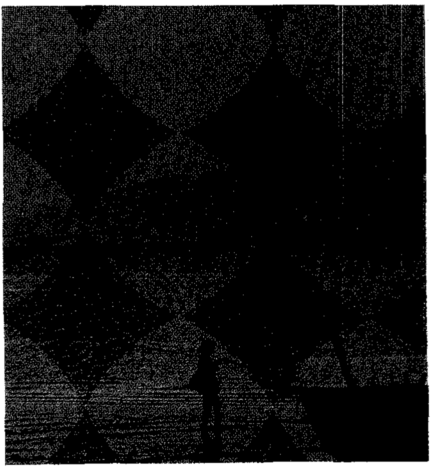

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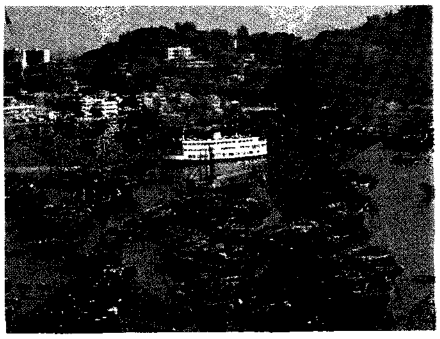
An outer island ferry eases its way through a swarm of junks.



was in that Scala "Ballo" of 1977. Franco Zeffirelli, the director, had minimized the tenor's physical awkwardness (at Covent Garden in the same role he had been ridiculous), and Mr. Abbado had persuaded him to phrase and express Verdi's music. Mr. Pavarotti's Met Richard last week was not musically on the same level, but for one act, at least, he played not merely a plausible governor but a serious, interesting, and complicated character. His alert, nervous treatment of "È scherzo od è follia" was thrilling. (Verdi expressly forbade the interpolation of naturalistic laughter, and Mr. Pavarotti added none.) After that, he tended to relapse into being the Luciano everyone loves, but there were still some touches of interest in what he did. He has built up his voice into a firm and sure instrument, admirable so far as it goes but monochrome; the contrasting tones of tenderness, sweetness, lyricism were missing, and there was little feeling for sense in the phrasing of the love duet and the final aria.

Katia Ricciarelli's singing was not monochrome, but what colors came out often seemed to be the result of chance; she displayed neither the voice nor the technique for the uncommonly difficult role of Amelia. Still, she has nice feelings, a touching personality, and a pleasing appearance, and some of her notes were good. For those qualities one could be grateful. But of neither aria was her performance anywhere near adequate. When Verdi described René as a Creole, he may have been intending a "shorthand" indication of the streak of passion the secretary suddenly displays. (In Romantic convention, there is an equation of looks and temperament: blonds are steady and good and noble; fiery men like Edgar of Ravenswood and Heathcliff are raven-haired, Byronic.) Louis Quilico, who took the part of René, is not a passionate performer, and, like all plump men, he must work hard—harder than he did—to suggest vengeful fury. He voiced the role quite well, but in the Act II finale one heard him pattering out "Thus he repays me, who saved his life" in an equable, almost jolly way, without a flash in either his eyes or his timbre. Bianca Berini, the Ulrica, carried no big guns, but she was more acceptable than star mezzos who, intent on making their mark with the fortune-teller's single scene, exaggerate. Judith Blegen's Oscar was neat but small and a shade dull. In both arias, she conveyed the impression that she was thinking about where she had to move to next. Her numbers are rather trickily staged. In general, Mr. Moshinsky's work is a strange mixture of, on the one hand, unobtrusive yet wonderfully exact, revealing movement and, on the other, arrant, obvious staginess. The first two scenes are splendidly accomplished. Act II moves very well, amid the unhappy scenery. But in the first scene of Act III props—a rocking horse, a portable portrait of the governor—are prominent and are prominently used. For the F-major section of "Eri tu," René moves to sit on an upstage chair, and his purpose in doing so—so that as the climax of the aria approaches he can rise and advance to the footlights, waving his arms—is all too clear in advance. Sometimes the solos are isolated by choral "freezes." (This happens even in Richard's aria, to which the "frozen" chorus must add a sung commentary.) But to isolate the intimate dialogues of the last scene, René's with Oscar and Richard's with Amelia, Mr. Moshinsky provides a realistic distraction for the rest of the company: a large lady who swoons and receives much attention. She succeeds in diverting the attention of the party away from the soloists—at the cost of diverting the audience's attention, too.

In sum, I'm puzzled. And a little worried by what seems to be a very "special" kind of production, which could be refined and strengthened if Mr. Moshinsky were to stay on and work at it through a run of performances, but which won't lend itself to housing a series of changing casts put through the "moves" by a house director. Perhaps one could describe it as an arresting, imaginative, highly intelligent, and then in patches suddenly incompetent production. On the conducting side, there's little to note except that Mr. Patanè gave a routine, superficial performance, insensitive to the strange colors, the contrasts of light and blackness, laughter and anguish in this marvellous score. He made several passages sound vulgar. There was no string band in the wings to play the mazurka; it came from the pit. I thought that happened only in small provincial houses.

—ANDREW PORTER

◆

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

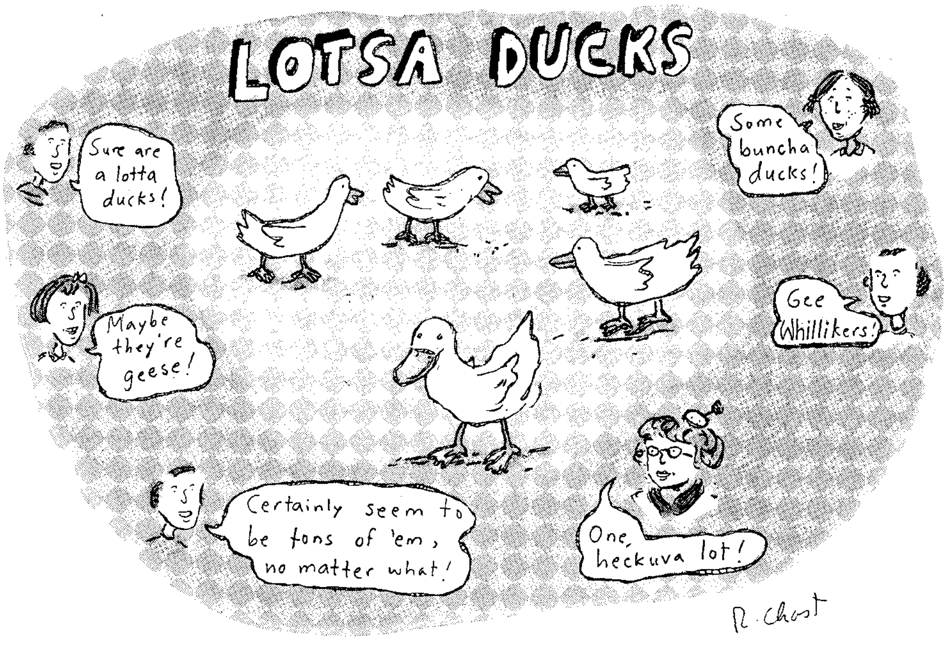
Mean Streets

IN "Cruising," Al Pacino plays an undercover New York cop named Steve Burns, who is assigned to infiltrate the sadomasochistic outer fringe of male-homosexual society in order to search out a knife-wielding psychopath who has been responsible for a series of singularly violent and repellent murders of patrons of "heavy-leather" waterfront bars and after-hours sex clubs. The film, which was written and directed by William Friedkin, is based on a 1970 novel by Gerald Walker, but it also relies on New York City police files covering a series of such crimes over the past decade or more. In the movie, Officer Burns (he is dressed in appropriate costume—leather wristbands, heavy boots, tight jeans, dark glasses, and the rest—but it is never made clear whether he must actually commit homosexual acts in the line of police duty) allows himself to be picked up by cruising homosexuals, one of whom is nabbed by Burns' fellow-officers just after he has trussed up Burns on a motel bed; the suspect is beaten up in a precinct station in an attempt to extract a confession, but *he is not the killer.* Burns then gets his man—after considerable detective work, a tryst in Riverside Park, and a knife fight—but by this time he has begun to find that he is no longer entirely certain of his own sexual identity. As the movie ends, a gentle homosexual neighbor of his in the West Village, where he has rented a pad under a pseudonym as part of his disguise, is found brutally murdered, and there is a suggestion that Burns himself may be the killer.

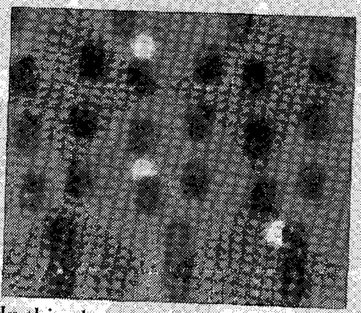
Even in brief, neutral summary, this is strong stuff, and it is my guess that almost anyone who goes to see "Cruising" will be buffeted by distracting feelings of antipathy, excitement, repugnance, and curiosity that arise from the strange, dark scenes of the movie, and perhaps also from inner recesses of prejudice and anxiety. The film is sensational in its nature and its subject, and it has become even more notorious as a result of the efforts made last summer by various homosexual activist groups to disrupt the filming of its location scenes because the movie would exploit crimes against homosexuals for its own profitable ends and would encourage a widely held public attitude equating homosexuality with psychopathology and violence; the same groups are now picketing the film at its early screenings. A movie like this demands all the acuteness of judgment we can bring to bear upon it, then, and at the risk of sounding owlish I will state my own conviction—or *near* conviction—that a filmmaker should probably feel free to write and put together and show a movie on any subject that looks promising to him, as long as he is serious about it. His license should let him drive anywhere, but always in search of art. Mr. Friedkin, I am sorry to say, does not seem to have been aware of any such obligation, for "Cruising" is a slovenly, bruising sort of movie, whose persistent uncertainties of tone and meaning only confirm the fears that it was made mostly to shock and to sell.

Mr. Friedkin previously directed "The French Connection" and "The Exorcist," among many other films, and he is a vigorous, confident storyteller, with a great gift for action scenes. His late-at-night glimpses of the gliding, posturing figures along the trashy back streets of the meat rack; his smoky, pounding, earsplitting, overcrowded, sweaty bars, writhing with dancers and sexually clutching male couples, where men loom and hover and stare (glitteringly, through black aviator glasses), like Richard Lindner's monster males; and his terrifying, blood-spattered scenes of homicide and its aftermath (a naked corpse face down on an autopsy table with an almost delicate pattern of random knife wounds in the fabric of white flesh) are executed with a power that does away with all our defensively vague prior imaginings and replaces them with a horrendous reality. This is unpretty, even loathsome movie material, but it is presented to us with a thrusting directness: take it or leave it, but if you leave it you at least now know what this world is like. Al Pacino—with his city face, dark sidelong glances, and half-stooped saunter—looks simultaneously anxious and assertive as the watched and watching cop, which is to say that he seems just right (if a bit too mature) for the part; he probably acquires some credibility and interest left over from his very similar but far more developed and complicated role in "Serpico," which is all to the good, since Steve Burns is something of an enigma, to himself and to us all.

In spite of the effectiveness of its action and acting, "Cruising" is a film that continually blurs its meaning. It does this in so many ways and with such insistence that we begin to sense, almost against our wishes, that it is meant to trade upon our lack of knowledge of the nether homosexual world by encouraging a great many uncertainties about it, thus sustaining our ignorance in order to thrill us with a prurient fear. The movie, which should have been precise above all, given its emotional and volatile material, is a long, tawdry double-entendre. Mr. Friedkin even allows us to suspect, at least for a while, that the psychotic knife wielder whom Steve Burns is tracking down may in fact be Burns himself. He makes us wonder whether cops beat up all homosexual suspects, as a matter of routine: "It isn't their fault, and it isn't your fault," Burns' superior, Captain Edelson (Paul Sorvino), says. "It's part of the job." Who is that gigantic, nearly naked figure in a precinct station (a black man wearing only a jockstrap


LOTSA DUCKS
Sure are a lotta ducks!
Some buncha ducks!
Maybe they're geese!
Gee Whillikers!
Certainly seem to be tons of 'em, no matter what!
One heckuva lot!
R. Chast

When is a bubble not a bubble?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and a cowboy hat) who slaps around the first supposed killer brought in? A *policeman*? Why is he dressed like that? Is he a rough-trade homosexual, too? (We have already attended an event called "Precinct Night" at an after-hours joint, where the raunchy male couples, we discover, are police officers.) Are all cops, or most cops, gay? Why is the music that accompanies the homosexual scenes, even the casual ones, such persistently loud and menacing rock, while the background score when Steve Burns is in the company of his girlfriend, Nancy (Karen Allen), is a Boccherini violin suite? Why does Steve Burns cruise the real killer in an unconvincing but overtly sexual scene in the park, culminating in the knife fight, when he already has enough evidence to arrest him? And so on.

These questions are part of a much larger sense of confusion that fatally damages "Cruising." The specific and apparently intentional uncertainties that we are presented with in the last half hour of the movie—Burns' attraction to his gentle neighbor, Ted Bailey (Don Scardino), which causes him to part from his girlfriend for a time and to pick an angry fight (in which another knife is pulled) with Ted's roommate; Ted's unexplained and extremely bloody murder, and the strong chance that Burns himself has killed Ted—destroy any claim that this movie is a serious inquiry into the specific problem of psychopathic violence directed against the rough-trade S. & M. set. Ted Bailey is the only homosexual we see in the film who is not bizarre. He is attractive in an everyday, quiet, middle-class sort of way, he seems to have feelings, and his sexual inclinations are not emphasized; he does mention at one point that he is not given to cruising and is not drawn to the aggressive aspects of homosexuality. He says this to Steve Burns, the only straight male whose private life, also apparently bourgeois and unviolent, we are permitted to see, if only briefly. Then Bailey is knifed to death, perhaps by Burns, and we are left with a broad line of doubts that are suggestive indeed. Mr. Friedkin, whose motives in making the film have been publicly challenged by reporters and critics, has defended himself vigorously, stating that "Cruising" is specific in plot and intention—"a marvellous, fascinating story that interested me"—and is not to be taken as being critical of the homosexual world; that it is a realistic "cautionary tale;" that all of the violence onscreen is committed by heterosexuals (this is not at all clear in the movie, by the way); and that he hopes his film will "hold up a mirror" to the violence done to homosexuals in our society. If these statements represent his conclusions about "Cruising," then he appears to have no real idea of how films really work in the end—in theatres. Movies are felt by the audiences long before they are "understood." Going to the movies, in fact, is not an intellectual process most of the time but an emotional one. Any serious, well-made movie we see seems to wash over us there in the dark, bathing us in feelings and suggestions, and imparting a deep or light tinge of meaning that stays with us, sometimes for life. This is why a lot of us go to the movies in the first place, and it is the movies' capacity to cleanse or color us that makes the medium so enticing to audiences and directors alike. "Cruising" leaves us feeling bad, because it scares us in a dishonest way. It presents a secret night world that looks truly strange and threatening. Each of our first forays into that world, each cruise, concludes with a scene of sudden, violent death. The picture then goes on to suggest that homosexuality is catching and inescapably brutal: if you hang around with gays and the leather set, you will end up dead or killing someone. No one is immune—not an upright, heterosexual cop, not a quiet, unaggressive homosexual bystander. Being gay is a dangerous business. This is a shocking conclusion for any movie to come to, but "Cruising," whether by carelessness or intention, is a shocking film.

CLAUDE SAUTET's "A Simple Story," a French film, is made up of a great number of casual, almost inconsequential scenes through which we follow a year or so in the life of Marie (Romy Schneider), an accomplished thirty-nine-year-old divorced woman who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends, most of them as intelligent, as imperfectly happy, as depressed, and as resilient as she is. It is that rarity a movie about adults, and because it manages again and again to place us in the middle of the small sounds and concerns and pauses that make up our days and nights, it conveys a thrilling sense of participation in the onrush of time. Not a simple story at all, then. Sautet is a well-known French director whose films have not been much shown in this country, and his mature, subtle style may be observed in the way he avoids the beginnings of scenes and diminishes or cuts off their endings, which keeps the materials of his story—the end of an affair, the loss of a job, a drunken fight, a suicide—from taking on the stiff significance of drama. At the beginning of the picture, Marie aborts the child she is carrying by her longtime lover, Serge (Claude Brasseur)—a man who has begun to come apart as his career slips and whom she finds she no longer can love. She comes home after the operation, makes herself some tea, and stretches out on her bed under a comforter—a tired, worn, stylish woman, with a heavy face, some lines under her eyes, a small scar on her nose. Just now, her hair is tucked behind her ears in a careless, unattractive way. She is silenced. It is sad to watch her. What will happen? Then the door opens and her sixteen-year-old son, Martin, comes in, home from school. They smile at each other. (He does not know where she has been that day.) She raises herself in the bed and makes conversation. They talk about his homework, his coming vacation trip with some friends. Did he talk to his father about the money for the car? Would she like some more tea? Oh, yes—Serge called. Oh. The talk is loving and desultory. They smile again, almost apologetically. He goes. She turns out the light. It is nothing, and it moves us for that reason.

Most of Marie's friends are co-workers of hers in a large industrial concern—a Parisian conglomerate, perhaps—and we see them in groups or in twos and threes in a locker room there, in the café downstairs, in the company lunchroom (some terrific-looking meals are served), in a sauna, in offices and hallways. All the actors and actresses in the movie look intelligent enough to hold down the jobs they are said to have; they resemble one another, then, but they are nothing like one another when we get to know them, bit by bit—Marie's best friend, Gabrielle, with her large face and bobbed gray hair and concerned look; Jérôme, her husband, who is losing his job and his will to live; Anna, freckle-faced and blue-eyed, who sometimes sleeps with men casually, for money; Georges, who has a craggy, amused face and who turns out to be (we pick it up first in an exchanged look between them) Marie's divorced husband; Francine, who is often shrill about the rights of workers in the plant. On weekends, these friends sometimes assemble at Gabrielle and Jérôme's country house, and we go with them, at one point watching the end of an outdoor dinner there, with the men and women rising and trailing away

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from the table and resuming their conversations in two or three different rooms in the house, and then with the sounds of their talk and laughter drifting out through the windows and melding with the noises of hylas in the dark fields. We follow the talk as best we can, with the sense that we have been privileged to join a company that has been meeting and talking for years before we came.

Other dinners are more intimate. Marie and Georges, who have been divorced for several years (he is living with a younger woman), meet to talk about their friend Jérôme's depression and what can be done about it; yes, Georges will try to find him a new job. The couple talk, gesture, and laugh with the unfinished sentences and brief glances of people who know everything about each other. She looks at a plate that a waitress has put down in front of him and says, "I thought you didn't like lentils." He gestures helplessly. "Here," she says, and exchanges plates with him. They talk about Martin, their son. "What about those Russian lessons I paid for?" he says. Martin never took the lessons. And the money? "I bought myself a new dress." They laugh quietly. Something is happening. Something is beginning. Time is moving along, carrying these people and us with it. We are surprised again.

As Marie, Romy Schneider appears reserved, intelligent, and extremely watchful of herself and her life. Her appearance changes almost from day to day; she can look worn out, plain, or extremely beautiful, as happens with women in early middle age. Mlle. Schneider, who is forty-two, seems content to look her age, and one has the feeling that she did not have to move very far out of herself in order to become Marie. It is a strong, assured performance, for which she won the César Award (the French Oscar) as best actress of 1978. "A Simple Story" slips a little in its closing scenes, which are too sunlit and triumphant and conclusive to sustain the irresolute seriousness of what we have followed until then. Marie is unexpectedly allowed to seem brave and ready for life (there are reasons for this in the story), and we sense that Romy Schneider is being given some star material to reward her for her previous anonymity and restraint in the picture. It's too bad, but it does not quite do away with the satisfactions of "A Simple Story." Only adults will like this movie anyway, and they know how to make do with partial rewards.

—ROGER ANGELL

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SAMURAI, by Hisako Matsubara, translated from the German by Ruth Hein (Times Books; $9.95). A bitter chronicle set in provincial Japan around the turn of this century. The head of an esteemed samurai family adopts a boy (Nagayuki), names him his heir, marries him to his daughter (Tomiko), puts him through college, and sends him off to America in true samurai style: unburdened by his wife (Tomiko, now pregnant, remains with her parents) and equipped with nothing but his fine kimonos and his illustrious family name. In the months, and then the years, that follow, Tomiko writes cheerful letters to her husband, never mentioning the fact that the family has been bankrupted and then evicted because of her father's wasteful ways, and that she supports her parents and her young daughter in cramped quarters by sewing night and day. It is only after years of doubt and longing that Tomiko learns that Nagayuki has been a migrant worker up and down the West Coast, and that her concealment of her own harsh fate has led him to suspect her of indifference and infidelity. The author, an ordained Shinto priestess who lives in Germany, is most persuasive in suggesting that the apparent serenity of traditional Japanese culture was a cruel deception—that the aesthetic celebrated in the art of bonsai was also guilty of stunting this marriage.

O MY AMERICA!, by Johanna Kaplan (Harper & Row; $10.95). When Ezra Slavin succumbs to a heart attack at an antiwar rally in New York in 1972, his friends and hangers-on assure Merry, the second of his six children, by the first of his four alliances, that he died "just the way he would have wanted to." But Merry does not think that Ezra deserves a hero's laurels, and in the pages that follow she tells the story of the contrary husband and careless father who became an "Iconoclastic Social Critic," as the headline of his obituary (two-column spread with photograph) declared, and a "guru to the disaffected young," as he himself once put it. As Merry records how Ezra's fame expanded—subject of a public-television documentary, Visiting Professor of American Studies at Amherst—her focus shifts to Ezra's naïve and muddleheaded following, whose rhetoric, riddled with italics and exclamation points ("It was like my whole *life* was flashing in front of me! I mean, I just kept *flashing* and *flashing!*"), he tolerated because it was really flattery of him. It is disappointing to lose the portrait of Ezra amid the chatter of his clique, but this development is exactly Miss Kaplan's point, and her exposé of egotism disguised as altruism is, for the most part, funny and shrewd.

GENERAL

ABIGAIL ADAMS: AN AMERICAN WOMAN, by Charles W. Akers (Little, Brown; $9.95). This short biography of the wife of John Adams, our second President, and the mother of John Quincy Adams, our sixth, aims at showing us not only an attractive, intelligent, high-minded, and charming human being but also the limitations that were imposed on women in the Colonial era. Abigail Smith Adams (1744-1818) made a perfect marriage at a time when an imperfect marriage was an irremediable disaster: one of her sisters and her daughter married badly, and all that Abigail could offer was sympathy. She believed that women needed more education and legal protection, although she thought the domestic sphere was their natural place. Her husband loved and respected her, treated her as a political confidante, and relied on her to manage their properties during his absences on public service. As his separate-but-equal helpmate, she was less than a participant but more than an observer in our early political history. The author makes the details of life in this period extremely vivid. Relying, for the most part, on family documents, he points to one drawback of this marriage: the Adamses, in time, thought and felt so much alike that they could not correct each other but reinforced each other's misjudgments.

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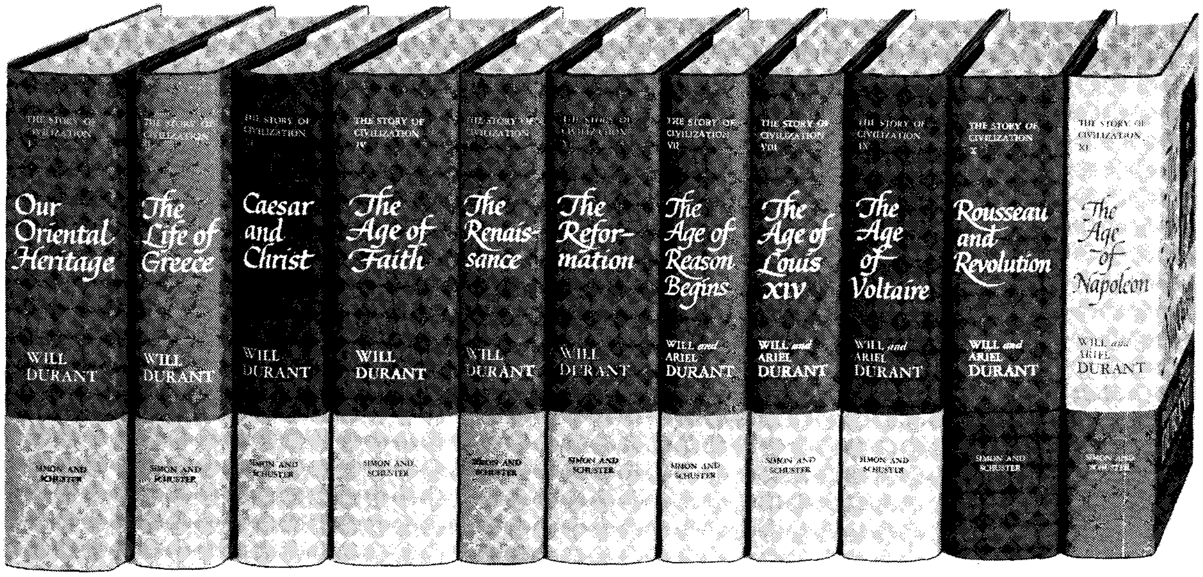
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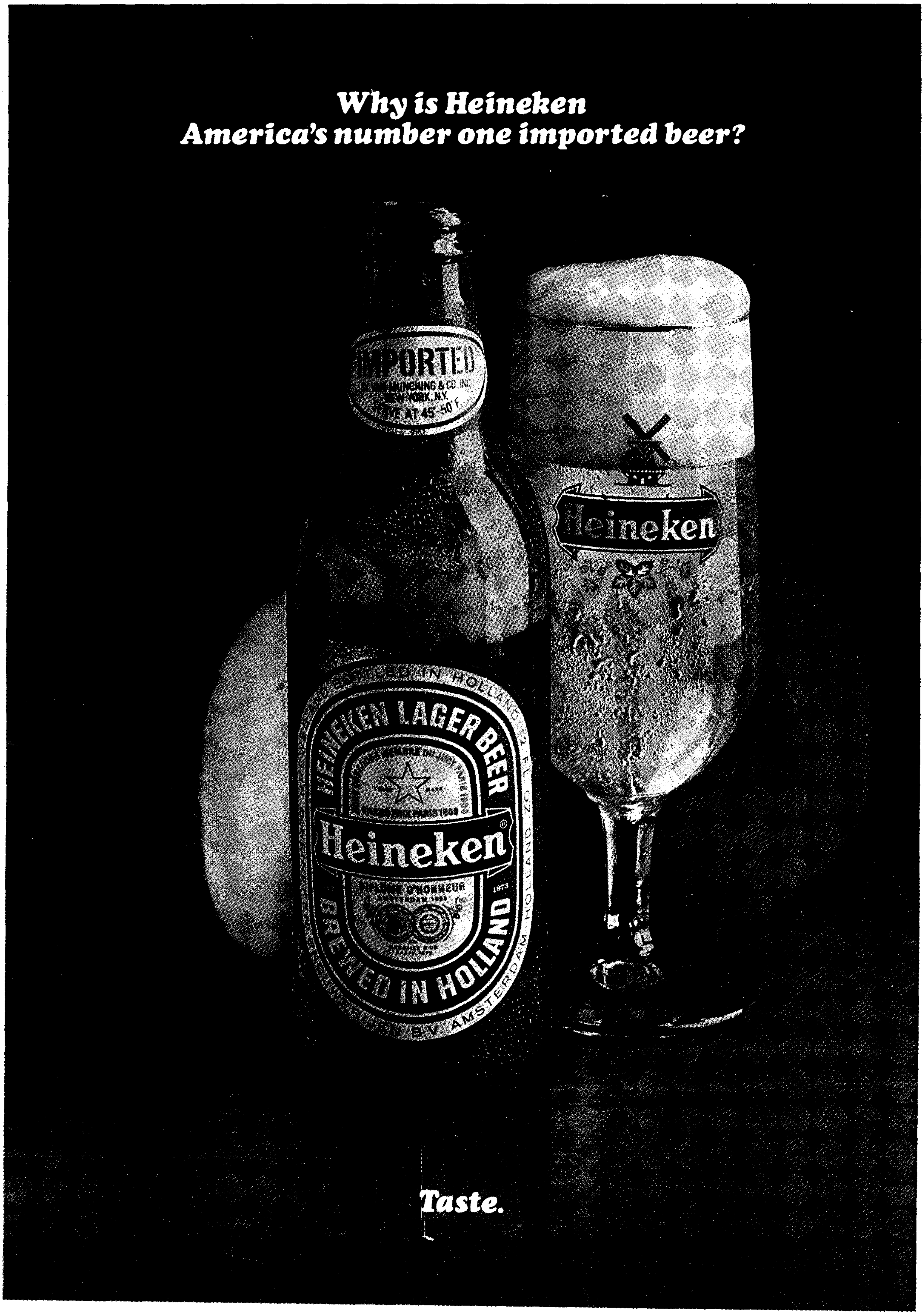
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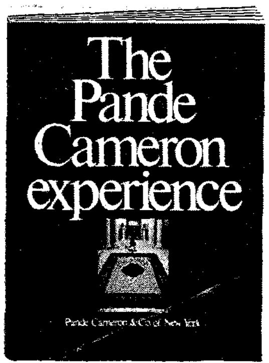

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